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CRITICAL opinion not only regards Geoffrey Chaucer, and rightly, as the foremost man in our medieval literature, but hails him as the "Father of English Poetry," and of the English language. A few rhyming chroniclers, or religious versifiers, had previously produced occasional passages of reflection or description which rose to power if not to poetry. Writers of Metrical Romances, had introduced a pseudo-poetical narrative, combined with a species of action, and enriched by *speciosa miracula*, which, in Johnson's words, "invigorated the reader with a giant or a dwarf." The author of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* first delineated our actual life and manners, and with a vigour that has rarely been surpassed; while he first exhibited the power and flexibility of the English tongue. But the scheme of his work was unnatural, its arrangement and conduct confused. Chaucer was the first English writer who used the various forms of poetical structure, from the comic story, through fable or fanciful allegory, up to a lower kind of epic. It was he who introduced us to the *arts* of poetical narrative and action; imparted to his actors a sustained dramatic consistency and a lifelike character; "caught the manners living as they rise," and presented the whole with such truth and spirit, that his pictures remain as yet unrivalled. Nay, by the general admission of critics, they contain a delineation of England in the latter half of the fourteenth century such as no other modern nation possesses of its ancient times. As just observed, the author of *Piers Ploughman* exhibited the power and flexibility of our tongue; but it was Chaucer who

developed its variety, resources, and melody. If he did not discover, he perfected the heroic line, the verse most congruous to the language (for strike out all which is written in that metre, and where would be our poetry?); and he invented or introduced various other measures. Many of his lines are doubtless imperfect; probably we have lost the art of pronouncing many of them, at least with the nicety requisite to develop the harmony of verse. But passages of a high excellence in versification, perhaps only stopping short of the organ-swell of Milton, may be found in his poems. The panegyric which Pope pronounced on Dryden, as the *improver* of English versification, may be as properly applied to Chaucer as a *discoverer*:

"Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

To support this opinion, passages may be adduced from Chaucer which Dryden cannot surpass, or perhaps equal, in natural ease. The opening stanza of the "Clerkes Tale" is an instance, though the first line is deficient, unless we accent the final *e* in *endé*:

"Ther is at the west endé of Ytaile,  
Doun at the root of Vesulus the colde,  
A lusty playn, abundaunt of vitaille,  
Wher many a tour and toun thou maist byholde,  
That foundid were in tyme of fadres olde,  
And many anothir delitable sight,  
And Saluces this noble contray hight (is called)."

Homer must for ever remain "in solitary state," not only for his originality, but for the completeness of his originality. He presented the highest spirit of poetry, and he presented it in its most perfect form (though, by the by, we do not know what Homer's predecessors were). Among national authors other than Grecian, Chaucer occupies a foremost place, even less for what he produced himself than for his influence upon English mind and English literature. His position does not rest merely upon what he did, but what he taught others the way of doing; and this should ever be considered in judging of his works.

In fact, in considering the literary character of Chaucer, his genius should not only be regarded in itself, but as influenced by certain characteristics of his age. If English poetry was not at that time, as Dryden asserted, "in its infancy," our language *was* to some degree, and so was the nation. English had not emancipated itself from Anglo-Saxon; it had not incorporated the words taken from the Latin or the French. Grammar was

unsettled, and there was no orthography, every one following his own rules, or, more properly, his own caprice. We do not think it can be said that the language was without a style; for the principal medieval writers have a somewhat marked style, clearly reflecting the mind of the people. This mind, however, was, as much as the language, in its infancy. It was not only simple almost to childishness in all that related to matters beyond its daily life and immediate interests (in both which, however, it was keen enough): its ignorance of every thing which is now considered true science, philosophy, and criticism, was profound. But a small part of the world's surface was known to the professed geographer. People had the vaguest ideas even of the countries of Western Europe, or of those lying upon the Mediterranean; perhaps no man had any true conception of a foreign land unless he had been there. But, after all, "the eye only sees what it brings the power of seeing." The same want of just criticism, which prevented the medieval ages from truly apprehending the history and manners of classical times, as exhibited in classical authors, seems to have operated injuriously upon the observations of those who visited other countries. As Greek and Roman heroes were turned into knights,—the, often not very pure, devotees of Venus were ranked as saints, or if unfortunate as "martyrs," of the goddess, and ancient magistrates were transformed into (what writers conceived to be) the corresponding authorities of their own day,—so the manners and physical features of distant countries were frequently represented so as to correspond with the preconceived ideas of the Western peoples. This want of power to conceive truly of any thing beyond immediate experience characterises ignorance every where. It is found among children always, and among the lower orders at present. Our modern novelists sometimes describe a state of society which never existed any where. A generation or so ago, Orientals were painted about as naturally as a Saracen's head on a sign-post. Even our contemporary *classical* dramas or poems are merely moderns (or maybe only the writer himself) in masquerade. But in the fourteenth century this kind of ignorance (if ignorance is the proper word) was universal. From the king to the bond-thrall, a degree of primitive simplicity prevailed which took every thing for true that was beyond immediate observation or experience, if vouched for by a received authority. Indeed, authority had a power in those days of which the modern world has scarcely a conception, and that not only in matters of order or government, but in intellectual questions. No argument was considered complete that was not supported by historical instances, "cases in point" derived from Scripture, the doctors of the

church, or such classics as were then known. When January holds his second council to inquire whether, since man can have but one paradise, the bliss of matrimony may not involve his loss of heaven, Justinus, "which that hated his folye," "*wolde noon auctorite allege*," but proceeds to decide the point by his experience. And this, which appears pedantry to us, was in reality natural: from want of a literature, the age had small accumulations of its own as groundwork for its decisions, or even to furnish it with imagery or illustration. This ignorance was also accompanied by a deficiency in searching practical logic. Of formal logic those times indeed had enough in the scholastic philosophy; but this looked rather to the form of the syllogisms than to the truths to be proved by them. Beyond the schools, the minds of men were swayed much more by feeling than by reasons. This was especially the case where the feelings were touched, the heart was excited to emotion. A similar narrowness or ignorance produced in the olden time patience under prolixity. Of this patience also we have examples in the case of children, rustics, and assemblies of the uncultivated, who listen with patience, and, indeed, with pleasure, to a fluent speech of the merest commonplace. It would seem that any thing serves to stimulate an empty mind, and fill its craving for intellectual pabulum. Nay, minds that ought not to be empty appear unable to bear the strain of terseness. Novelty of matter and depth of thought, with extreme closeness of expression, would even now fail of effect in any large assembly; and we must always bear in mind that books in Chaucer's age were oftener recited to an audience than read by individuals. These characteristics of the infancy of literature, when no standards existed, save inferior ones in design and structure, would naturally tempt a writer to have recourse to his remembrance of Scripture, the Fathers, or the Classics, if original matter failed him; or engage in disquisition, where arguments in plenty can always be found. Whenever such resources were not available, a poet might be content with such thoughts as first offered themselves, or such expressions as would satisfy his contemporaries, without painfully striving with himself after uncalled-for excellencies of matter, style, or versification.

Whether the ignorance we speak of was combined with so much credulity in many things, as is often affirmed, may be doubted. The belief in the supernatural was as much religious as superstitious. Ghosts, witches, fairies, necromancy, were acknowledged; but they do not seem to have influenced the popular mind so much as at a later period. Indeed, the Romish clergy boasted in the times of the Reformation that the ascendancy of

the true church banished such things; and such was the bantering view of the Wife of Bath:

“I speke of many hundrid yer ago;  
 But now can no man see noon elves mo.  
 For now the grete charité and prayers  
 Of lymytours\* and other holy freres,  
 That sechen every lond and every streem,  
 As thik as motis in the sonne-beem,  
 Blessynge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,  
 Citees and burghes, castels hihe and toures,  
 Thropest† and bernes, shepnas and dayeries,  
 That makith that ther ben no fayeries.  
 For ther as wont was to walken an elf,  
 Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself,  
 In undermeles and in morwenynges (evening and morning),  
 And saith his matyns and his holy thinges  
 As he goth in his lymytacioun.  
 Wommen may now go saufly up and doun,  
 In every bussch, and under every tre,  
 Ther is non other incubus but he.”

Men of course believed in the dogmas of the Romish Church, and the personal existence of devils, as well as in their power of direct interference, or of working by influence. The like power was conceived of angels. What is called special providence is maintained by some Protestant sects at the present day. In the fourteenth century, the belief in miracles was universal. They could even be worked by saints; and this opinion still prevails in the Romish Church. Whether the then belief in alchemy, magic, and astrology is rightly called superstition may be questioned. It was rather a belief in false science. When men observed the wonderful transmutations of nature, and saw what their own imperfect chemistry could effect,—Chaucer in the “Squire’s Tale” instances the case of glass,—it is not very surprising that they should conceive the possibility of the transmutation of metals. Greater marvels have been wrought in our day: Newton believed in its possibility, and pursued its study; there are still chemists who seem to think the production of precious metals may not be beyond the reach of chemical art. A similar remark may be made on some of the varieties of natural magic. The error was not so much in exaggerating the powers of science, as in mistaking the *modus operandi*, such as endeavouring to work by spells and charms, or mere mummeries. But an age which has its devotees of mesmerism, its “*en rapport*,” spirit-rapping, spiritualism, and other marvels, has not a great deal to boast of over believers in magic. Astrology, or belief in the effects of cer-

\* *Lymytour*, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.

† *Thropes*, &c., villages, barns, stables, and dairies.

tain conjunctions of the planets upon events, or upon the dispositions and characters of men, was also a species of false science. It probably arose from the frequency with which the success or failure of undertakings baffled all expectation, driving the medievals to a belief in the stars, as the ancients had recourse to the goddess Fortune. The difficulty of accounting for dissimilarity of characters where resemblance might naturally be expected, as in the case of brothers, induced the Romans to believe in a personal genius interested in a particular individual. The middle ages solved the difficulty by ascribing certain qualities to certain planets, which qualities increased or diminished according to the position of the planets in the heavens, or their relation to other planets. The mundane effects were produced by influence, not, as some seem to suppose, by active exertion on the part of the stars. Persons born under certain planets were endowed with certain dispositions. Whether this so-called science relied on any kind of observation, we are not astrologers enough to know; its rules had the regularity of established principles.

Such as was the age, so in a measure was its greatest poet. From a belief in much of its false science, indeed, he seems to have emancipated himself. The frauds of the practising alchemists he had thoroughly penetrated. In the tale of the Canon's Yeoman Chaucer ridicules the jargon, exposes the frauds, and denounces the characters of the "multipliers" with an angry bitterness not usual to his tolerant good-nature, and which argues that he had himself been cheated by some "adept." He does not seem to have believed in magic. In the "Frankeleynes Tale" he is careful to intimate that the removal of the rocks and other wonders are not realities, but only appearances produced by a conjuring dexterity, aided by some natural conjunction of the heavenly bodies. On other occasions he also maintains the same doctrine of "illusion." Sometimes he may appear to admit a supernatural power, at least in Orientals. The "wondrous horse of brass," which can pass through the air, he treats as a reality; but there was mechanism in the work, and the artist was an Eastern. Neither is it always easy in fiction to distinguish the dramatic representations of the author from his personal belief. In versifying religious legends, it would have marred the literary effect to throw discredit on religious miracles, even had it been quite safe to do so. But Chaucer's religious opinions in the noon or afternoon of life are matter of some doubt. When his themes are virtue, piety, or genuine religion, he treats them with an appropriate feeling. His "pore Persoun (parson) of a toun" shows that he could conceive the idea of a model Christian priest. But for churchmen in general every one can see he had a thorough



contempt, mingled with no small distrust; and towards religion itself he often displays a levity or indifference which looks like disbelief. In England, in those days, as in Roman Catholic countries now, a disregard of the church was not far from disbelief in religion. There was then little choice between implicit belief and infidelity, unless, indeed, a man had become a Lollard, which Chaucer clearly had not. No doubt, men in the prime of life and fulness of strength may exhibit a jocular indifference which looks like disbelief; and such may have been the case with Chaucer. Yet at one time he seems to have advanced so far as to express doubts of a future state, or at least to consider the subject not worth consideration. In a perfectly gratuitous passage in the "Knichtes Tale," he puts a doctrine of Confucius into the mouth of the narrator, and pretty much in the words of the Chinese philosopher. Arcite, in dying, still regards his lady love:

"But on his lady yit he cast his ye;  
His laste word was, 'Mercy, Emelye!'  
His spiryt chaunged was, and wente ther,  
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.  
Therefore I stynte, I nam (am not) no dyvynistre;  
Of soules fynde I not in this registre,  
Ne me list nat thopynyouns to telle\*  
Of hem (them), though that thei wyten wher they dwelle."

But men more readily emancipate themselves from errors which originate in ignorance and sluggishness of mind, than from tastes and habits that spring from custom and manners. Chaucer, like the rest of his countrymen, had in some things an almost childish simplicity, and which, in the estimate of modern fastidiousness, passes into weakness. Sometimes it offends us by a plainness of speech that jars upon the delicacy of our age, or by the use of grammatical forms which, having become obsolete, or used only by the ignorant, are considered "vulgar," as "to axe," or such double negatives as "no, not never." Sometimes we are repelled by modes of language and of thought so primitive as to seem strange or feeble; yet such were in the highest fashion of Chaucer's day, and still are genuine English. The lapse of five hundred years, "the schoolmaster abroad," the tutor or governess at home, fashionable novels, and books on etiquette, have banished all such things from the writing and reading portion of society, while the "low" of great towns have a certain lowness of their own. But go into the fields, or the cottage, or maybe the farm remote from the "civilising" influences of railways and the press, and you will hear Chaucer's

\* Tyrwhitt thinks this "a fling at Boccace's pompous description (in the *Theseide*) of the passage of Arcite's soul to heaven."

words and phrases, and often recognise his modes of thought. Many of the essential characteristics he has preserved for us will be found too in the lower and middle classes of towns. Indeed, we believe that the more closely society in the fourteenth century is compared with that of our times, the more clearly it will be seen to resemble it in essential features. Of course, the highly educated professional and upper classes should be excluded from the comparison, as well as the fast and pseudo-fashionable sections; which last have certainly lost all primitive simplicity, though whether they have gained greater comprehensiveness may be doubted.

If regarded without such considerations and allowances, all these traits, which his age forced upon Chaucer, are drawbacks to the effect of his poetry upon a general reader; though to the scholar they may be a source of interest. The primitiveness of his age operates very injuriously upon the carelessness of his composition and upon his prolixity. Though numerous passages, and even poems (if we allow for negligence), may be found which exhibit closeness and harmony with occasional felicity of expression, they almost seem the effect of accident or luck. The thought of working up to his own model never seems to have struck him. His ideas, versification, and expression appear to be left as they came; as if, in Dryden's remark on Settle, "he fagoted his notions as they fell." Another defect which he could not remedy arises from the deficiency of his times in just criticism. Chaucer was unable to rise to a true perception of the manners or social condition of ancient or remote peoples. Dryden says hyperbolically that the manners of Palamon and Arcite (the "Knights Tale") are as "perfect" as those of the Iliad or Æneid. In reality, they are the manners and opinions of chivalry in Chaucer's day transferred to Greece in the fabulous times of Theseus. It is the same, if less glaringly, in other cases. Tartary, Syria, Italy, pagan Britain, when manners are in question, smack of England in the fourteenth century. And this repels the popular reader more than it does the student; for the last sees the historical value of the pictures, which, though nominally ancient or foreign, are in reality startlingly English. The unnatural fashions of his age as regards allegory and vision he outgrew, as in the unfinished *Canterbury Tales* and *Troilus and Cryseyde*, which, though tradition says the contrary, we conceive for several reasons to be a work of mature life. To those acquainted with the tedious minuteness of the romances of knight-errantry, and the chroniclers in verse, Chaucer may generally appear close and condensed. But his tendency, like that of his age, was to the prolix. This, however, might assist in producing that wonderful accuracy in de-

lineation which he possessed, perhaps beyond all other writers. In describing a place or a scene he is as exact as if he were giving a direction; a likeness might be painted from his persons and often from his animals, down even to peculiarity of feature, costume, or colours. Whether this was art or natural habit may be a question. To modern readers it may lessen the breadth of his pictures; but it adds greatly to their historical value.

The characteristics which Chaucer's times impressed upon him were not, however, all mischievous. He was not forced in a manner to reject circumstances which were natural merely because they were too simple or too singular. The want of an established "poetical diction" enabled him to eschew "empty words and sounding strain." He was not obliged to stuff his lines with expletives in the form of epithets, or tempted to substitute set phrases, applicable to many things, and therefore peculiar to nothing, for diction suggested by the object, or exactly expressing the idea.

In considering the genius of Chaucer without reference to his times, or any other external influence, it is superfluous to say that that genius was of the rarest kind. It could not otherwise have sustained for five hundred years the name and works of its possessor fresh and "familiar as a household word," notwithstanding the obstacles arising from the peculiarities of his own age, and the constant if gradual changes going on during so long a period. Still that genius, however great and various, was not of the very *highest* order. Chaucer had not such strength of pinion, nor could he soar so high a flight, as Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Dante. Other poets too, who cannot vie with Chaucer as regards literary position or varied powers, may excel him in the qualities of loftiness and earnestness. He has not, we think, any tragic depth, or (though this opinion may be deemed heretical) any deep pathos. He is always tender when the subject requires tenderness, but seldom, if ever, reaches the pathetic. Short of that development of successive incidents, whose connexion constitutes critical *action*, Chaucer's dramatic power may vie with that of Shakespeare. His portraiture of characters, and his exhibition of them in discourse, are Nature herself; always excepting the loftier or heroic classes (and by heroic we do not mean chivalrous). He is equally true in presenting the external forms of objects or animals. Edifices, landscapes, birds, beasts, and those splendid and peculiar features which chivalry gave to his age, stand out under his magic touch with the vividness of life. Chaucer's wondrous discrimination is a common topic of panegyric. It is

not merely that the classes of his persons are broadly marked—that the knight, the franklin, the merchant, the shipman (skipper), differ from each other in their personal traits, the subjects of their stories, and the manner of treating them. Men of the same general pursuits are equally discriminated. The outwardly respectable and gentlemanlike, not to say dignified, monk has quite other bearing and manners than the Pardoner, the Friar, or the Sompnour (summoner of the ecclesiastical court), as these differ among themselves. For example, the lower position, the nature of his professional office, and his relations with the “stews,” render the Sompnour more of a ribald than the two preachers; though they are lax enough, especially the Pardoner. The poet expressly warns particular readers against the tales of the Miller and the Reeve. They are both churls, he says, “and harlotry\* they tolden bothe two.” Both, indeed, are grossly ribald; in one particular touch the Reeve goes beyond the Miller. But the Miller is little more than an animal, without any breeding or sense of manners, or any powers of intellect beyond a relish of broad jokes, and good skill in telling them. The Reeve is a man of intelligence and native shrewdness, with a clearness that in a less fleshy nature might have become refinement. His opening reflections on the effects of age, though not over-delicate in point of topic, argue thought, and are illustrated by appropriate imagery. In the conclusion of his tale he points the moral of dishonesty, though drunkenness seems rather to be the vice whose bad effects are shown. But the Miller has no power of reflection, unless his terse summary of results at the end of his story is to be called so. But to exemplify the nice discrimination of Chaucer, and its dramatic presentment, would require a commentary on his works. In the most prolix part of his feeblest pieces, this quality never deserts him when its display is appropriate.

In the *dramatic conduct* of a serious story, where rapid, striking, and appropriate action are essential, Chaucer is not so successful. He overlays the effect by too many circumstances, or he mars it by some incident, which partakes of the nature of anti-climax. The Doctor of Physic tells the story of Virginia, than which nothing is more dramatic in Livy's narration. The action proceeds through a successive gradation of events, each alike necessary to that which precedes and follows, and each rising in interest till the terrible blow of the despairing father fittingly crowns the tragedy. And this catastrophe is a necessity. Nothing has been precipitated; every

\* *Harlotry*. This word has changed its meaning since Chaucer's day. “Harlot” was originally applied to both sexes, and meant a person of depraved habits and tastes—a low profligate.

resource has been exhausted; and no choice is left Virginius save the death or dishonour of his daughter. To a religious Roman the horror of the blow itself would be deepened by the devotion of Appius to the infernal gods that instantly followed the withdrawal of the reeking knife. "Te, Appi, tuumque caput, sanguine hoc, consecro." Gower, who also tells the story, has followed Livy as well as he can manage. But Chaucer makes Virginius, after a longish discussion, *cut off his daughter's head* at home, between the first and second hearing, which head he carries with him to the forum—a truly *French* improvement.

Whether certain earlier stages of civilisation are favourable to the production of a tragedy may be doubted; a very late stage is certainly not. In early times there is so much tyranny and cruelty, that the public mind gets hardened to suffering, and it is only so-called religious martyrs who rouse the sympathies. In a very advanced state of civilisation, when manners are humane, law is strong, and passions weak, unfortunate individuals, who form exceptions to their age, are handed over to the police as felons, or shut up for life as lunatics. But whether Chaucer's age was or was not adapted to the production of tragedy, he himself had very little of real tragic genius, with the exception of tenderness; and this deficiency might in part be owing to his physical nature. His works seem to prove that he was a genial, companionable, pleasant man, apparently somewhat prone to sensual enjoyment, though it is not meant in a coarse or immoderate degree. He would appear to have been ever on the watch for the pleasurable, and to have drawn out enjoyment from every thing enjoyable, mentally as much as physically, if not more so. Flowers, birds, the beauties of nature, the productions of art, the gratification of the eye by the splendid ceremonials of the age, and the pleasures of society, no matter whether bad, mixed, or select, were as thoroughly enjoyed by him as they were genially described. He would appear to have derived pleasure from comparing the external forms of objects, till he had discovered the type of each particular class; thus following the course which Reynolds prescribes to the artist who would discover for himself the most beautiful forms. These characteristics constitute a pleasant person, but perhaps they are not consistent with great earnestness, the want of which was a deficiency in Chaucer. Nor are they of the stuff out of which lofty or passionate bards are made. The poet of earnestness, of egotism, or of passion may not be an estimable person, but the reverse. Such men are often profligate, selfish, quarrelsome, and cruel in inflicting mental misery upon others. Their very earnestness may only be some form of passion, or even violence. Byron is an instance in point; so, probably,

was Marlowe. But the very vices of such men will produce intensity if not depth, and give an air of greatness to their works, albeit sometimes characterised as much by turgidity as real grandeur. It is not meant to affirm that such men are greater poets than a more amiable character. They are liable to be blinded by their passions, likely to be deficient in various things, and almost certain to be one-sided in their delineation of "many-coloured life." But in their peculiar walk they are loftier, although verging on the forced and melodramatic. Perhaps if Chaucer's personal character be judged from his works, we may assume that, like his genius, it was not of the *loftiest* or sternest kind, and his virtues more amiable than great. If he encountered distress, his kindly-good nature would doubtless relieve it. But it may be questioned whether he would have gone in search of distress to relieve. Still less likely was he to devote himself, as do many enthusiasts, to advance the "perfectibility of mankind;" his own experience probably satisfying him that success would be very doubtful. Neither had he, we fancy, the wide sympathy with worldly suffering which characterised the author of *Piers Plowman*; and about souls he concerned himself but little, till old age and death came upon him. But if Chaucer shunned sordid and painful subjects in reality, he seems, in his works, to have avoided them on principles of art. The barest poverty (save passing allusions) we remember in his poems is the widow and her two daughters in the "Nonne Prestes Tale." But there is nothing painful in the pictures. The family have a sufficiency, though a very bare one, and the poet deems it necessary to flavour the poverty with a little jocularly. The old lady needs no piquant sauces to tempt her appetite; repletion never makes her sick; nor does the gout hinder her from dancing. Yet notwithstanding his evident enjoyment of the pleasant or the beautiful, let it come in what form it may, the ideas of mutability and death seem to have been often present to him. At least they are frequently touched upon, and he imparts a sad feeling to the conclusion of some of his stories, by needlessly carrying the reader on to the deaths of persons on whom attention has been fixed.

The prominent qualities which modern critics have ascribed to Chaucer are, fancy, imagination, grace, delicacy, tenderness; and undoubtedly he possessed these and other cognate qualities in a great degree. But the essential characteristic of his genius seems to us to be a strong sense of the real. In the highest flights of his genius the actual is ever present to him, as if the *purely* imaginative was something alien to his nature. Perhaps this quality, as much as the deficiency of his age in justly appreciating other countries and their manners, may account for



his representation of every thing after the fashion of the England of his own day. His range is of the widest as regards subjects. He paints every class of life, from the poor widow in her humble cottage, striving to eke out her livelihood by careful parsimony, through the various classes of society to royalty itself, if we are to take Duke Theseus as a portrait of Edward III. The poet places us in the heroic, the classical, the declining, and the dark ages. He carries us in vision to a magic isle far off in some unknown sea. He transports us through the air to the House of Fame. He tells us tales of martyrdom or of miraculous adventure, and presents us with fanciful allegories. Yet we are always in "middle-age" England. Notwithstanding the delicacy of his fancy, and the richness of his imagination, Chaucer seemed Antæus-like, as if he could exercise his full strength only when touching his native earth. And so it is with all great poets. It is only the inferior artist who is for ever thrusting his own abstractions or self-spun fancies upon the reader, and calling them "creations."

Of the particular qualities which contribute to literary execution, rather than personally characterise the author, as it were, the most distinguishing features in Chaucer appear to us to be his ease and pleasantry. Passages of great power or of picture-like description are continually found in his works. Even his allegorical pictures or persons possess a strength which imparts to them the reality of life. But such things are not of constant occurrence; the best of them are sometimes weakened by an exhaustive fulness, running into prolixity. The poet's eye for external appearances, and his extraordinary faculty of representing objects, bring the gorgeous pageantries of tournament, war, or peaceful procession, before us, as well as the ornate buildings and pleasure-gardens of the fourteenth century. Chaucer's numerous reflections on men and their affairs are ever distinguished by profound observation, often contributing to proverbial wisdom. But his ease and pleasantry are ever present: they pervade his comedy and his satire; they are found in his graver tales, though not always to the advantage of the latter. So exquisitely easy and natural are his paintings of manners and characters, that with many readers their excellence may not be duly appreciated. All is so quietly truthful and real, that there appears nothing of art or effort about it. His satire too is often so delicate, that its point is liable to be overlooked by modern readers; though doubtless sharp enough when written, and for ages afterwards, while the abuses were present to every man, if not pressing upon him. The circumstances, likewise, with which he accompanies a principal action are often wonderfully appropriate and natural.

It is needless to enter more minutely into the characteristics of Chaucer's genius. But his works were far from being the product of genius alone. He must have led a life of constant labour in business, observation, study, and composition, as the number of his surviving works demonstrate; and this at a time when the mechanical aids to this kind of work were far less than now. Judged by what he did, he appears to have been ever on the watch, not only to note the externals, but to discriminate the essential qualities of things. Like most great writers of the middle ages, he was a man of affairs as well as an author, which of course aided him in acquiring his knowledge of human nature. It is probable that from an early period of life Chaucer was attached to John of Gaunt; though the prince was his junior by some years, if the traditional date of the poet's birth, 1328, be correct. The dates of his works are matter of inference; of his parentage, education, and early life we know nothing. The well-directed researches of the late Sir Harris Nicholas among our public records prove that in 1359, about Chaucer's thirtieth year, he served under Edward III. in an expedition against France, and was made prisoner. From this time till 1399, the year before that of his received death, Sir Harris discovered enough to show that the poet was frequently occupied as a courtier, diplomatist, and politician in and out of Parliament. He was also employed in the "Civil Service," having been Comptroller of the Customs of London from 1374 to 1386, and from 1389 to 1391 the Clerk (surveyor) of the King's Works. This last appointment would indicate some practical knowledge of architecture, a taste for which, at least, is visible in his poems. If we judge by his works, it is clear that his sphere of observation extended far beyond the courtly, soldierly, and scholarly classes. He must have "sat under" friars, been present at their domestic exhortations mingled with wheedling and flattering, and seen them under less creditable circumstances. The lowest persons and incidents of common life are described with the ease and certainty which only results from thorough familiarity. His local knowledge is as exact as his general. His Reeve comes from Norfolk, and rides upon a horse named "Scot." Mr. Bell observes, "This is a curious instance of Chaucer's accuracy; for to this day there is scarcely a farm in Norfolk or Suffolk in which one of the horses is not called 'Scot.' As the name has no meaning, it must be attributed to an immemorial tradition." The two North-country Clerks in the "Reeves Tale" speak a North-country dialect; and it has always struck us that the English diction of the Miller is inferior to that of the other characters; if, indeed, each person has not a style of speech ap-



propriate to his (or her) social position and vocation, as well as to the natural character. It has been said that all great poets have been possessed of all the learning of their time; and Chaucer is no exception to the rule. He was well read in such classical authors as were common in his day. Of French he was of course a master, for it was in some degree the language of the court. It has been questioned whether he was versed in Italian; but internal evidence is strong in favour of his knowledge of that tongue. We allude to his diplomatic employments; for Latin was then the language of diplomatists, as French was till lately; and his mentioning Dante, Petrarch, and others, is no great matter. But his incidental allusions to them, and occasional translations of passages or "lits," argue an acquaintance with the work he quotes from. Nor does it seem possible that he could have rendered, however freely, the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio into "Troilus and Cryseyde," or the *Theseida* into the "Knightes Tale," without a knowledge of Italian. With the science of his century Chaucer was also well acquainted. Of astronomy he had a practical as well as theoretical knowledge; and his prose treatise, on the use of the astrolabe, written for the use of his "litell son Louis," was considered the best book on the subject so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Though disbelieving in astrology and alchemy, he understood them both. He might not possess the extensive knowledge of a schoolman in his somewhat barren philosophy, or the acquaintance with real religion possessed by a truly Christian priest, such as the author of *Piers Ploughman*; but he was not ignorant of theology or the scholastic philosophy. When we consider the variety of his public employments, the extent of his acquirements, and the number of his productions (for many have perished), his great industry appears a marvel. If we are to believe his own half-bantering accounts of himself, the whole of his leisure-time was given to reading and writing, except in the month of May, when he gave himself up to the enjoyment of nature. Even when on the pilgrimage, he was reserved and meditative. The Host describes the poet's appearance pretty much as he looks in Occleve's portrait; but he adds demeanour to lineaments. Here is the passage, from the "Prologue to Sire Thopas," a burlesque on the metrical romances, which Chaucer tells himself, till the Host stops him, weary of his "drasty speech":

"Whan sayd was this miracle, every man  
As sober was, that wonder was to se,  
Til that oure host to jape he bigan,  
And than at erst (for the first time) he loked upon me,  
And sayde thus: 'What man art thou?' quod he.  
'Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde an hare,

For ever upon the ground I se the stare.

Approche ner, and loke merily.

Now ware you, sires, and let this man have space.

He in the wast is schape as well as I ;

This were a popet in an arm to embrace

For any womman, smal and fair of face.

He semeth elvisch by his countenance,

For unto no wight doth he daliaunce.

Say now som what, sins other folk han said;

Telle us a tale and that of mirthe anon.'

'Host,' quod I, 'ne beth nought evel apayd,

For other tale certes can I noon,

But of a rym I lerned yore (long) agoon.'

'Ye, that is good,' quod he, 'now schul we heere

Som deynté thing, me thinketh by thy cheere.'"

A fuller account of his habits is given in the "Legende of Goode Women," and in the "House of Fame," the last being the tersest, and perhaps the fullest as regards his method of study. The description is in Chaucer's usual bantering manner when speaking of himself. It is put into the mouth of the Eagle, who bears him through the air to the House of Fame, half killing him with fright. The voice of the bird in the opening lines is evidently an allusion to some personal friend, perhaps to John of Gaunt :

"Thus I longe in hys clawes lay,  
Til at the last he to me spake  
In mannes vois, and seyde, 'Awake!  
And be not agaste, for shame!  
And called me tho by my name.  
And for I sholde the bet abreyde (awake),  
Me mette (dreamt), he to me thus seyde,  
Ryghte in the same vois and stevene,  
That useth oon I koude nevene (name) ;  
And with that vois, soth for to seyne,  
My mynde came to me ageyne,  
For hit was goodely seyde to me,  
So nas hyt never (was it ever) wonte to be."

Still, as he is being borne along, the poet cannot divest himself of dire forebodings. Is he to be "made the goddys botiller (butler)" like Ganymede? or is he to die up there, that Jupiter may turn him into a star—"wher Joves wol me stellefyne"—like other famous men. The Eagle, divining his thoughts, assures him that Jupiter has no such intention as yet. But the god has observed with pity Geoffrey's long labours in the service of Cupid and Venus, without having received any reward whatever :

"And for this cause he hath me sent  
To the : now herke, be thy trouthe!  
Certeyn he hath of the routhe (pity),  
That thou so longe trewely

• *Cheere, countenance, appearance.*

Hast served so ententyfly  
Hys blynd nevewe Cupido,  
And faire Venus also,  
Withoute guerdon ever yitte,  
And neverthelesse hast set thy witte,  
(Although in thy hede ful lyte (little) is)  
To make bookys, songes, and dytees  
In ryme, or elles in cadence,  
As thou best canst in reverence  
Of Love, and of hys servantes eke,  
That have hys serveyse sought, and seke ;  
And peynest the to preyse hys arte,  
Although thou haddest never parte ;  
Wherfore, al so God me blesse,  
Joves halt (holds) hyt grete humblesse,  
And vertu eke, that thou wolt make  
A nyghte ful ofte thyn hede to ake,  
In thy studye so thou writest,  
And evermo of love enditest,  
In honour of hym (Cupid) and preysynges,  
And in his folkes furtherynges,  
And in hir (their) matere al devisest,  
And noght hym nor his folke dispisest,  
Although thou maiste goo in the daunce  
Of hem (them) that hym lyst not avaunce.  
Wherfore, as I seyde, ywys,  
Jupiter considereth wel this ;  
And also, beausire, other thynges ;  
That is, that thou hast no tydynges  
Of Loves folke, yf they be glade,  
Ne of noght elles that God made ;  
And noght oonly fro ferre contree,  
That ther no tydyng cometh to thee,  
Not of thy verray neighbors,  
That dwelle almoste at thy dors,  
Thou herist neyther that nor this,  
For when thy labour doon al is,  
And hast ymade rekenynges,\*  
Instid of reste and newe thynges,  
Thou goost home to thy house anoon,  
And, al so dombe as any stone,  
Thou sittest at another booke,  
Tyl fully dasewyd ys thy looke,  
And lyvest thus as an heremyte,  
Although thyn abstynence ys lyte (little).  
And therefore Joves, thorgh hys grace,  
Wol that I bere the to a place,  
Which that hight the House of Fame,  
To do the somme disport and game,  
In somme recompensacion  
Of labour and devocion  
That thou hast had, loo ! causeles,  
To Cupido the reccheles."

\* It has been conjectured from this passage that "The House of Fame" was written while Chaucer was Comptroller of the Customs, to which office he was appointed in 1374, and from which he was dismissed in December 1386.

The popular idea of Chaucer as an author is limited vaguely to the *Canterbury Tales*; yet they only form about two-fifths of his poetry, and not above one-third of his works, the prose being included. To attempt a full account of each of his pieces would be long and tedious. An exhibition of them in classes, with passing remarks on particular poems, will probably convey a sufficient idea of their scope and character, while they may aid an intending reader in his task. They may be broadly arranged in six divisions: 1. Grave Stories; 2. Comic Stories; 3. Pieces of sufficient extent to stand alone; 4. Allegorical and Personal Poems; 5. Miscellaneous Pieces; 6. Prose Works.

1. Grave Stories. These are thirteen in number, eleven being contained in the *Canterbury Tales*, and two, the "Legende of Goode Women" and "Queene Anelyda and False Arcite," being separately printed by the editors. Both these, however, might have been included in the *Canterbury Tales*, with fitting prologues and narrators (were the introduction to the "Legende" modified); for the "Legende" itself resembles the "Monkes Tale" in being a succession of personal examples strung together for a common purpose, and though long, it is but little longer than the "Knightes Tale." Both "Queene Anelyda" and the "Legende" are examples of true ladies and false men, the "Legende" having been written to pacify the ladies of the court, offended by some of the poet's other stories. They both indicate the low morality of the author's age. It is not the loss of virtue which he regards, but the faithlessness of the lovers. All the examples are taken from ancient story. In one point the "Legende" shows the advantage which the primitive character of the age, and its want of critical learning gave to Chaucer in bringing out the real character of actions. His simple narration well exhibits the selfishness, treachery, cruelty, and barbarism, not to say brutality, of the old Greek "heroes" stripped of the halo which poetry and sentiment have thrown over the "heroic" fable of the Greeks.

The titles of the Grave Stories in the *Canterbury Tales* are exhibited in the following list. The original order of their occurrence is slightly changed for the convenience of treatment.

- |   |                             |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. The Knightes Tale.                   | 6. The Prioresses Tale.     |
| 2. The Clerkes Tale.                    | 7. The Seconde Nonnes Tale. |
| 3. The Squyeres Tale.                   | 8. The Man of Lawes Tale.   |
| 4. The Frankeleynes Tale.               | 9. The Monkes Tale.         |
| 5. The Tale of the Doctor of<br>Phisik. | 10. The Pardoner's Tale.    |
|   | 11. The Wyf of Bathes Tale. |

Of these the "Knightes Tale" is a story of chivalry transplanted, as already observed, to Greece in the fabulous ages. In our opinion, the story is of more value as a picture of the manners, opinions, and practices of chivalry than for its inherent

interest, spite of the praises that have been bestowed upon it. The subject of the "Clerkes Tale" is that of the well-known Patient Grisild. Its treatment is the finest example that Chaucer or any other writer ever exhibited of tenderness, delicacy, and judgment in the skilful management of a story distasteful in itself, if not unnatural, and with a wrong morality. In any other hands but Chaucer's, the lowly condition and extreme poverty of Grisild would have partaken of the sordid; but the beauty, innate grace, and virtues of the heroine, as painted by the poet, ennoble her humble estate. As commonly told, the submission of Grisild appears mean and poor-spirited. In Chaucer it is the meek and dutiful submission of a wife to her husband and her oath. Nor is she without feeling for her trials; neither is she altogether spiritless. When her husband, rising from brutality to brutality, requires the sacrifice of her second child, she touchingly remarks,

"I have not had no part of children twayne,  
But first syknes, and after wo and payne."

Her words under the last insult by which she is "tried" cannot be called indignant or reproachful, yet both feelings are suggested by their very absence, and she is not wanting in a righteous self-assertion. The accessories too are strictly in keeping; and the Marquis, her husband, his instrument the Serjeant, and the changeful populace, are each marked by those nice discriminating traits of character in which Chaucer excels. It also strikes us that the style is more scholarly and finished than the other stories, more appropriate to the scholarly character of the teller. Other tales may readily be found of greater interest for various qualities, but we know of nothing which displays such a wonderful treatment of repulsive materials.

The "Squieres Tale" is one of magic and romance. It is better known by name than any other of Chaucer's, except perhaps the "Prologue of the Wyf of Bathe" and "January and May;" and owing to a similar cause. Milton alludes to it when designating Chaucer as one of the favourite companions of his midnight studies:

"Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride." (*Il Penseroso*.)

The nature of the "Frankeleynes Tale," where a husband is willing to sacrifice the honour of his wife in order that she may keep her word, has been described in the introduction to

the notice on *Piers Ploughman*, in our last Number. The failure in the treatment of the story of Virginia (told by the Physician) has been sufficiently mentioned already. The tales of the Prioress and the Second Nun are stories of martyrs. The subject of that of the Prioress will scarcely recommend it to the philosophy of the present day,—for it is the murder of a little Christian child by “cursed Jewes;” and the “illiberal” object is obvious. But it is most tenderly told by the simple Prioress. The “Man of Lawes Tale” is a religious legend, in which history, manners, and nautical probability are alike set at defiance, the incidents being miraculous throughout. The “Monkes Tale” is a series of examples of the mutability of fortune, mostly drawn from ancient history, though he begins with Lucifer. This mode of composition, which instructed the reader in history and biography, by briefly presenting their leading points in a series of personal examples, was fresh to the world in the fourteenth century. It had its uses at a time when books were scarce, and it required original reading to make a man acquainted with even the outlines of history. That utility has long since passed; but the temptation of the extreme facility of the plan, and its apparent short-cut to a philosophic greatness of theme and grandeur of reflection, still induces writers to imitate Chaucer and Buckhurst. The tales of the Pardoner, and (in a less degree) of the Wife of Bath, are of a grave cast in themselves, though surrounded as it were by a comic atmosphere, and heralded by prologues, or rather stories, richly comic. The Pardoner’s is a powerful tale of three wild profligates, who kill one another from a desire of each to secure to himself a treasure they have found. The “Wyf of Bathes Tale” is the well-known story of the knight who, having forfeited his life, is compelled, in obedience to his plighted “trouthe,” to marry an old hag, by whose means he is enabled to solve the question on the resolution of which his life depended, namely, that what women most desire is to be in “maystry” over their lover or husband; in fact, to have their own way.

2. The Comic Stories are all contained in the *Canterbury Tales*, and form the most racy and amusing of Chaucer’s works. In the judgment of Rymer, Shakespeare’s genius led him to comedy, and Johnson agrees with that opinion. “In tragedy,” says the Doctor, “he often writes with great appearance of toil and study what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes he seems to produce without labour what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is often struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting; but his co-

medy often surpasses expectation or desire." What the "something" is which "is *always* wanting" in Shakespeare's tragedies, every reader must decide for himself, with *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello* before him. But transferred to Chaucer, the judgment is entirely true. Of arms, of love, of chivalry, he writes with spirit and vigour. His delicacy and tenderness are unsurpassed. But in tragic, and we think in pathetic, scenes he seems to be forcing himself up to the occasion, and without much success. He knows that he ought to feel, but he can do little more than simulate feeling by means of language "proper to the occasion." But in comedy he produces "without labour what no labour can improve." In comedy he "luxuriates," he revels; and without much regard (as is the case with comic writers) to the sin or misery which may lurk under the ludicrous incidents which he, or his *dramatis personæ*, narrate with such gusto. The value of his comic tales, however, is not confined to their literary merit. It is in them that we meet with the most lifelike picture that exists of Plantagenet England. Vigorous and truthful as are the sketches in *Piers Ploughman*, they are abstractions, generally exhibiting one allegorical person, who passes away when his single business is done. Chaucer's persons are not only more dramatic in themselves; they are connected by the story with other characters, and placed in circumstances continually changing, like the ever-varying changes of actual life. In the best of Chaucer's comic stories the rough manners, the boisterous merriment, the solid jocularity, and the coarsest vices of the lower, or rather the lower middle, classes of that age are brought before us in the very habits of the people as they lived. Nor are the follies or the backslidings of a higher class of society overlooked, or the more covert profligacy of the churchmen, or any one connected with the church.

It is in his comic tales, however, that the indecency and licentiousness of Chaucer are the grossest and most offensive. He has been defended by the plain-speaking of his age; and in passing instances of mere language that defence is sufficient. But he himself does not plead it as a justification, excusing himself on principles of art, and the necessity of truly exhibiting character:

"Who so schal telle a tale aftur a man,  
He moste reherce, as neigh as ever he can,  
Every word, if it be in his charge,  
Al speke he never so rudely ne large;  
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe."

(Prologue, ll. 733-737.)

But it is not the language of Chaucer that is so objection-



able; for though words may offend, or even shock, they often admit of elimination. The grossness and immorality are, for the most part, inextricably connected with his incidents and *dénouements*. Remove the immorality and indecency, and *cadit questio*, there is no story to tell. Nor, though the poet recommends "every gentil" reader to pass some of the tales for the "cherles" language, it does not seem that a sense of the immorality ever occurs to any one. It is all told and received as a "capital joke," or a "good story." Of course the offences of the many are no real justification of one. But Chaucer has this excuse. He was no worse than his own age, or than many other ages since. French novels now may be more refined in language. In point of immorality, they are far worse, as being more corrupting. Perhaps something like this may be true occasionally of modern England. A century ago we were certainly little better than Chaucer in any respect. The reader of Smollet's novels will have slender advantage over the comic tales in point of language, and none at all as regards morality.

But a something beyond loose morality pervades Chaucer's works; and that is a very low estimate of women in general, amid all his poetical and courtly compliments. He could imagine a womanly paragon in the case of Grisild. He could comprehend chastity as a religious duty or as a religious vow, though without implicit faith in the observance of the latter. He also understood the propriety of a wife's fidelity, as well as the "shame" of being detected. But of that general feminine purity, of that innate modesty and sense of womanly dignity, quite apart from any results of detection, which constitute the modern ideal of the sex, he seems to have had no notion. This low estimate of women peeps out in most of his works, but it is rampant in the best of the comic tales.

And in such the immorality exceeds the grossness. Of these, "January and May" and the "Wyf of Bathes Prologue" are the most notorious, owing partly to Pope's modernisation, as well as to their intrinsic merits. The conduct of May (for she has little of defined character) is as provoking a satire as ever was penned upon the alleged arts and deception of women. The Wife of Bath's matrimonial autobiography has made her for centuries a well-known name of no very good repute. But, bad as the "letter" may be, the real sting is in the mocking "spirit" of the story-tellers. Critically analysed, both tales will be found to represent a *class* of women, not the sex in general. "January and May," too, is very peculiar in its circumstances. Further, it contains several lessons on life useful to the poet's age, and to a much later date, namely, the imprudence of ill-assorted matches, especially where there is great disparity of

ages; the folly of a merely sensual marriage by an old rake; and the evil,—a practice not finally discontinued till the days of our grandfathers,—of courtship by “brocage” (brokerage), “sleight,” and “wys treté.” But the “marchaunt” who tells the story shows you nothing of this. He assumes (as does the Wife of Bath) that what occurs is natural and of universal truth. It may be provoking; but bear it, for you cannot help it. The destiny of man is to be deluded or pecked. The drunken Miller’s philosophy runs in the same line.

The “Schipmannes Tale” has less of this mocking spirit. But it appears to us as really more immoral, and as leaving behind it a worse impression of women than “January and May” or the “Wife of Bath.” There is a greater invasion of the sanctity of family. The wife is without the excuse of May (unless a love of dress be one); for she is not a mere girl, but an apparent type of reputable, and, so far as circumstances can avail, of happy wifehood. Her husband is a highly respectable man, sedate, worthy, wealthy, and in high repute:

“A marchaunt whilom dwelled at Seint Denys,  
That riche was, for which men hild him wys.”

Nor is she subject to any arts of seduction, but rather proffers herself to the monk. Unless Chaucer’s opinion of the sex had been very low indeed, his judgment would have induced him to avoid the subject, or to change his mode of treatment. Or it may be that he could not resist the opportunity of setting the higher clergy in a degrading light. There is nothing in the proceedings of any clerk or mendicant friar so mean, so base, and so artful in cheating or deceiving every one all round, as in the conduct of the dignified and decorous member of the “Abbey” at Paris.

The tales of the Miller and the Reeve are immoral and gross to the last degree; but the immorality is in a lower class of society. The jocular spirit of the treatment, however, is just the same. Both these tales have great value as pictures of the times. The natural characters, and the habits, ideas, and modes of living of the Carpenter of Oxford and the Miller of Cambridge present us with types of the well-to-do tradesmen of that age, and of the details of their daily life. The idiosyncrasies of the four clerks, and the profligate habits of the divinity students or junior churchmen of the two great Universities, are as clearly and more scoffingly exhibited.

The five tales just examined are the worst of Chaucer’s comic stories. The rest have but little of immorality or licentiousness. They are sometimes gross, but not more so than will be met with in all medieval writers, when they have occa-

sion to speak plainly. The subjoined is a complete list of all the comic tales, omitting the well-known "Prologue," as rather a preface than a tale:

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|--|--|
| 1. The Miller's Tale.                      | 7. The Sompnours Tale.                           |
| 2. The Reeves Tale.                        | 8. The Pardoner's Prologue.                      |
| 3. The Schipmannes Tale.                   | 9. The Chanounes Yemannes,<br>Prologue and Tale. |
| 4. The Marchaundes Tale (January and May). | 10. The Maunciples Tale.                         |
| 5. The Wyf of Bathes Prologue.             | 11. The Nonne Prestes Tale.                      |
| 6. The Frere's (Friar's) Tale.             | 12. Sir Thopas.                                  |

The Friar's and the Sompnour's tales are not of much account merely as stories, deriving their literary interest from the manner in which they are told. They are mediums for exhibiting the abuses to which the ecclesiastical courts gave rise, the frauds of the mendicant friars, and the means by which they contrived to establish a footing in the houses of those they cajoled. In the "Sompnours Tale" is a sketch of an opulent farmer's *ménage*, which is interesting in itself, and would be of the greatest importance to the history of English society, if we could be certain that the word *churl* applied to his *condition*, and not to his character. Both stories contain passing indications of country scenes, occupations, and modes of life among the poor, though not the very poor.

The Canon Yeoman's story, as already mentioned, is mainly an attack upon the frauds of alchemists, ludicrous in the tricks practised by the canon upon the avaricious priest, but somewhat dry in the exposure of the art, from too abundant a use of technicalities. The "Pardoner's Prologue," and the sermon in which he *sets* his tale, very frankly admit his loose way of living, and unfold the arts by which he wins a hundred marks a year,—a large sum in those times, amounting, according to the lowest estimate, to some thousand a year of our day. The sermon itself is a skilful imitation of "powerful" commonplace. We have a type of the practised speaker endeavouring to make an habitual knack exercised on common professional topics do the work of thorough study, earnestness, and conviction. In this point of view, it is a *generic* production. We yet meet with it, and continually, at the public meeting, on the hustings, in both Houses of Parliament, and especially on the platform. Nay, possibly it can be heard from that place whence the Pardoner himself originally delivered it.

The remaining stories of this class may be soon dismissed. The "Maunciple's Tale" is a mythological burlesque of Apollo as an uxurious husband deceived by his wife. It is of little moment, even in a mere literary point of view. The comic ele-

ment is not very strong in the "Nonne Prestes Tale"—the "Cock and the Fox," modernised by Dryden. Johnson speaks slightly of it, as "hardly worth revival." The fable itself is certainly slight and too much elongated; nor is the moral, to beware of flatterers, very recondite. But the sketch of rustic poverty and rustic domestic management in those ancient times forms a curious picture. The medical and philosophical arguments which are put into the mouths, or rather the bills, of Chaunteclere and Dame Partelote touching dreams, their causes, and the credence to be attached to them, are equally curious, furnishing a short cut to the medical and metaphysical style of argument in those ancient times. The respective characters of the Cock and the Fox are well delineated, and the flattery of Reynard amusing from its audacity. "Sir Thopas" is a burlesque on the metrical romances. It is a very model of its kind for the delicate, but palpable, satire on the ignorance, inflation, inconsequence, and mannerism of the writers of "romans of pris." It is besides of antiquarian interest for a description of a knight's costume and accoutrements, and of his preparations for battle.

Both the grave and comic stories of the *Canterbury Tales* are distinguished for their great variety, embracing almost every class of life, and expressing various shades of opinion, except in the highest and the very lowest classes. Even where any of the subjects of the tales approach to uniformity, all sense of it is removed by the difference in the characters, the incidents, and the manner of treatment. Yet is the work, as we have it, "left half told." The Knightes Yeoman, the Ploughman, the Cook, and the five Tradesmen, namely, an Haberdasher, a Carpenter, a Webbe (weaver), a Deyer, and a Tapicer (maker of tapestry), tell no tales. The adventures of the pilgrims at Canterbury, the second tale each pilgrim was to tell on his return, and the supper which was to crown the whole, are wanting. Nay, what we have of the *Canterbury Tales*, one of the literary glories of England, was left so unfinished that the greater part of the stories are supposed to have been edited by a friend, whose critical discrimination was so slender that he inserted the "Cokes Tale of Gamelyn" as Chaucer's work, though bearing no resemblance to the master's manner.

But, on the whole, it is fortunate that he did so, for it is worth preserving; and though the subject does not strike us as it stands, Chaucer seems to have intended making it a ground-work for a tale, as Shakespeare metamorphosed it into *As you like it*. The plot turns upon the villany of an elder brother, who defrauds his younger brother of an estate, drives him to outlawry, and is finally punished, with his legal abettors, by

Gamelyn and his outlaws, in a summary hanging-match. As usual the story ends with the hero acquiring the king's favour and a wife. The ideas of the world beyond a rustic's ken are of the wildest kind, the moral sentiments those of the Robin-Hood ballads, namely, that all the rich or learned are defrauders or oppressors, and that all the poor are virtuous. It contains some information as to country life and character, which, as regards the gentry, was much more open to the observation of inferiors then than at present, and it suggests a singular question. The piece, though somewhat heavy in its style, has a certain force of expression, and is a remarkable production altogether. Unless looked upon as a *lusus nature*, a unique effort by some "single-ballad Hamilton," it argues more literary cultivation among the people of Plantagenet times than it is generally supposed they had attained, and indicates that many popular productions of a certain degree of literary merit have perished.

4. Three works of Chaucer are of sufficient length and weight of character to rank as independent poems:

1. The House of Fame.
2. Troylus and Cryseyde.
3. The Romaunt of the Rose.

*The House of Fame* naturally suggests a reference to Pope's *Temple of Fame*, which is avowedly founded upon it. In all formal points, and to some extent in more substantial matters, the modern is superior to the older poet. Whatever interest may attach to Chaucer's two introductory books (forming more than one-half of the poem), for the autobiographical allusions to himself, the pictured stories from classical tales, and the eagle's curious exposition of the theory of sound, the effect is delaying. The modern reader does not arrive at the House of Fame till modern patience is somewhat exhausted. Not only is Pope's plan more simple and coherent than Chaucer's, but he draws his famous persons from a larger field, and arranges them on sounder principles. The Scandinavian, Egyptian, and Oriental heroes are introduced by Pope with great propriety; by Chaucer they are scarcely mentioned. The classical celebrities are more rightly classed and more justly criticised by Pope than by Chaucer. These advantages, however, are all dependent on the accident of birth. The fourteenth century knew but little of classical authors, and almost nothing of Egyptian, Scandinavian, and Oriental history and literature. Chaucer terminates abruptly by the easy method of waking from his dream. Pope pursues the idea of Chaucer to a more complete end, closing with moral dignity and a just estimate of Fame:

"Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;  
Oh, grant an honest Fame, or grant me none !"

The passages enumerating persons famous in those ages, but now forgotten, have an interest similar to that with which we peruse the epitaphs in a country churchyard or an old cathedral. Several of the arts, as juggling, trumpeting, and the like, seem not of dignity sufficient to render their professors entitled to poetical celebration ; but primitive ages are not nice in their appreciation. In the satirical portions, especially as concerns the capricious manner in which Fame is distributed, and which Pope closely follows, the old poet holds his own with his wonted easy lightness and power, and exhibits, as against the tribe of imitators, a contempt not usual with him. Compared with Pope's "Temple," Chaucer's whole poem, irregular as it is, displays a Gothic profusion, variety, and richness, like a medieval cathedral compared with a Grecian temple.

Chaucer intimates that he took the story of *Troilus and Cryseyde* from "Lollius;" but of this author nothing is known. The poem is in a great measure a translation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, condensed, animated, and much improved. The title suggests the nature of the story, for its outline is similar to Shakespeare's play. But while the great dramatist keeps the love, and its not over-respectable personages, subordinate to the history, the great medieval poet reverses this treatment. Hence the slightness of the story, and the length to which it is expanded by description and reflection, renders it very tedious to a modern reader: a commonplace intrigue between a young prince and a widow lady of some position, who proves faithless during a short absence, is expanded to nearly the length of the *Æneid*. The tale, however, is well worth a close attention by a student of the middle ages. The scene is laid in Troy ; the names are classical ; but the persons, incidents, and manners are those of Western chivalry in the gay court of some medieval monarch ; and the descriptions of these characters and manners are frequently in Chaucer's best vein. But to the generality of readers there is no getting over the prolixity of the narrative or the distastefulness of the subject, not so much, perhaps, for the immorality as for the different way in which the world has come to regard such "affairs," and the lower estimate it rightly forms of them. Whether different ages differ in practical morality or not, public opinion becomes stricter with the progress of refinement, at least up to a certain point. Shakespeare felt this, though living some three centuries nearer to Chaucer, and in an age of actual morality not very much superior to that of the Plantagenets. Hence in treating the subject he made no attempt to throw "the purple light of love" over, or any deep



enduring affection into, the loves of Troilus and Cressid, or to elevate the character of Sir Pandarus of Troy; but presented the love-story of his play as such love-stories generally are in reality. If the ladies were offended with Chaucer, not merely for the fickleness of his Cryseyde, as indicative of his opinion of the sex, but for the general subject of the poem, he would seem to have fallen below the opinion even of his own century. It was, however, only "opinion." His pictures seem true enough. Many truths could even now be exhibited by genius which the world would cry out upon.

*The Romaunt of the Rose* is a generally close translation of this celebrated old French poem, enlivened, as was Chaucer's custom in any thing he treated, by touches of his genius and worldly experience. Of course as regards the English poem the main feature is the rendering, though the "Romaunt" is well worth attention for itself. Chaucer's merit is displayed in the spirit which gives to a translation the air of an original production, by the forcible delineation of allegorical personages, the vivid and minute description of natural or cultured scenery, and the glowing pictures of joyous revelry in the pleasaunce of Mirth; subjects that, with some scenes in which the God of Love figures, constitute the first four thousand and odd lines, written by Guillaume de Lorris. He was a man of graceful fancy and of refined taste, in the judgment of the thirteenth century. His design was to show the difficulties a lover has to encounter in winning his mistress, according to the sense attached to a lover in *his* day. But he marred the interest of his story by an unskilful allegory. The lady does not appear as a woman, but as a rose-bud (hence the title) in a rosary. The object of the lover and his friends is to gather it, that of certain allegorical guardians to defend it; and these attempts constitute such story as there is. At best an allegory like this was not favourable to human action. But De Lorris, by depriving the lady of feeling, passion, and even power to move or speak, prevents any interest *she* might have excited. Jean de Meun took up this subject some years after the death of Guillaume de Lorris in 1260. He continued the allegory, with variations and additional personages; but with a total change in the original author's purpose. Jean de Meun was a harder man than his predecessor. Professing social reformation, he used the allegory of "love among the roses" to promulgate his own daring, yet to some extent popularly attractive, ideas. He advocated those levelling and communistic doctrines—

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman?"—

which, in something more than half a century afterwards, con-



vulsed parts of Western Europe, and, in some places, are fermenting in the lower deeps of society at this day. Besides pushing the doctrines of socialism and communism to their full extent, he bitterly attacked the clergy and the fair sex. Of course, with these wild and subversive views were mingled more just exposures of the vices and hypocrisies of churchmen, as well as of social abuses. It was these last only which Chaucer translated from De Meun; or if he went further, the translation has perished. What has come down consists altogether of 7699 verses, 4070 of which are from De Lorris, being all he wrote, and 3629 from De Meun. The original poem contains 22,000 verses.

Jean de Meun does not monopolise all the observations on social life in the "Romaunt." Guillaume de Lorris has many, though directed to other matters than those which occupied his successor's attention. The following remarks as to dress, behaviour, and accomplishments, are taken from a code of rules which the God of Love lays down for the guidance of his votaries. In addition to their interest, as pictures of the fashions of youthful gallants in the thirteenth century, they are curious for their close resemblance, approaching to identity, with some of Chesterfield's directions to his son :

" Mayntene thy silfe aftir thi rent,  
Of robe and eke of garnement ;\*  
For many sithe (times) faire clothyng  
A man amendith in mych thyng.  
And loke alwey that they be shape,  
(What garnement that thou shalt make)  
Of hym that kan best do,  
With alle that perteyneth therto.  
Poyntis and sleves be well sittande,  
Right and streght on the hande.  
Of shone and bootes, newe and faire,  
Loke at the leest thou have a paire ;  
And that they sitte so fetisly (neatly),  
That these ruyde may uttirly  
Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyne,  
How they come on or off ageyne.  
Were streit gloves, with awmere (purse)  
Of silk. And alwey with good chere  
Thou yeve, if thou have richesse ;  
And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.  
Alwey be mery, if thou may,  
But waste not thy good alway.  
Have hatte of floures fresh as May,  
Chapelett of roses of Whissonday ;  
For sich array ne costneth but lite (little).  
Thyn hondis wasshe, thy teeth make white,

\* That is, dress as well as you can afford. Polonius gives the same advice to Laertes: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

And lete no filthe upon the bee.  
 Thy nailes blak, if thou maist see,  
 Voide it alwey delyverly (dexterously),  
 And kembe (comb) thyn heed right jolily.  
 Farce (paint) not thi visage in no wise,  
 For that of love is not themprise ;  
 For love doth haten, as I fynde,  
 A beaute that cometh not of Kynde (Nature).  
 Alwey in herte I rede thee,  
 Glad and mery for to be,  
 And be as joyfulle as thou can ;  
 Love hath no joye of sorowful man."

4. This section contains the Allegorical and Personal Poems, the allegory seeming often to cover some real event. These poems are six in number :

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Chauceres Dreme.   | 4. The Cuckow and the Night-<br>ingale.                   |
| 2. The Assembly of Foules,<br>sometimes called the<br>Parliament of Briddes<br>(birds). | 5. The Court of Love.                                     |
| 3. The Flower and the Leaf.   | 6. The Boke of the Duchesse ;<br>or the Dethe of Blanche. |

These, and the *House of Fame*, seem to be the poems which Pope, in his jottings of a plan for the History of English Poetry, called "Chaucer's Visions," and ascribed to a Provençal origin. As regards idea, fancy, and sentiment, this opinion may be right. But if we except the "Flower and the Leaf," and the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," these pieces seem to possess greater variety of topics, and treat more of the substantial purposes of life, than does Provençal poetry. Still the interest, in our opinion, is of an indirect and secondary kind, depending upon fashions which have perished, or upon manners whose forms are forgotten, while such part of their spirit as still influences society cannot be easily recognised in its existing shapes. An idea of chivalry in its extreme gallantry, its lax morality, and of the general customs of the times, must be acquired before the poems can be apprehended, much less attract. The allegorical stories, indeed, are intelligible enough so far as they go ; but they appear somewhat slight, and almost purposeless, because we do not seize the truth they conveyed to contemporaries ; in some cases we are not sure there is any hidden truth at all. To the readers of Chaucer these pieces reflected modes of life and opinions with which they were perfectly familiar. The tale, slight and almost meaningless to us, indicated to them some well-known story, though it might be deemed proper to veil it under the double mask of vision and allegory. Of course, what to Chaucer's contemporaries was real and living, is to us abstract, if not dead. Such is the case with the "Dreme."

This poem evidently relates to Chaucer's own marriage, as well as to that of some great personage (said by Speght to be John of Gaunt), in which the obstacles to be overcome were considerable. But the form in which these real events are adumbrated is indistinct; the human part of the story and the machinery incredible, according to the modern notions of poetical credibility. The general effect, therefore, is uninteresting, if not tedious, except a passing sketch of the procedure of a feudal *régime* in a prince's marriage. The "Assembly of Foules" is really a "Parliament of Birds," called by Nature on St. Valentine's day, to determine on the marriage of a female eagle for whom three male eagles contend. Here again some actual event may be indicated; but, as we know not what it was, the piece has little beyond literary merit to rest upon. Dryden, Keats, and other poets, have highly praised the "Flower and the Leaf." There is doubtless some charming natural painting, and much of richly-heraldic description both as to arms and costume, in the poem. The gorgeous processions and entertainments of chivalry are brought before the mind's eye, and the reader may gather from them an idea of the courtly shows of an age in which the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" were never wholly laid aside. The high-bred formality mingled with perfect frankness, and a gallantry somewhat ceremonious, are also there. To those (few, we think) who admire the essence of poetry apart from human interests, and think that birds, flowers, gardens, and formal amusements, illumined by the many-coloured hues of fancy, constitute the end of life, the poem may be attractive. But those who consider poetry as the real idealised by the imaginative, and embracing all the interests and passions of human life, will find, we fear, but little attraction in this celebrated production. The "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," though a slight, is a pleasing poem. Its subject is a dispute about love between the two birds, the cuckoo in that age being the representative of profligate sensuality, as the nightingale was of delicacy and fidelity. The cuckoo, however, is not so much vanquished by argument as by Chaucer, who pelts it away. From the conclusion, there are evidently personal allusions, pointing perhaps to the queen and to the lady who subsequently became the poet's wife; but what they mean it is difficult to guess. The "Court (or as it might be termed the Head-quarters) of Love" contains an account of the author's visit to "Citherea," and what he saw and learned there. It is an allegorical, descriptive, and in part a satirical piece; for it is hard to deem otherwise of some portions, especially of the "*Statutes of Love*." To the student, again, this is an interesting piece. A careful perusal

will enable him to seize the spirit of the Courts of Love, to comprehend the ideas of the gallantry in vogue in the fourteenth century, and for a long time afterwards. The story also develops the immoral sentiments which those courts encouraged, and the tolerated license they produced. But the poem is never likely to be popular, for it can only be apprehended after some preliminary study. The "Boke of the Duchesse," as regards subject, is the most interesting of the whole class; for it describes the courtship of John of Gaunt and his first wife Blanche. It further gives a most minutely elaborate portrait of her person, manners, and character, and of her husband's sorrow for her loss. It has thus the interest of an event we can appreciate. It gratifies curiosity by what we must suppose to be a true picture of modes and manners in exalted life; and it presents a well-known historical personage in his individual capacity. But it is very prolix, so much so that we greatly curtail in quoting a few of the more remarkable passages. The form is that of vision; and John of Gaunt tells his own story to Chaucer, who, wandering in a strange wood in a dream, observes an unknown knight:

"Atte laste

I was war of a man in blak,  
That sate, and had yturned his bak  
To an ooke, an huge tree.  
'Lorde !' thought I, 'who may that be ?  
What ayleth hym to sitten here ?'  
Anoone ryghte I wente nere.  
Than founde I sitte, evene upryghte,  
A wondre welfarynge knyghte,  
(By the mauer me thoughte soo)  
Of goode mochel (much good), and ryght yonge therto,  
Of the age of foure and twenty yere,  
Upon hys berde but lytel here (hair),  
And he was clothed al in blake.  
I stalked even unto hys bake,  
And ther I stooode as still as oughte.  
The sothe to saye, he saugh me nought ;  
For why ? he henge hys hede adowne,  
And with a dedely sorweful sowne (sound),  
He made of ryme tenne vers or twelve,  
Of a compleynte to hymselfe,  
The moste pitee, the moste routhe  
That ever I herde ; for by my trouthe  
Hit was gret wondre that Nature  
Myghte suffre any creature  
To have suche sorwe, and he not dede."

This was skilful flattery, if John of Gaunt wrote any verses on his loss. After the ending of the lay, the poet greets the mourner as he "best koude;" and John of Gaunt answers with the gentle courtesies becoming a knight. The interest of the

passage of course lies in the indication of the manners of two great men of such different order of greatness, and in the conversational forms of their age:

"He was war of me, how I stode  
Before hym, and did of myn hoode (uncovered),  
And had ygret hym, as I best koude.  
Debonayrly, and nothyng lowde,  
He sayde, 'I preye the be not wrothe,  
I herde the not, to seyne the sothe,  
Ne I saugh the not, syr, trewely.'  
'A, gode sir, no fors! (no matter)' quod I;  
'I am ryghte sory, yif I have oughte  
Distroubled yow out of your thoughte;  
Forgive me, yif I have mystake.'  
'Yis, thamendys is lighte to make,'  
Quod he, 'for ther lyeth noon therto;  
Ther ys nothyng mis-sayde, nor do.'  
Loo! how goodely spak thys knyghte,  
As hit hadde be another wyghte;  
And made hyt nouthur tough ne queynte.  
And I saugh that, and gan me aqueynte  
With hym, and fonde hym so trefable,  
Ryght wonder skylful and resonable,  
As me thoughte, for al hys bale (sorrow)."

The poet leads on the knight to tell of his love from the beginning. Like the rest of the poem, it is long drawn out. Some passages relating to the accomplishments, person, and expression of Blanche portray her perhaps flatteringly. They doubtless contain the age's opinion of female beauty:

"I sawgh hir daunce so comelely,  
Carole and synge so swetely,  
Laughe, and pleye so womanly,  
And loke so debonairly;  
So goodely speke and so frendly;  
That certes I trowe that evermore,  
Nas (was not) seyne so blysful a tresore.  
For every heer on hir hede,  
Sothe to seyne, hyt nas not rede,  
Ne nouthur yelowe, ne browne hyt nas;  
Me thoughte most lyke golde hyt was.  
And whiche eyen (eyes) my lady hadde!  
Debonaire, goode, glade, and sadde (grave),  
Symple, of goode mochel, nought to wide.  
Therto hir looke nas not asyde,  
Ne overtwert, but besette to wele,  
It drewe and tooke up everydele  
Alle that on hir gonne beholde.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Hir throte, as I have now memoyre,  
Semed as a rounde toure of yvoyre,  
Of goode gretenesse, and nought to grete,  
And faire White goode she hete (was called),  
That was my lady name ryghte.

She was bothe faire and bryghte,  
 She had not hir name wronge.  
 Ryghte faire shuldres, and body longe  
 She had; and armes every lythe (pliable),  
 Fattyssh, flesshy, nat grete therwith;  
 Ryghte white handes, and nayles rede,  
 Rounde brestes; and of goode brede  
 Hir lippes were; a streighte flatte bakke;  
 I knewe on hir noon other lakke,  
 That alle hir lymmes nere pure sywyng  
 (She was well proportioned),  
 In as ferre as I had knowynge.  
 Therto she koude so well pleye  
 Whan that hir lyste, that I dar seye,  
 That she was lyke to torche bryghte,  
 That every man may take of lyghte  
 Ynough, and hyt hathe never the lesse."

5. The Miscellaneous Poems call for little attention. The pieces classed under this head are upwards of twenty in number, and of various kinds. Several might be ranked as tales, were they not so inferior as to raise a doubt of their authenticity. Few of them have much intrinsic value, or would possess any interest apart from their author. The more strictly occasional poems exhibit a sad tenderness in the reflections on life, or show the sober wisdom of age. The allusions to the poet's circumstances in advanced life naturally touch the reader's sympathy; flashes of the old pleasantry break out from others; but there is nothing in them of the poetical faculty displayed in the larger works. Those which are only attributed to Chaucer seem imitations of a later age; and it is difficult to see the reason for printing the "Lamentation of Mary Magdalene."

6. Prose Works. The prose of Chaucer is as remarkable as his poetry, and quite as worthy of attention. There is an ease and rhythmical flow about it rarely equalled by succeeding writers. It is also easier to read than his verse, and is the best for a student to begin with. His chief independent prose works are the translation of Boethius, the "Testament of Love," and the "Treatise on the Astrolabe." But these works are not very easy to procure, though Mr. Russell Smith long since announced an edition to be edited by Mr. Wright. Two prose pieces are contained in the *Canterbury Tales*: one, the "Tale of Melibeus," is told by Chaucer himself, when the host has cut short "Sir Thopas."

"It is a moral tale vertuous,"

translated from the French. Apart from the style, the main interest to the modern reader consists in its object, which is to inculcate "peace at any price." The house of lord Melibeus has been attacked by neighbours—a regular "invasion" in fact—

during the master's absence; his wife and daughter have been beaten and wounded, and damage done to his property. Melibeus is naturally wroth, and he calls a council, where his younger friends are all for war. But his wife, Dame Prudence, is fit for a chairwoman of the Peace Society; and she utterly opposes recourse to violence. By management, by delays, by arguments mingled with flattery addressed to her lord, and by secret negotiations with the enemy, who have begun to ponder consequences, she finally carries her point. There is not much difficulty in giving a seeming victory to one of two disputants when you find the arguments for both; but even this is rather lamely managed in the "Tale of Melibeus;" every weak fallacy suggests its answer. As is mostly the case in didactic fictions, the incidents, and the change in the disposition of the persons are unnatural — too obviously *contrived* by the writer to tell convincingly on the reader. But the "Tale of Melibeus" is a curious "moral thing." It is startling to find such a confirmation of Solomon's doctrine, touching the rarity of originality, as a "peace-at-any-price party" in the fourteenth century, with arguments as strong as an additional five hundred years have been able to produce, and practical reasons quite as weak as those to which we are accustomed.

The "Persones (parson's) Tale" is a more important production than "Melibeus." It introduces a modern reader to the theoretical and practical religion, to the theological treatise, and to the grave moral discourse of the century; and by a shorter way and in a more popular form than can otherwise be attained. The manners and practices of the age are often described in the description of particular modes of sinning. In the directions to the penitent as to how and what he is to confess, we see the operation of the confessional, with its unavoidable effects of indurating the mind, and compelling it, as it were, to reiterate its sins in all their particulars, less for penitence than specific statement to the priest. It contains passages too that indicate how far the general plain-speaking of one age may offend the delicacy of another; for there are some passages in this treatise that would appear grossly indecent to a less precise age than ours. The work itself is called a "Tractate on Penitence," and, in a formal sense, it is so. Substantially it is a treatise on the seven deadly sins, and their ramifications, involving the best methods of resisting them, and the particular manner of dealing with each in confession. The "Persones Tale" is supposed to be founded on some treatise that has perished, or not been found. And that is doubtless the case; for, except in a few passages, there is little of Chaucer about it but the language. It would be necessary to quote some passages in



order to convey a full idea of this singular production. But we have already exhausted our space, and probably the attention of the reader. Nor are the most racy parts adapted for exhibition in a modern periodical. The closing paragraph, and the Prayer, which follows the tale, will be a more fitting termination. They are, probably, the last words Chaucer ever directly addressed to the public, and indicate his sentiments at the close of life.

"Thanne schal men understonde, what is the fruyt of penaunce ; and after the word of Jhesu Crist, it is the endeles blisse of heven ; ther joye hath no contrarieté of wo ne of penaunce ne grevance ; ther alle harmes ben passed of this present lif ; ther as is the sikernes (security) fro the payne of helle ; there as is the blisful compaignye, that rejoycen hem evermo everich (each) of otheres joye ; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne ; ther as the body of man that whilom was seek and frel, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hool, that ther may no thing empeire it ; ther nys neyther hunger, ne thurst, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfyte knowyng of God. This blisful regne may men purchace by poverté espirituel, and the glorie by lowenes, the plenté of joye by hunger and thurst, and reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortificacioun of synne ; to which life he us bringe, that bought us with his precious blood. Amen.

*Preces de Chauceres.*

Now pray I to yow alle that heren this litel tretis or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that likes hem, that therof thay thanke oure Lord Jhesu Crist, of whom procedith alle witte and al goodnes ; and if ther be eny thing that displesith hem, I pray hem that thay arette it to the defaute of myn unconnyng, and not to my wille, that wolde fayn have sayd better if I hadde connyng ; for the book saith, al that is writen for oure doctrine is writen. Wherefore I biseke yow mekely for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that God have mercy on me and forgeve me my giltes, and nameliche my translaciouns and of endityng (original compositions) in worldly vanitees, whiche I revoke in my retracciouns, as is the book of Troyles, the book also of Fame, the book of twenty-five Ladies, the book of the Duchesses, the book of seint Valentines day and of the Parlyment of briddes, the Tales of Caunturbury, alle thilke that sounen (sound) into synne, the book of the Leo, [not extant], and many other bokes, if thay were in my mynde or remembraunce, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the whiche Crist for his grete mercy forgive me the synnes. But of the translacioun of Boece de consolacioun, and other bokes of consolacioun and of legend of lyves of seints, and Omelies, and moralitees, and devocioun, that thanke I oure Lord Jhesu Crist, and his moder, and alle the seintes in heven, bisekyng hem that thay fro hennysforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to biwayle my gultes, and to studien to the savacioun of my soule, and graunte me grace and space of verray repentaunce, penitence, confessioun, and satisfaccioun, to don in this

present lif, thurgh the benigne grace of him, that is king of kynges and prest of alle prestis, that bought us with his precious blood of his hert, so that I moote be oon of hem at the day of doom that schal be saved : *qui cum Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*"

The authenticity of the "Preces" has been doubted. Hearne considers it was "made by the monks." Tyrwhitt thinks the passage beginning "Wherfore I biseke you," and ending "alle the seintes in heven," an interpolation. There would be nothing surprising in a forgery by a Romish priest. But there were few priests of that age who could have risen to the English style of the Prayer. But would not a forger, unless a very skilful one, have made more of it? Should we not have had more of unction, or let us say pious cant, mingled with that horrible in physical torments, which the middle ages delighted to paint as the punishment of sinners? Nor is there any improbability that Chaucer at the close of life might return to the faith in which he had been bred (if he had ever really left it). Any man, when age had subdued his strength, and the approach of death had induced serious thoughts, might regret that he had written some of Chaucer's works. And if any regret were to be expressed, we do not know that it could have been done better. There is nothing but what is manly in the great poet's repentance; nothing beyond the passing mention of the Virgin and the Saints that approaches superstition. But for this, unavoidable in his age, there is little in the form, and nothing in the spirit, of the parting words of Geoffrey Chaucer to the world he was about soon to leave, in which all Christians might not unite.

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## ART. II.—LUCIUS CORNELIUS SULLA.

*Lucius Cornelius Sulla, genannt der Glückliche, als Ordner des römischen Freistaates, dargestellt von Dr. K. S. Zachariä. (L. Cornelius Sulla, surnamed the Lucky, as Lawgiver of the Roman Commonwealth. By Dr. K. S. Zachariä.)* Mannheim, 1850.\*

*Lucius Cornelius Sulla: eine Biografie.* Von Dr. Thaddæus Lau. Hamburg, 1855.

*A History of Rome.* By Henry G. Liddell, D.D. Vol. II. London, 1855.

*The Fall of the Roman Republic; a short History of the last Century of the Commonwealth.* By Charles Merivale, B.D. London, 1859.

It is now nearly three years since we reviewed the Roman History of M. Mommsen, of which we are glad to see the announcement of an English translation with the author's last corrections. In that article we touched slightly on some of the political phenomena of the last age of the Roman Commonwealth, but without going into any details, and without examining individual characters at any length. We now propose to work out rather more fully some of the points which were there casually introduced, especially as they are illustrated by the life and character of the most wonderful man of his generation, the Dictator Lucius Cornelius Sulla.

The period of Marius and Sulla has been treated of by M. Mommsen at great length, and with all his usual power. Of Sulla himself he has drawn one of his most elaborate pictures, traced with that vigorous hand every touch of which is striking and instructive, whether it commands assent in every particular or not. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, M. Mommsen errs somewhat on the side of being wise above that which is written; perhaps a few strokes here and there are due to the imagination of the painter. But when any one has, by careful study of his authorities, gained such an idea of a man or a period as those authorities can give him, it is pardonable, and indeed unavoidable, to fill up the probably imperfect outline with a few conjectural strokes. It is a great matter to have clearly set before us such an idea of Sulla, or of any other man, as the writings on which we have to depend convey to the mind of a judge like M. Mommsen. Even if there are points on which we claim to ourselves the liberty of dissent, the result is very different from

\* So says the title-page in our copy; but this title-page is a manifest cancel, and the preface is dated Heidelberg, 1834.

the blunders of a man who does not read his books with care, or from the solemn emptiness of a man who reads with all his might, but whom nature has forbidden to understand.

Long before Mommsen, or any of the other writers whom we shall have to mention, Dr. Arnold wrote for the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* that sketch of the later Roman History which has since been republished as a continuation of his imperfect History of Rome. It was a comparatively youthful production, and it certainly does not show that full maturity of power which comes out in the matchless narrative of the Hannibalian War. But it was the worthy beginning of a great work; and it is quite in its place as the best, though doubtless an imperfect, substitute for what Arnold would have given us had he been longer spared. It already shows that clear conception of the politics of the time which shines forth so conspicuously in Arnold's finished history; and in the part with which we are now concerned, he displays less of that partisan feeling, which comes out, perhaps too strongly, in his narrative of the wars of Cæsar and Pompeius. And, above all, Arnold showed then, as ever, that pure and lofty morality, that unflinching determination to apply the eternal laws of right and wrong to his estimate of men of every age and country, which distinguishes him above every other writer of history. Possibly he sets up too high a standard, and is now and then hard upon men who may fairly claim to be judged according to their own light. But it is something to have history written by one who does not worship success; who never accepts intellectual acuteness, literary power, or firmness of purpose, as any substitute for real moral worth; who never swerves from the doctrine that the same moral law must determine dealings between commonwealth and commonwealth, between party and party, which determines dealings between man and man. Never did Arnold rise to a higher pitch of moral grandeur than in his character of Sulla himself. He refuses to accept Sulla's taste for elegant literature as the slightest set-off against his crimes; he tells us plainly that the indulgence of intellectual tastes is as much a personal gratification as the indulgence of sensual tastes, and that the one is not in itself, apart from the ends to which it is used, entitled to one jot more of moral commendation than the other.

From Arnold, even in his early and imperfect attempts, the descent is a sad one indeed to Dr. Liddell. We cannot conceive why Dr. Liddell should have written a History of Rome, seeing he displays no one qualification for the purpose. He occupies a position in the world in which a man had better not do any thing which he cannot do well. First Tutor and then Head of the largest college in Oxford, Master meanwhile of one of our

great public schools, a writer who has gained a certain reputation in other walks of scholarship, Dr. Liddell is eminently a man who has something to lose, and who cannot afford to expose himself for nothing. We are sorry to say that Dr. Liddell, however eminent as a dean or as a lexicographer, has utterly failed as a writer of Roman history. His style is poor, and even vulgar, being constantly disfigured by the slang phrases of the newspapers; his narrative is dull and inaccurate; he spoils every story that he lays his hands upon. Nor does he, like some writers, redeem errors of detail by merits of a more general kind; his reflections show an utter incapacity for any real grasp of his subject, and they are made the more ridiculous by the solemn and pretentious way in which they are put forth. He tells us that he has made free use of Bishop Thirlwall and other earlier writers. He has made free use indeed. When he gets on the same ground as the historian of Macedonia and Achaia, his matter largely consists of passages in which the condensed vigour of the Bishop is most amusingly watered down to the level of the Dean. We cannot see exactly what object Dr. Liddell's History is to serve; he can hardly have deluded himself into the notion that he is the compeer of Grote and Merivale; and, as a summary to be read before or after greater works, the accurate, if somewhat dry, narrative of Mr. Keightley is incomparably better than his. Of our charges against Dr. Liddell, some are chiefly matters of taste: some people, for aught we know, may think his style pure and his reflections profound. If so, these are not points for argument. But we feel that the charge of inaccuracy is one which should not be brought against so high an academical dignitary as Dr. Liddell without bringing ample proof. We will therefore give a few specimens of Dr. Liddell's blunders. We have not gone in search of them; they have met us, thick upon the ground, in studying the life of Sulla. The fate of Dr. Liddell in writing history is exactly the opposite of that of Sulla in making history. Sulla was always the Lucky; Dr. Liddell is pursued by a perpetual ill-luck, which makes him miss the point of any story, great or small, which he attempts to tell.\*

After sinking to Dr. Liddell, it is with a feeling of relief that we rise to Mr. Merivale. Whether we always follow his views or not, we always feel that in him we are no longer dealing with a careless and slipshod writer, but with a real scholar and a real historian. Mr. Merivale's fame of course rests on his

\* We will give one or two examples now; others will come in the course of our inquiry.

In the famous speech of Marius to the people on his first election as consul, he says, "*Sordidum me et incultis moribus aiunt: qui parum scite convivium ex-*

great, but as yet imperfect, work, *The Romans under the Empire*. In that work he advances some propositions which strike us as fairly open to dispute. In showing, what cannot be doubted, that to the subject provinces the yoke of the Emperors was less heavy than that of the Republic, he too often becomes something like the apologist of the Emperors themselves. He has neither Arnold's moral dignity nor his narrative power. But all that he says is weighty; his style is dignified, if artificial; even where we think his views paradoxical, they are views to be answered, and not to be lightly snubbed. The present sketch is a worthy prelude to his great work.

No one ought to study this period without the help of Dru-

orno, neque histrionem ullum, neque pluris pretii coquum quam villicum habeo" (Sall. Bell. Jug. c. 85). This, in the hands of Dr. Liddell, becomes, "*He* was unfit to figure at the banquets of the great; *he* did not esteem a stage-player or a cook better men than an honest yeoman" (ii. 237).

As Dr. Liddell writes for the "general reader," we will give the translation of Mr. Merivale (p. 46):

"They call me rude and vulgar, because I cannot lay out a banquet, but pay my rustic bailiff higher wages than my cook."

This is of course the real meaning, except that we should think that the exact idea was, not that he paid his bailiff higher wages than his cook, but that he bought him—both being commonly slaves—for a higher price than his cook. Any how, it is painful to think that a Dean of Christ Church believes that "villicus" means "an honest yeoman," and that "exornare convivium" means to "adorn a banquet," in the sense in which it is adorned by a diner-out.

So much for Dr. Liddell's scholarship; let us now try his political knowledge. He argues, at somewhat needless length, against the law of Caius Gracchus, by which corn was sold to the citizens at a low rate. One of his special objections, and a just one enough in itself, is that much of the revenue of the Roman People consisted of taxes wrung from the provincials. He then continues (ii. 206): "Those who maintain that it was just for the Roman People to consume revenue drawn from such sources, should be prepared to maintain that it would be just to charge the expenses of the English poor-law upon the revenues of our Indian Empire."

The Dean has seemingly been led away by the vulgar newspaper-phrase of "our Indian empire" into an utterly false analogy. "We," that is the people of England, have no Indian empire; the Queen has an Indian empire, the natives of which are fellow-subjects with "us;" but "we" have no empire at all. But the Roman People had an empire; the revenue that came from the provinces was theirs,—it might be justly or unjustly gained, wisely or foolishly spent, still it was really the property of the Roman People,—just as the rents of a college are the property of the members of the college. There is therefore no sort of analogy between the Roman People's dividing their revenue among themselves, though undoubtedly a most foolish thing for them to do, and making the Queen's Indian subjects maintain the destitute among her English subjects.

We said that Dr. Liddell could not tell a story without spoiling it. Let us see. The great orator Marcus Antonius was one of the victims of the Marian persecution in B.C. 87. His story is told by Plutarch (Marius, 44), and Appian (Bell. Civ. i. 72). He was hid in a poor man's house, who bade his own slave go and buy some better wine than usual for so illustrious a guest. The tavern-keeper asks why, the foolish slave tells, and Antonius is betrayed to Marius. This story, plain enough one would have thought, Dr. Liddell thus perverts: "For some time he lay concealed in a country house by the care of his slaves. Unfortunately, one of these simple men, in buying wine for him, told the vintner

mann's elaborate *Geschichte Roms*.\* The title is perhaps not well-chosen. It is not what is commonly understood by a history, but it is a most careful collection of genealogies and biographies of all the eminent Romans of the last age of the Commonwealth. Professor Drumann seems really to have got together every thing that can be known of every body. Every fact has its place in his text, and the authorities for every fact have their places in his notes. His limits do not take in the life of Marius, but there is a most careful and important life of Sulla in his second volume.

As usual, there are German monographs of this period—of what period are there not? Unluckily, they are in England so little known, and often so hard to get, that they have a way of coming to hand just when it is too late to do justice either to their merits or their demerits. Two lives of Sulla have reached us in time to put their names at the head of this article, in time for us to get some general notion of their contents, but not in time for us to examine and try them in detail as we could wish. This is the more pity, as one great object of Dr. Lau seems to be to upset Dr. Zachariä. He starts with the terse and emphatic text, "Ich halte das Buch für schlecht;" and from that text he never swerves through his whole volume. Zachariä reached us before Lau, and, in such reading as we could give his book, we certainly noticed some considerable deficiencies, and a strong tendency to apologise for Sulla's crimes; but it did not strike us as quite so bad as it seems to have appeared to Dr. Lau. Indeed, we had marked not a few passages as containing true and forcible remarks, and reflections showing a really vigorous grasp of the state of things of which he is speaking. Zachariä writes with a special view to Sulla's legislation, to which the whole second part of his book is devoted; military affairs he avowedly passes over, and he sometimes passes too lightly over other important matters. We, however, attributed this mainly to the particular object which he had in view, writing not, like Lau, a general life of Sulla, but a life of Sulla in one particular aspect. That Lau has gone deeper into the general narrative than Zachariä is manifest at the first glance, but we think that we can also discern that he is himself no more

that he must have good liquor, since it was (he whispered) for the special use of the great orator M. Antonius" (ii. 304).

A little before (ii. 297), when the younger Marius was detained at the court of Hiempsal, Dr. Liddell makes him be taught to "escape by the compassion of the king's daughter." It was the king's concubine, not his daughter, and her feeling was something more than compassion. Dr. Liddell's blunders about Sulla personally we shall meet with in their proper places.

\* *Geschichte Roms in seinem Uebergange von der republikanischen zur monarchischen Verfassung, oder Pompeius, Cäsar, Cicero, und ihre Zeitgenossen. Nach Geschlechtern und mit genealogischen Tabellen.* Königsberg, 1835.



infallible than Zachariä, nor than any body else. We freely confess, however, that we have not at all carefully compared the two works in detail with one another, nor with the original authorities. As far as we could see, we have no doubt that Lau's is a much more complete work on the general history of Sulla and his contemporaries; but as Zachariä writes for a special object, and seemingly for a special class of readers, he does not strike us as deserving the unmeasured contempt which Lau pours upon him.

Of the age of Sulla, as of so many other important periods of history, we have no consecutive contemporary narrative. This is to be the more regretted, as the contemporary materials must have been exceedingly extensive. It was an age of memoir-writing at Rome, just like the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France. Sulla himself left an autobiography, and so did many other eminent men of the age. For the age of Marius and Sulla we have no such contemporary stores as we have in abundance for the age of Cæsar and Pompeius. Of that age, too, we have no complete contemporary narrative; but then we have the countless letters and orations of Cicero for the whole time, and we have Cæsar's own narrative for a part of it. Of Sulla's Memoirs we have not so much as fragments; we have no letters, and very few speeches; the earliest orations of Cicero belong to the last days of Sulla. Of writers not contemporary, Sallust comes nearest to the time, and next to him Livy. We have also Appian's History of the Civil War, and Plutarch's Lives of Marius and Sulla; there are also numerous allusions to events of the Sullan age both in Cicero and in later and inferior writers.

When we say that Sallust was not a contemporary writer, we mean that he could not write from actual personal knowledge. He was born in B.C. 86, the year of the death of Marius, and eight years before the death of Sulla. Still the events of Sulla's dictatorship were such as must have made some impression on an intelligent child; he had abundance of opportunity of conversing with spectators and actors; and he had access to the documents, speeches, and memoirs of the time while they were still in their freshness. Sallust, therefore, if we had his guidance throughout, would be an authority all but contemporary. But unluckily the work in which he treated of the Social and Civil Wars has perished. In his Jugurthine War, however, we have the narrative of the earliest important exploits of the two rivals. We have characters of both drawn by a master's hand; and we have a speech, whose substance at least is probably genuine, from Caius Marius himself. Among his fragments, also, we have a speech against Sulla from the consul Marcus Æmilius

Lepidus, and a speech against Lepidus by Lucius Marcius Philippus, both belonging to the year of Sulla's death.

Of Livy's History of this age we have only the Epitomes, but these Epitomes form a complete, though, of course, far from a detailed narrative. They occasionally help us to facts, at all events to statements, which are not found elsewhere. Thus it is in the Epitome of Livy only that we find it distinctly affirmed that Marius and Cinna entered on the consulship, in B.C. 86, simply by their own will and pleasure, without even the form of an election. What we have lost in these books of Livy can hardly be told. The carelessness and ignorance which disfigure his treatment of early times would not have affected his narrative of days so near to his own; the charm of his style would have been joined with knowledge of his subjects, and, we have every reason to believe, with as fair a judgment of men and things as we have any right ever to expect.

Our main authorities then, after all, are the later writers, Plutarch and Appian. Plutarch, living under the Emperors from Nero to Hadrian, is about as far removed from the age of Marius and Sulla, as we are now from the last half of the seventeenth century. Appian comes a generation later; Marius and Sulla were to him as Charles I. and his adversaries are to us. They, therefore, could only write of the age of Sulla as we can write of it ourselves, by examining and criticising such materials as they had at hand. They are therefore merely authorities at secondhand. Did contemporary writers exist, we should doubtless cast Appian aside as completely as we cast aside Diodorus when we can get Thucydides; the charm of Plutarch's delightful biographies would probably save him in any case. As it is, we are thankful to them for preserving to us much of the substance of those original writers which they had before them, but which we have not. But in using them we exercise our own judgments in a degree which we do not venture to do when reading Thucydides, or those parts of Polybius where he writes from his own knowledge. Here, as in the days of Aratos and Kleomenes, we have to consider whence our informants got their matter, and how far the narratives which they read were tinged with the passions of the time. Aratos and Sulla left autobiographies; there were no autobiographies of Lydiadas or of Marius. Some of Dr. Lau's criticisms on this subject seem to us very much to the purpose. Plutarch, though his excellent moral sense utterly abhorred Sulla's atrocities, clearly writes on the whole from the Sullan side. Doubtless Sulla's autobiography was one of his chief sources. Hence he is perhaps unfair to Marius; we may say, almost certainly, that he is unfair to the tribune Sulpicius, whom Dr. Lau takes

under his special protection, and whose character is certainly one of the hardest problems of the age. Dr. Lau prefers Appian as an authority to Plutarch. We are inclined to agree with him, on the condition that this implies no censure of Plutarch. The difference between Appian and Plutarch is something like the difference between Dr. Lau himself and Dr. Zachariä. Plutarch and Zachariä write with a special object, Appian and Lau with a general one. Plutarch avowedly does not write history; he writes the lives of great men with a moral purpose; he uses their actions only to illustrate their characters; he tells us that men's behaviour in small matters shows their character as much or more than their behaviour in great matters; therefore he dwells as much or more upon small anecdotes and sharp sayings than upon the gravest matters of politics. He might perhaps even have gone on to say that an apocryphal anecdote often illustrates a man's character as well as an authentic one. Current stories about people are often, perhaps generally, exaggerated; but the peculiar qualities picked out for exaggeration are pretty sure to show what a man's character really is. All this doubtless detracts from Plutarch's direct value as an historical witness, but it does not at all diminish the merit of his work from his own point of view. Appian, a writer in every way inferior to Plutarch, does attempt, perhaps not very successfully, but still to the best of his power, to write a political history. We are perhaps unduly set against Appian by his narrative of the Hannibalian War, where we can compare him with first-rate historians, ancient and modern. In that narrative he undoubtedly falls as far below Livy as Livy himself falls below Polybius. But his narrative of the Civil War is evidently a more careful composition; he doubtless had more numerous authorities before him, and he was better able to understand those that he had. He at least tries to master the politics of the time, and we owe to him several pieces of information which are of great importance in illustrating them. Thus it is from him alone that we learn the marked distinction between the urban and the rural citizens during the tribuneship of Saturninus, and the strange temporary alliance between the aristocracy and the mob of the Forum. On the whole, Appian seldom contradicts Plutarch, though he often explains his difficulties and fills up his blanks. On the other hand, we must add that in the European part of the Mithridatic War Plutarch had an advantage of local knowledge above all writers, contemporary and subsequent. Sulla's two great battles, Chaironeia and Orchomenos, were both fought in Plutarch's native province, and one of them close to his native town.

Such are the authorities, partly fragmentary, partly second-hand, from which we have to put together our knowledge of

this remarkable period, and of the two remarkable men who were the leading actors in it. We may fairly wish that we had fuller and more thoroughly trustworthy accounts; but, compared with our knowledge of some other ages, we have reason to be thankful for what we have. There is quite enough, we think, if carefully and critically weighed, to enable us to put together a fairly accurate picture both of Marius and Sulla personally, and of the age in which they lived.

If our readers will take the trouble to refer to the article on Mommsen's History,\* which we have already mentioned, they will there find a general sketch of the relations between the Roman Commonwealth and the states which stood to her in various degrees of subjection or dependent alliance. We there left Rome, after the victory of Pydna, far from possessing the universal empire of after days, but still without a rival on equal terms in the regions round the Mediterranean. In the sixty years which divide the battle of Pydna from the first historical appearance of Marius and Sulla, the Roman dominion had been greatly extended, but it may be doubted whether the real power of Rome had been at all increased in proportion. We left Carthage still a flourishing city, internally free, if externally dependent on Rome; we left Achaia still a free confederation, whose dependence was in theory even slighter than that of Carthage. Now those free states have sunk into the Roman provinces of Africa and Achaia, and the great cities of Carthage and Corinth have vanished in one year from the face of the earth. Pergamos, then a powerful kingdom, a cherished ally of Rome, is now the Roman province of Asia. Macedonia, which, on the overthrow of her king, had received an illusory freedom, is now a province also. The Roman power was now fast advancing in Gaul, and Roman colonies were beginning to appear beyond the Alps. Numidia retained her kings, but after Masinissa they were the vassals rather than the allies of Rome. Syria, Egypt, Mauritania, were the only Mediterranean kingdoms which still retained any measure of independence. Republican liberty was tolerated only in the Lycian Confederation, and in a few outlying Greek islands and cities. But each of Rome's territorial acquisitions involved a new frontier to defend, and new enemies to defend it against. Rome was no longer threatened by Gaulish invaders, but Roman Gaul had to be defended against independent Gauls and wandering Germans. Macedonia was no longer the oppressor of Greece and the rival of Rome; but Rome had now to discharge Macedonia's old duty of protecting the civilised world against the barbarians of Thrace and Mæsia. Rome had now firmly planted her foot on the Asiatic

\* National Review, April 1859.

continent; and she now had to do for herself what Pergamos had once done for her, to keep in check the rising and reviving powers of the further East. The municipal system of Rome, admirable as it was as the government of a single city and its territory, was wholly unfit either to administer so vast an empire, or to carry on the wars which its possession constantly involved. The conduct of a war constitutionally fell to one of the consuls of the year. Now, to say nothing of the not uncommon cases of actual corruption or cowardice, it would clearly often happen that a consul, quite adequate to be the civil chief of the Republic, quite adequate to carry on a war of the old local Italian kind, would utterly break down when sent to carry on war in distant lands against unknown and adventurous enemies. Hence a Roman war of this period commonly consists of two or three years of defeat and disgrace, followed by complete victory as soon as the right man, Flamininus or Scipio or Metellus or Marius, is sent to retrieve the blunders or the treachery of his predecessors. The cause is plain enough. The people of Rome, till they became accessible to bribes, were quite competent to elect ordinary magistrates for their own commonwealth; they were not competent to elect generals and administrators for the whole civilised world.

Internally matters were worse still. The old distinctions of patrician and plebeian,—distinctions whose historical and religious origin did something to lighten their oppressiveness,—had utterly passed away. The glorious age of harmony and victory which followed their abolition had now passed away also. Instead of patricians and plebeians, we now have the nobles and the people, the rich and the poor. The nobles were fast shrinking up into a corrupt and selfish oligarchy. The people were fast degenerating into a venal and brutal mob. The old plebeian yeomanry, the truest glory of Rome, were fast dying out; their little farms were swallowed up in vast estates cultivated by slaves; and the consul or tribune who addressed the Quirites in the forum now commonly addressed a mongrel rabble of naturalised foreign and enfranchised bondsmen. The Italian allies, who had done so much for Rome's greatness, were still legally free, but they were exposed to all sorts of irregular oppression. Now, indeed, they were beginning to demand Roman citizenship, and to see their righteous claims turned into a handle to promote the objects of Roman political parties. The two Gracchi had done what they could to bring back a better state of things. Both of them had perished, and the blood of Tiberius was the first-fruits of the long civil wars and massacres of Rome. Step by step the little that Caius had really done was undone by an encroaching oligarchy, by a thoughtless

and ungrateful people. The old constitution was thoroughly worn out; the theoretical sovereignty of the people was used only to seal its own bondage and degradation; the wrongs of the allies were making themselves heard more and more loudly. Subjection to the true Roman People, to the descendants of their conquerors, might be tolerable; but subjection to the vile populace who now filled the Roman Forum was a bondage too galling for the countrymen of Lars Porsena or of Caius Pontius. The complaints of the Italians at least made themselves heard, but the provincials had to suffer in silence, or to seek a mockery of justice from courts where the oppressor was judged by the partners of his guilt. Such was the state of the Roman commonwealth at the beginning of the memorable war with Jugurtha. It may be that, as Niebuhr says, we attribute an undue importance to that war. It may be that it was really only one of many similar struggles, and that it only appears greater because it alone happens to have been selected for a monograph by a great historian. Yet it is hard to believe that many of the barbarian chiefs with whom Rome had to contend on her vast frontier could have rivalled Jugurtha either in his crimes, in his manifest natural powers, or in the advantages of his half-Roman education. And however this be, the Jugurthine war must ever be memorable as the first occasion which exhibited Caius Marius and Lucius Sulla on any prominent field.

These two men, each alike entitled to be called at once the preserver and the destroyer of his country, were born in widely different positions, but both were men who rose wholly by their own powers. Marius was by birth a man of the people, in the best sense; he sprang neither from the proud nobility, nor yet from the low populace of the forum. He was a yeoman's son\* in the territory of the Volscian town of Arpinum, whose citizens had been admitted to the full Roman franchise only thirty

\* This seems, on the whole, pretty well to express the position of the family of Marius. Mommsen surely goes too far in making him the son of a poor labourer (*eines armen Tagelöhner's Sohn*). He married a Julia; he probably married her late in life, when he had already risen to distinction; still one can hardly fancy a Julia sinking, under any circumstances, so low as the son of a day-labourer. There is, moreover, no sign of his ever being in difficulties for want of money. That rapidly vanishing class among ourselves, intermediate between the higher farmers and the smaller gentry, would perhaps better than any other answer to his real position. Such a man may have even reached the equestrian census,—*natus equestri loco*, says Velleius, which it is dangerous to change into *agresti*,—and yet have been despised by the nobles for his rustic breeding and utter want of family honours. Any how one can make nothing of Dr. Liddell's wonderful description: "His family was old and respectable, but he was the first who obtained imperial honours." There was an obscure Emperor Marius who reigned for two days in the year A.D. 267. Does the Dean confound him with the great Caius?

The article "Marius," in the *Dictionary of Biography*, contains some good remarks on his probable origin.



years before his birth. Family honours he had none, liberal education he had none; his temper was rude and coarse, and on provocation brutally ferocious; he had little eloquence or skill in civil affairs, but he was not without a certain low cunning, with which he tried to supply their place. On the other hand, he was a good soldier, a good officer, and we see no reason why we should not add a good general. He rose from the ranks to his six consulships mainly, if not wholly, by his own merit. And he carried with him many of the virtues of the state of life from which he rose: his morals were pure; he was a stern punisher of vice in others,\* and the determined foe of luxury and excess of every kind. Above all, his sympathies lay wholly with the best element which still remained among the inhabitants of Italy. The villager of Arpinum, whose grandfather had not been a full citizen, felt with what was left of the old rural plebeians, still more perhaps with the unenfranchised allies. If the daring plebeian bearded the nobles to their faces, the stout yeoman looked with no favour on the law which distributed corn among the idle populace of the city. The one act of his which looks like truckling to the mere mob, is capable of another interpretation. Hitherto no one had served in the Roman army who had not some little stake in the Roman state; Caius Marius was the first to enlist every body who came. To him we may well believe that fighting and ploughing seemed the only worthy human occupations; to turn lazzaroni into soldiers might seem a charitable act; if they died, the commonwealth was well rid of them; if they lived through the campaign, he had converted useless citizens into useful ones. The language of satire is not always the language of truth, but certainly no saying was ever truer than the noble lines of Juvenal, which set forth the glory and happiness of Marius, had he appeared nowhere but on his own element of the field of battle.†

We will now turn to his rival. Lucius Cornelius Sulla had in his veins some of the oldest and proudest blood of Rome, and yet he owed almost as little to hereditary descent as Marius himself. He was a patrician of the patricians, a member of that great Cornelian Gens which gave Rome her Cossi and her Scipios, but his immediate ancestors were obscure, and his inherited wealth was probably less than that of the Volscian yeoman. He might almost have been expected to take the popular side

\* See the story of Trebonius and Lusius (Plut. Mar. 14).

†

“Quid illo cive tulisset  
Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,  
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, et omni  
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâsset opimam,  
Quum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?”

Juv. x. 278.



as more natural to his position than that of the nobles; but he was twenty years younger than Marius; his rival was committed to the one party, and he could only become great as the chief of the other. But neither rivalry with Marius nor the desire of personal greatness, was at all the ruling passion in the heart of Sulla. If any man ever was a born aristocrat, he was one. Amidst all his vices and crimes it is impossible to refuse a certain admiration to the sincere, we might almost say disinterested, steadiness with which he claved to the political party to which he had attached himself. He was not exactly ambitious, at least he at all times loved pleasure better than power; he utterly despised his fellow-creatures, and could not stoop to the ordinary arts of the demagogue. Had it been otherwise, he might no doubt have risen to sovereign power by the same course as Dionysius and Cæsar. His genius both for war and politics was consummate;\* but he preferred ease and luxury to either; he took to public life as it were by fits and starts, and he at least professed to have been driven into the Civil War without any choice of his own. But once fairly on the arena, he carried out his object without flinching. That object was the restoration of what he held to be the old, uncorrupted, aristocratic government of Rome. To bring that about, neither law nor conscience stood in his way. He was not cruel in the sense of delighting in human suffering; his natural character, indeed, is described as eminently the reverse. He was easily moved to pity; he was capable of love, perhaps of friendship, in a high degree. But he stuck at no sort of crime which could, even indirectly, tend to compass his ends. "Stone dead hath no fellow;" so he got rid of his prisoners and his political opponents by the most fearful massacres in European history. And more than this, as long as it suited his purpose, he allowed every sort of license in crime to those whom he thought likely to be thus won as useful tools for his purpose. An unscrupulous partisan was worth having; for the sake of such a one he would add names to the proscription-list which his own political ends would not have placed there. We may believe that Marius thoroughly enjoyed a massacre of his enemies, but that he would have shrunk from the needless murder of one who was not his enemy. Sulla took no pleasure in bloodshed,† but he would shed any amount of blood, guilty or innocent, which was likely to serve

\* Dr. Liddell says, "In the art of war he was no doubt inferior to Marius;" we should have thought that his campaigns proved the exact contrary.

† "Aber es ist ein Unterschied zu machen, zwischen jener muthwilligen Grausamkeit, welche sich ihrer Unthaten erfreut, oder aus Rachsucht oder zur Befriedigung einer andern kleinlichen Leidenschaft mordet, und zwischen der Grausamkeit, welche, um einen grossen, an sich oder in den Augen des Handelns

his ends. When his object was once gained, his cruelties ceased. There is nothing in the rule of Sulla like the frantic tyranny of some of the emperors, or of some Italian tyrants of later days. Nero lighted up Rome with burning Christians; Gian-Maria Visconti amused himself with hunting his subjects through the streets with bloodhounds. Sulla was never guilty of crimes of so foolish a kind. He did not kill people for mere sport, neither did he put them to death by torture.\* To be sure, even when the proscription was over, he ever and anon reminded the people that they had given him power of life and death. When Ofella, one of his most deserving officers, sued for the consulship in an illegal manner, Sulla had him publicly cut down in the Forum. By a more unjustifiable stretch of power, after he had laid down his dictatorship, he caused Granius of Puteoli to be strangled before his eyes for attempting to shirk or to embezzle the local contribution to the rebuilding of the Capitol.† Of these two acts, the latter was a mere murder committed by a private man, but it was a murder with a purpose, and that a public purpose. Throughout there is nothing passionate in Sulla's tyranny; it is not so much cruelty as recklessness of human life; it is the cold, deliberate, exterminating policy of a man who has an object to accomplish, and who will let nothing stand in the way of that object. We do not say this in justification, or even in palliation. The cold-blooded politic massacres of Sulla seem to us to imply a lower moral state than the ferocious revenge of Marius, or even than the bloody madness of Nero or Caius Cæsar. In the latter cases, indeed, the very greatness of the crime becomes its own protection. The perpetrators seem to be removed out of the category of responsible human beings into that of madmen, or of wild beasts. But the massacres of Sulla were the deliberate acts of a man whose genius as scholar, statesman, and general, altogether deprives him of the poor excuse of those tyrants, whom we charitably suppose to have lost their senses. That such a man should have done such deeds puts human nature in a far more fearful light than it is put by the frantic crimes of silly youths whose heads were turned by the possession of absolute power.

It is a very paltry and superficial view to attribute the acts

den, löblichen Zweck zu erreichen, kein Opfer für zu gross hält" (Zachariä, i. 177). These words are tinged with the author's spirit of apology for the crimes of Sulla, but they contain much truth.

\* Marcus Marius Gratidianus was put to death in a horrible way during the proscription, but this was the private brutality of Catilina. That it was done by Sulla's order is apparently a mere dream of Dr. Liddell's, who has been led astray by the brevity of Livy's *Epitomator*.

† Dr. Liddell characteristically spoils both these stories. That of Ofella is given most fully by Appian (i. 101), who supplies the legal objection to Ofella's candidature, which is passed by in Plutarch and in the *Epitome* of Livy. One of Sulla's laws required that men should rise to the offices of the state in regular

of Sulla to "passion" and "fury," and to suppose that his end throughout was merely his own self-indulgence. No one would talk in this way but one who had read history as carelessly and with as little power of understanding it as Dr. Liddell. The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, is about as able to appreciate Lucius Sulla as the Canon of Christ Church, Canterbury, is to appreciate Thomas of London. That Sulla loved pleasure better than power we have already said; but when once roused to political life, he had a political object, which he pursued unflinchingly. His old patrician blood forbade him alike to aspire to be a king or to sink to be a demagogue. He would restore the Roman aristocracy to all its ancient pride and power. He would have no more turbulent mobs, no more factious tribunes; he would have no more discontented allies claiming to intrude themselves into the Roman Senate or the Roman Forum. The Senate of Rome should again rule Italy and the world. Etruria, Samnium, Lucania, dared to set themselves in array against the majesty of the Roman commonwealth. The strong arm of the dictator came down on the offenders with the heaviest vengeance. Prisoners of war were massacred by thousands; cities were destroyed and whole districts ravaged; the rebellious nations were, as far as a nation can be, swept from the face of the earth. Their annihilation secured Rome's supremacy, and their lands stood ready to reward the faithful soldiers of Rome and her dictator. Inside the walls of Rome he followed out as vigorous a policy to secure the power of the Senate as he followed outside them to secure the power of Rome over Italy. Every tradition of the past was bound up in the honoured formula of the Senate and People. To have taken away all power from the people, to have made Rome like a narrow Greek oligarchy, would have been the act not of a restorer but of a revolutionist. But he could abridge the power of the popular element by every restriction which savoured of antiquity, and he could do much to render the people degraded and subservient. At one blow he enfranchised ten thousand slaves, whom his proscription had delivered from their masters. They bore his name, they owed to him their political being; ten thousand citizens, ten thousand

order: the prætor must have served as ædile, and the consul must have served as prætor. Quintus Ofella sued for the consulship *per saltum*, without having been prætor or ædile. Sulla bade him desist; and when he continued his canvass, he ordered a centurion to kill him. Dr. Liddell has him cut down at once, for standing "without Sulla's leave," and tells us how completely Sulla destroyed all freedom of election. Doubtless he did; but the story of Ofella does not prove it.

Similarly, Dr. Liddell can find no other reason for Sulla's murder of Granius than that "he had offended him." He misses the point of the offence, the defrauding the Capitol, on whose restoration Sulla was bent, of a contribution.

We need hardly say that Mr. Merivale tells both stories accurately.

Cornelii, were at once created to guard his person, and to vote as he pleased. A Fabius or a Scipio would have shrunk with horror from infecting the Roman People with such a contamination. But Sulla was an aristocrat of the school of the old Claudii; he acted in the spirit of the censor Appius when he scattered the freedmen through all the tribes. A degraded, mongrel people would be more subservient than the genuine, high-spirited plebeians of old. What he least desired was a Commons of the old type, strong in the assertion of their own rights, but reverencing law and order; acting under the guidance of worthy leaders, but not prepared to be the satellites and bravos of any man. All his political legislation tended at once to degrade the popular character and to diminish the popular power. Legislation was transferred from the assembly of the tribes to that of the centuries, where property had more weight than numbers; and even this more trustworthy body was only allowed to vote on such propositions as were laid before it by the Senate. The tribuneship was too old an institution to be abolished, but it might be rendered harmless. No man could now be tribune who had not been at least quæstor; the tribune could no longer summon assemblies and propose laws; he who had been tribune could not aspire to the loftier offices of prætor and consul. Men could henceforth only rise to the higher magistracies by regularly passing through the lower, with fixed intervals between each. The six successive consulships of the elder Marius, the consulship at the age of twenty of the younger, were thus wholly excluded. In every thing, in the spirit if not in the letter, Rome was to go back to what she was before the Licinian Laws, almost to what she was before the Decemvirate.

In all this Sulla acted strictly as an aristocratical leader. He did not aspire to royalty, or even to tyranny. He founded no dynasty. He had children and kinsmen; but he took no measures to secure them any superiority above other Roman nobles. He did not even retain power for his lifetime. Created dictator, with absolute authority for an unlimited time, he wielded his boundless powers with terrible effect till he thought his work was done. He then laid down his office; he offered to account to all the world for his actions; and he retired to enjoy those pleasures, intellectual and sensual, which he loved better than governing the world. His crimes were greater in amount than those of either Cæsar or of either Buonaparte; but there is something in all this which sets him above any of the four. To say that Sulla had a conscience, to say that he followed any object because he thought it right, might be going too far; but he had an object before him which was not purely selfish; he was above the vulgar ambition of becoming a king and the father of kings.

When the man who had killed—the reckoning is Appian's—fifteen consuls, ninety senators, 2,600 knights, who had confiscated their goods, declared their children incapable of office, who had, moreover, wasted whole cities and regions, and had slaughtered 100,000 Romans and Italians either in his battles, or in massacres after his battles,—when the man who had done all this offered to explain to any body his reasons for doing it, and walked home without a single lictor,—there was something in it of mockery, something of utter contempt for mankind; but there was also something of a feeling that he had not been working and sinning only for his own gain or his own vanity; there was a kind of patriotism in the man, however perverted and horrible the form which it took.

The private life of Sulla was the greatest contrast that can be imagined to the private life of Marius. Every thing we hear of Marius leads us to suppose that his household was an old Roman household of the best kind. But he was utterly without intellectual tastes or acquirements of any sort. Sulla, on the other hand, was a man of taste, a man of learning; he studied both Greek and Latin authors; he occupied himself in writing the history of his own times down to the day of his death. He was a sensual and intellectual voluptuary; he loved to unbend, to leave public affairs behind him; he delighted in sportive and merry conversation; he delighted in the company of actors and artists of all kinds, from men of high character like the great Quintus Roscius down to the lowest instruments, male and female, of his pleasures and his amusements. He indulged, apparently through his whole life, in every form of sensual vice. And yet even his domestic life is not without its redeeming features. How far he was capable of friendship, as distinguished from political partisanship, one can hardly judge. Certainly, towards his partisans, Pompeius, Crassus, and the viler Catilina, his error was on the side of indulgence. But the strangest part of his character in this way is his relation to his successive wives. For an unfaithful husband to be also an affectionate husband is no very uncommon phenomenon; the annals of royal houses will supply abundant examples. But Sulla was something much more than an unfaithful husband, he was a man given up to every kind of foul and unnatural debauchery, and yet he evidently both loved and was loved by those of his wives of whom we have any account. He married five times. Of his two first wives we know nothing but the names; the third, Cœlia, he divorced on pretence of barrenness, in order to marry Cæcilia Metella. Metella plays no unimportant part in his history, and the relations of the pair were throughout those of confidence and affection. If he divorced her on her very death-bed, it was from a

motive of superstition, and by the order of the chiefs of the national worship; and he made what amends he could by giving her a magnificent funeral, in defiance of one of his own laws. He ended by a strange love-match with a Valeria, the details of which, as given by Plutarch, remind us of a cause which has been lately exercising the ingenuity of Irish and Scottish lawyers.\* He had children by three of his wives. His only surviving son, indeed, was of tender age; but he had also a brother and a nephew, ampler materials for a Cornelian dynasty than Cæsar had for a Julian. But son, daughter, brother, nephew, were all left in the ordinary position of Roman patricians, to win such honours as the Roman People might give them.

The religion or superstition of Sulla is a curious subject, set forth as becomes it by Mr. Merivale, characteristically slurred over and confused by Dean Liddell. Caius Marius, we have no doubt, sincerely and honestly, like a good citizen, said his prayers and offered his sacrifices to Jupiter of the Capitol and to Mars the father of Rome. If he carried about with him a Syrian—perhaps a Jewish—prophetess named Martha, we must remember that Jupiter and Mars were tolerant deities, who, as long as they were duly worshipped themselves, did not object to strange gods being worshipped also. Sulla's creed was more remarkable and personal. He was certainly not an Epicurean in the sense of excluding the gods from all care for human affairs. He had an intense belief in fortune, in his own good luck; but that good luck did not come to him by blind chance, it was his portion as the special favourite of the gods. But his religion was rather Greek than Roman. He was the favourite of Aphrodite: she gave him victories of all kinds; through her grace women yielded to him their favours, and his enemies yielded to him trophies and triumphs. He gave himself the title of Felix, he called his children by the hitherto unknown names of Faustus and Fausta; but his own Greek translation of Felix was

\* She sat next him in the theatre, and drew the hem of his toga over her, to share in his good luck. Then follows a whole story of courtship, a curious episode in such a life as that of Sulla (Plut. Sull. 55). Dr. Liddell, in contrast to Sulla and his wife, is here pursued by his usual ill luck. "Cæcilia died about this time, and he forthwith married a noble damsel of the great Valerian Gens." If the occasion of the marriage with Valeria was "beneath the dignity of history," the divorce of Metella—in order that his house might not be defiled with mourning during the great feast which he was holding to Hercules—was at least worth mentioning as a curious illustration of the Roman religion. This, however, may be a matter of taste; but it is any how unfortunate that Dr. Liddell's "noble damsel" had just been divorced from her husband, and was seemingly in search of another.

Valeria has also led Dr. Lau astray. By a strange confusion, he makes (p. 355) the show of gladiators, at which Sulla made Valeria's acquaintance, be given in honour of Valeria herself.

Again, we must go for accuracy in Roman history to Mr. Merivale, as we go for accuracy in Greek history to Bishop Thirlwall.



Epaphroditos, the darling, not of blind chance, but of Aphrodite. He carried, reminding one of Lewis XI., an image of the Delphian Apollo in his bosom, which he drew forth and addressed in fervent prayer in the midst of his most terrible battle by the Colline Gate. In the height of his power, he dedicated a tenth of his substance to Hercules, and it was in the midst of this festival that the priests made him divorce his wife Metella. He paid constant attention to dreams and omens, he recorded them in his Memoirs, and exhorted his lieutenant, Lucullus, to attend above all things to the intimations which were thus given him by the gods.\* He put faith in Chaldaean soothsayers, who ventured to tell him when it was time for him to die in the midst of his successes. He believed in another world, and looked for a place in some paradise of his own, of whose nature one would like to hear more. Shortly before his death, his young son Lucius, the deceased child of Metella, appeared to him in a dream,—our authority is Sulla himself,—and bade him come and live with his mother in a land of quiet and freedom from care. He had, then, blood-stained and debauched as he was, some notion of a better state of things to which the gods would admit their favourite, where wars and tumults were to cease, where the chaste love of Metella would still be in its place, but from which we may suppose that Marius and Sulpicius, Nikopolis and Metrobios, would equally be excluded. Conceive the author of the Proscription going out of the world with hopes for the future such as might almost have cheered the death-bed of a Christian saint.

We have thus tried to draw the characters of these two mighty men, and that of Sulla, as by far the more remarkable study of human nature, at much greater length than that of his rival. In so doing we have necessarily anticipated the mention of many particular actions of both. It is now time to see their characters more fully at work in a summary, however brief, of the main events of their lives. The ancient writers delight in contrasts between the earlier and the later character both of Marius and of Sulla. The deliverer from the Cimbri and the deliverer from Mithridates form a fine subject of rhetorical opposition to the party-leaders who deluged Italy with the blood of citizens. Now we have no doubt that Marius and Sulla, like so many other men, lived to do acts of which they would once have believed themselves incapable; the young officer whom Scipio Æmilianus distinguished at Numantia, the young quæstor who discovered his marvellous diplomatic powers at the court of Bocchus, certainly never looked forward to the day when each would lead hostile armies to the gates of Rome. But we do not

\* Plut. Sull. 6.



believe in sudden changes in men's characters. Men's dispositions are born with them; their special development is due to education, to after circumstances, in a really wise and virtuous man, to diligent training of himself. The deliverer of Rome was, in each case, not a different man from her tyrant, but essentially the same man under different circumstances. Neither Marius nor Sulla committed any great crime till comparatively late in life; had Sulla died at the age of fifty, and Marius at sixty, they would have filled a much smaller place in history than they do; but such place as they would fill would be in the character of faithful and useful servants of their country. But we do not believe in any sudden corruption. Each found himself in his later years under circumstances and exposed to temptations from which his youth had been free. The later man was something very different from the earlier, but it was a difference occasioned solely by the calling into full play of qualities hitherto dormant or only feebly developed.

Marius was more than fifty years old when he is introduced to us by Sallust in the Jugurthine War. But he had already distinguished himself as an officer; he had won the marked approval of the younger Scipio, he had been tribune of the commons, and, as such, had acted the by no means demagogic part of opposing the distribution of corn to the people. But he had won the hatred of the nobility by carrying a measure the object of which was, by some mechanical means, to give more freedom to the popular vote. He had filled the office of prætor, and had administered a province with credit. He had thus risen to curule rank, and would hand down some small measure of nobility to his descendants. But he had won the bitter hatred of the class into which he had thus partially thrust himself. The new man at least should not be consul. The new man himself was preparing by every means to compass his own elevation to the highest place in the state. Some of his arts, as recorded by Sallust, seem rather paltry; but, even among ourselves, men say things on the hustings which they would not say any where else. Metellus, his commander in Africa, a man otherwise of pure and noble character, deemed it his duty to throw every obstacle in his way. For a Marius to be consul seemed then as monstrous to a Metellus, as, two hundred and fifty years before, the elevation of a Metellus would have seemed to Appius Claudius. A foolish insult on the part of Metellus possibly determined the matter. Marius might stand some day when the young Metellus who stood by was of age to be his colleague—that is, Marius might stand, if he pleased, when he was drawing near the age of eighty. Marius became consul, proconsul; he subdued Numidia; he led Jugurtha in triumph

through the streets of Rome.\* He was chosen, contrary to all law and custom, consul for a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth time, in successive years, as the one man who could save Rome from the great northern invasion. Save her he did, and effectually; the hosts of the Cimbrians and Teutones were exterminated; the Massaliots fenced in their vineyards with the bones of the slaughtered Northmen. Marius was ranked with Romulus and Camillus as the Third Founder of Rome; men poured out drink-offerings to him together with the gods—the first instalment, it may be, of that impious flattery which Rome, a hundred years later, lavished, as a matter of course, upon all her tyrants. That the great salvation of *Aquæ Sextiæ* was due to Marius no man ever doubted; that he had but a small share in the crowning mercy of *Vercellæ* is told us, indeed, by his biographer, but told us on the authority of Sulla. His country hearkened to no such rumours; she recognised the yeoman of *Arpinum*, and not the noble *Catulus*, as her true deliverer; she honoured in him the union of modesty and valour, when he declined a triumph over the Teutones in which his army could not share, and while the host of the Cimbrians still remained unvanquished. Well indeed had it been for his fame had he, as *Juvenal* says, died as he came down from his Teutonic chariot.

Thus far had the career of Marius been great and glorious, because the baser side of his character had had as yet but small opportunity to develop itself. He had raised himself, by sheer good service to his country, from a humble *Volscian* farm to an equality with heroes and demigods. He had shown all the virtues of the old Roman plebeian; if he had shown too something of the rougher side of that character, so had men no less venerated by succeeding ages than *Fabricius*, than *Manius Curius*, than *Marcus Porcius Cato*. He had won victories at home and abroad; he had won the consulship, in his own words, from the nobles, like spoils from a vanquished enemy; he had, new man as he was, shown the moral courage to withstand the licentiousness of the low rabble of the Forum; he had led a dreaded king in triumph; he had saved Rome from a foe more terrible than

\* The horrible death of *Jugurtha*, struggling for six days with cold and hunger in a Roman dungeon, is not the less horrible because of the atrocious crimes of which he had been guilty. But why was he not simply beheaded, like *Caius Pontius*, like *Vercingetorix*, like the many other noble victims whom Rome led in bonds through her streets and murdered in cold blood? One cannot help suspecting some superstitious motive which forbade the shedding of blood in this particular case. *Perseus* of Macedonia, according to one very doubtful story, was worried to death by being deprived of sleep. If this be true, it is intelligible, as *Perseus* had surrendered, and his slaughter would have been a breach of faith.

When *Jugurtha* was thrust into his dungeon, his clothes were stripped from him, his ear-rings were torn away and the lobes of his ears with them (*Plut. Mar. 12*). It is evident that this was done by the lictors or the servants of the prison, but *Dr. Liddell* transforms it into the act of "the brutal mob" (ii. 238).

Hannibal himself. But amid all his glory we can see the germs of his future crimes. We can see in him the beginnings of personal vanity, and of incapacity to bear a rival. He envies Metellus, he envies Catulus; before all, he envies Sulla. The fierce conqueror, untutored and unrefined, half grudging, half despised, the wonderful diplomatic powers of his patrician lieutenant. It was Sulla, after all, who, by winning over Bocchus to his side, at last effected what the arms of Metellus and Marius had failed to do, the final capture of Jugurtha. Both in the Jugurthine and the Teutonic wars, Sulla served under Marius in high but still subordinate offices, such as became a rising man twenty years younger than his chief. In those offices he had won fame enough to make men foretell his future greatness, but not so much fame that a man who had been five times consul, who had won two triumphs and declined a third, had any real need to envy him. Scipio Æmilianus had nobly and generously pointed out Marius as the man who might succeed to his own place. Marius had no such feeling towards his own brilliant young officer. Sulla was young, noble, possessed of powers in which Marius knew that he had himself no part. Marius hated him from the day when he engraved on his ring the capture of Jugurtha. But years had to pass before Rome was to feel the full effects of the hatred of the plebeian against the patrician, of the mere soldier against the man who was soldier, scholar, and lawgiver in one.

After his triumph, Marius was again elected to a sixth consulship. For this violation of all established rule there was no longer any pretext: the northern invaders were destroyed; there was no war of any moment elsewhere; the deepest political questions were, indeed, ready to arise at any moment, but Rome had many citizens to whom she could intrust the care of her welfare in days of civil danger far more safely than to Caius Marius. But he had tasted the sweets of power, and he would not willingly descend. To exclude Metellus from the consulship, he did not scruple to ally himself with the most infamous of men. He became the partner of Saturninus and Glaucia; of Saturninus, who, when he failed in a legal contest for the tribuneship, murdered his successful competitor, and seized his place by virtue of a sham election. In this disgraceful year (B. C. 100) the reputation of Marius was damaged for ever; yet it is worth noticing that many of the measures which he supported were thoroughly good in themselves, if they had only been proposed by more reputable men, and in a more legal manner. Marius and his allies were the friends of the agricultural plebeians and of the Italian allies, that is, of the best elements which Italy still contained; the mob of the Forum was in alliance with the aristocrats against them. Marius had already,

without any legal right, bestowed citizenship on a whole division of the Italians who had distinguished themselves in his wars. Amid the din of arms, he could not hear the voice of the laws. Grants of land to the deliverers of Italy were no more than the just reward of merit; it was a course suggested by the precedents of the best days of Rome; it was a measure which, of all others, most tended to preserve the rapidly diminishing class to whom Rome owed her greatness. Unfortunately there were, thanks to the encroachments of the nobles and the supineness of the people, no more lands which could be honestly divided. The materials for the grant were to be found in an infamous abuse of the rights of conquest. Cisalpine Gaul had been conquered from the provincials by the Cimbrians; the Roman people had conquered it again from the conquerors; it had thus, it was argued, ceased to be the property of the provincials, but had become the prize first of the Cimbrians, and then of the Roman people. The Roman and Italian veterans were thus to be provided for at the expense of Roman subjects, who had already been subjected to all the horrors of a barbaric invasion. On the other hand, to satisfy the mere mob, who would have no share in the division of land, a new law was brought in for distributions of corn, which this time Marius did not withstand. But the populace valued their own corn less than they envied the lands of the veterans. Virtuous men of all sorts were revolted at the proposed robbery of the provincials; the mere oligarchy opposed any thing which was proposed by Saturninus and supported by Marius. Thus the consul had united against him three classes of enemies; the year was passed in strife and conflict, rising at last into open rebellion. The agricultural plebeians, when their blood was once up, were no more sparing of violence than the populace; and the conduct of Marius himself was a disgraceful mixture of low cunning and moral weakness. He neither stood by his friends nor yet by the commonwealth. He had the poor satisfaction of causing the exile of Metellus; but he soon had to go out of the way to avoid witnessing his triumphant recall.

Marius had now completely fallen in public esteem, but his ambition was as insatiable as ever. He had found that the Forum and the Senate-house were theatres where he was likely to win no glory. But a day might come when Rome should again need the sword of her Third Founder. A new Jugurtha, a new Teutobochus, might again require that the command of the armies of the commonwealth should be intrusted to no weaker hands than those of Caius Marius. Possibly such a happy day might even be hastened. Mithridates was rising to power in the far East: a war with him might lead to richer

spoils and more stately triumphs than could be won at the cost of the Numidian and the Teuton. The restless Marius, under a religious pretext, actually went into Asia to do what he could to stir up strife between the Pontic king and his country.

Meanwhile Sulla was rising into notice slowly but surely. He despised the office of ædile, and stood at once for the prætorship. He failed from a cause which is worth recording. Sulla was the friend of King Bocchus; King Bocchus was lord of the land of lions; the friend of Bocchus should have been ædile in regular course, and, as ædile, he should have got lions from his friend to make such a Roman holiday as no ædile before him had ever made. We in England do not ask for lions from our candidates, but time was when some boroughs expected their members to supply the materials of an annual bull-bait; and the member's plate at the local races is not discontinued even in our age of humanity and purity of election. Next year Sulla did get his prætorship, but it was by being liberal of money before the election, and of lions after it. He then visited Asia as well as Marius, but he went in the legal character of proprætor, to restore to his throne one of the friendly kings whom Mithridates had expelled. He succeeded in his object, and he had the honour of being the first Roman who had any dealings with the distant and mighty power of Parthia. Sulla received a Parthian ambassador, and received him in a style which, in Roman ideas, was but supporting the dignity of the commonwealth, but which involved such degradation in oriental eyes that the envoy was put to death by his sovereign for submitting to it.

Were we writing the history of Rome, and not commenting on the lives and characters of two particular Romans, there is no part of the history of those times on which we should be more tempted to dwell than on the tribuneship of the younger Marcus Livius Drusus. But neither Marius nor Sulla is mentioned in any direct connexion with the career of that remarkable and perplexing statesman. If not at the same moment, at any rate within a very short time, Drusus played the part of Marius and of Sulla in one. He restored to the Senate a share in the administration of justice; but he was also a founder of colonies, a distributor of corn, a proposer of the admission of the Italians to the franchise. He was murdered, and his laws died with him. But his tribuneship forms the turning-point in the struggle. The failure of his schemes drove the Italians to take up arms, and the Civil War of Marius and Sulla was essentially a continuation of the Social War with the Italians.\*

\* "So erscheint er [der Bürgerkrieg] als eine Folge von dem Kriege mit den Bundesgenossen, ja in der That nur als die Fortsetzung dieses Krieges" (Zach. i. 96).

The rivalry between Marius and Sulla was meanwhile growing more deadly. Both chiefs had visited Asia; but Marius had gone only as a private man; Sulla had gone as a public officer. He had succeeded in the enterprise for which he was commissioned, and had extended the bounds, if not of the Roman dominion, at least of the Roman name. Marcus Marcius Censorinus, a strong partisan of Marius, brought an accusation against Sulla, but he found it convenient to withdraw it before trial, a sort of ineffectual attack which is sure only to strengthen the party assailed. King Bocchus again made an offering in the Capitol of a group of golden figures representing himself giving up Jugurtha, not to the Consul Marius, but to his lieutenant Sulla. By all these things we are told that the wrath of Marius was kindled. But we must again remember that our main authority for these events is the history of Sulla himself, and that if Marius had had Sulla's gift of memoir-writing, he might possibly have told a different story.

And now came the Social War; a war on whose character and objects we made some remarks in our former article. Both the disease and the remedy arose from causes inherent in that system of purely municipal government which was the only form of freedom known to the ancient world. To a single city, indeed, it gave the highest form of liberty; but to a large territory it carried with it a bondage worse than that of despotism. Rome was felt to be a proud and cruel mistress to her allies; but the remedy sought for was not to throw off her yoke—not to establish either a federal union or a representative system, but to obtain the franchise of the Roman city for all the people of Italy. Their cause was taken up, as it suited their purposes, by the noblest and by the vilest of the Romans, by Saturninus and Glaucia no less than by Caius Gracchus and Marcus Drusus. To Sulla and the high oligarchs no cause could be more hateful; it was a lowering of the dignity of Rome, and it was something which touched them more deeply. To the Roman populace the enfranchisement of the allies was hateful on low selfish grounds, as an infringement of their monopoly of power. To the oligarchs it was hateful on a ground no less low and selfish. It would be a real strengthening of the people. They were willing enough to degrade the people by the wholesale enfranchisement of slaves and strangers, Sulla's Cornelii and the like; but to raise the people by the admission of honest yeomen and gallant warriors from the Marsian and Samnite lands was to render it more worthy and more capable of its constitutional functions, and therefore less subservient to their will. Then, too, the allied states contained nobles as proud and ancient as any of Rome's own patricians, Etruscan Lucumnes and Samnite Imperators. Make these men



Roman citizens, and the existing nobles must either be content to divide with them their monopoly of high office, or else they must be prepared to see them pass into the—for them—most dangerous leaders of a regenerated Roman People. It was, in fact, the old struggle between patrician and plebeian over again. The Italian allies were now what the plebeians had been in earlier days; the union between the high aristocracy and the low populace had its parallel in the elder alliance of the same populace with Appius Claudius against such patricians as Quintus Fabius, and such plebeians as Publius Decius. The war broke out; the allies, denied the Roman franchise, set up, as we before said, a counter Rome of their own. Rome had now to contend, not with Epeirots and Macedonians, champions of a rival military discipline, not with northern or southern barbarians, terrible only for numbers and brute force, but with men of her own race, schooled in her own wars, using her own weapons, skilled in her own tactics, led on by chiefs whom her system confined to inferior commands, but whom a more generous policy would have made her own prætors and consuls. In the new war success was very varied; but Rome had the advantage of her unity; she kept Etruria from revolting, she won back one by one the states which had revolted, by the grant of that franchise which might have been granted before. The grant was, as the allies soon found, studiously made as illusory as possible; but the offer was enough to do its work at the time. Gradually the allied states came in, save only Samnium and Lucania, where the war still smouldered, ready, when the time came, to break forth again yet more fiercely. The nearer peoples, more akin in language and habits, more easy of access to the capital, gladly became Romans; among the countrymen of Caius Pontius, the old hate, which had probably never wholly died away, now sprang up again to renewed life. Their wish, as we shall soon see, was not to become Romans, but to destroy Rome.

In this war both Marius and Sulla served; Sulla increased his reputation, Marius tarnished his. Some plead for him age and illness; some say that he was able to triumph over barbarians, but not to contend with skilful generals and civilised armies. Our belief is, that the key to this contest between the two rivals is to be mainly found in their several feelings and positions. Marius went forth against the allies, as he had in civil strife gone forth against Saturninus, with only half a heart. Sulla went forth in all the concentrated energy of his mighty powers. The Roman patrician, the proud Cornelius, went forth to fight for Rome, to spare none who disobeyed her mandates or presumed to parody her majesty. But the heart of the Volscian yeoman had at least half its sympathies in the camp of the enemy. He



was not a traitor to betray the cause in which he armed,\* but he was a lukewarm supporter, who could not bring himself to fight against Marsians and Samnites as he had fought against Cimbrians and Numidians. His weakness, his want of success, lowered him still farther in the public estimation; perhaps the consciousness of his farther fall made him pant yet more fervently for a field where he could again display the powers which he felt were still within him.

And now came the struggle with Mithridates. The Pontic king had occupied all Asia; he had massacred all its Roman residents; his armies had passed into Greece, and Greece had welcomed them as deliverers. He had been, and still was, in league with the rebellious Samnites.† Such a foe utterly eclipsed the Numidian, who kept within his own continent; he was almost more dangerous than the Cimbrian or the Teutonic invader. Rome needed her best chief to recover her lost provinces and to defend what was left. But who was that best chief? Consuls were to be chosen, consuls to wage the war with Mithridates. Twelve years before, every tribe would have voted for Caius Marius, and for whatever colleague Caius Marius chose to name. Now the choice of the Roman people fell on Quintus Pompeius Rufus and Lucius Cornelius Sulla.

We have now reached the famous tribuneship of Sulpicius. On this we certainly think that Dr. Lau has thrown considerable light. It has always been a problem how such a man as Publius Sulpicius, the first orator of his time, an aristocrat by birth and politics, a man whose general character up to this time had stood as high as that of any man in Rome, was suddenly transformed into a fierce and violent tribune like Saturninus. It has been usual to regard him as a mere tool of Marius, to look on the unjust and unconstitutional proposal of transferring the command from Sulla to Marius as the main object of their union, and on the bill for bettering the condition of the new citizens by distributing them through all the tribes as a mere means for getting that measure through the Assembly. But we must again remember that the version which we have of these things is the Sullan version. The Sulpician Reform-Bill was one for giving the new citizens, instead of a mere illusory franchise, a weight in the commonwealth proportioned to their numbers and

\* Dr. Liddell thinks "that he purposely abstained from acting with energy." This we should doubt; but the Dean's remarks on this point come much nearer than usual to understanding the case.

† Dr. Liddell makes Mithridates promise to "cross the sea and assist the Samnites in crushing the *she-wolf of Asia*." Who or what the *she-wolf of Asia* may be, is utterly beyond us. Dr. Liddell sends us for this flourish to Diodorus and Justin. There is, indeed, a *she-wolf* in Justin (xxxviii. 6), but it is our old friend of the Ruminal fig-tree.

character. It would, if it had stood by itself, have commanded universal approbation, and history would have recorded it as one of the best measures of one of Rome's best men. Dr. Lau looks on it as really being so. The bill for transferring the Mithridatic war from Sulla to Marius he looks on as a mere after-thought, when Sulla and Pompeius had violently, and indeed illegally, stood in the way of carrying his constitutional reform. On this again turns the question, who began the civil war? That Sulla struck the first blow no man doubts; but it is not he who strikes the first blow who always begins a war, but he who makes the striking of that blow unavoidable. On the common view of the Sulpician Law, Sulla had at least that excuse; he, the consul, only resisted a base and unconstitutional conspiracy to deprive him of his constitutional powers. But the case is altered if we hold that the first blow was really struck when Sulla placed illegal obstacles in the way of a good and wholesome law of Sulpicius, and that the bill for depriving him of his command was merely a punishment for so doing, or rather a measure of self-defence against him. We see nothing in the facts of the case to contradict this view, which completely gets rid of the incongruous aspect in which Sulpicius otherwise appears. That when violently opposed he grew violent also\* is not very wonderful; but again we must remember that we have no memoir from Marius or Sulpicius. The Civil War may now be said to begin; it is worth notice that the first and last act of generosity which it exhibited comes from the side of Marius. Sulla, in one of the tumults caused by the first Sulpician Law, took refuge in the house of Marius. His rival let him go free. Sulla spared no man, because his cruelty was a cold determined adaptation of means to an end. The cruelties of Marius were cruelties of passion; before passion had reached its height, there was room for more generous feelings occasionally to share the dominion of his heart.

We have not space to follow the rivals through the details of the Mithridatic and the Civil Wars, and we think that we have said enough to bring out forcibly the characters of the two men. The first slaughter and pursuit of illustrious victims came from Sulla; Marius repaid them tenfold; Sulla repaid them tenfold again. Sulla led the first Roman army against Rome, but it was only the Marian party that allied itself with Rome's enemies.

\* The savage abuse of Sulpicius in Plutarch (Sull. 8) must come from Sulla himself. Among other things, he is said to have gone about surrounded by a band of youths of equestrian rank, who were ready for any thing, and whom he called his *Anti-Senate* (ἀντισυνκλητος). One would have thought it incredible that any mortal man could have confused so plain a story, and have said that Sulpicius called them "his *Senate*." This is the last of Dr. Liddell's blunders (ii. 293) that we shall quote, and the stupidest.

At the last moment of the war, when the younger Marius was besieged in Præneste, the old spirit of Samnium again sprang to life. Another Pontius, the descendant it may be of the hero who spared Rome's army, and whom Rome led in chains and beheaded, burst forth to strike greater fear into Roman hearts than had been struck by Hannibal himself. He came to deliver Præneste, to deliver Marius, but he came too to root up the wood which sheltered the wolves who so long had ravaged Italy.\* Rome had now, what in Hannibal's time she never had to do, to fight a pitched battle for her very being close to her own gates. Sulla had saved the Roman power at Chaironeia and Orchomenos; he now saved Rome herself when he conquered Pontius before the Colline Gate. But the salvation of Rome was the destruction of Samnium and Etruria. Whatever work the hand of Sulla found to do, he did it with all his might.

At first sight Sulla seems to have lived wholly in vain. To restore the power of the Roman aristocracy was a scheme vainer than the scheme of the Gracchi for regenerating the Roman people. This part of his work was soon swept away; but because part, even the chief part, of a man's work comes to nothing, it does not follow that he leaves no permanent results behind him. Charles the Great himself seems to many to have lived in vain, because Gaul and Germany have not, for nearly a thousand years, obeyed a single sovereign. They do not see that the whole subsequent history of Germany and Italy bears the impress of his hand for good and for evil. So the political work of Sulla soon perished; but as the codifier of the Roman criminal law, he ranks as a precursor of Theodosius and Justinian, and in another respect his work is still living at this day. He first made Rome truly the head of Italy. He crushed every other nationality within the peninsula; he plucked down and he built up till he made all Italy Roman. His devastation of Samnium still remains; southern Italy never recovered from it; that Naples is not now what Lombardy and Tuscany are is mainly the work of Sulla. But that every Italian heart now looks to Rome as the natural centre of Italy is the work of Sulla too. From that day to this, Rome, republican, imperial, or papal, has retained a supremacy without a rival. When Italy was most divided in the middle ages, Rome was still the object of a vague reverence which no other city could claim. And now Italy is felt to be imperfect till she can regain what every Italian looks on as her capital. Had Pontius carried out his threat, had he won, as once he seemed likely to win, in that most fearful of battles by the Colline Gate, had he and Mithri-

\* The whole history of this part of the war is told by Mr. Merivale with extraordinary power and eloquence.

dates together so much as seriously weakened the Roman power, the fate of Italy and the world must have been far different from what they have been. The first King of Italy who enters Rome may indeed sit on the throne of Cæsar, but he will reign in a city preserved for him by Sulla.

Why is it that those two names, Cæsar and Sulla, create such different feelings? Of the two Dictators, one is never mentioned without abhorrence, the other is never mentioned without some degree, at least, of admiration. Yet there is much likeness in the two men, and there are points in which Sulla has the advantage. Sulla and Cæsar alike were at once generals, statesmen, scholars, and profligates. On the military details of their campaigns military men must decide; but the results of the warfare of Sulla were not inferior to those of the warfare of Cæsar. If Cæsar conquered Gaul, Sulla reconquered Greece and Asia; if Cæsar overthrew Pompeius, Sulla overthrew Pontius Telesinus. The political career of Sulla is far more honourable and consistent than that of Cæsar. Both led armies against their country; both professed that they were only driven to do so by the intrigues of their enemies. Sulla struggled, we should say for a principle, at any rate for a party, at any rate for something external to himself; he despised the gewgaws of royalty, he aspired not to keep perpetual dominion for himself, still less to found a dynasty of kings or dictators in his own family. Cæsar's career was purely selfish; it may be that the sway of one was at the moment the best thing for Rome and the world; it may be that Cæsar knew and felt this; still his career was essentially selfish. He sought his own advancement; he sank even to the low ambition of titles and ornaments; he wanted to be called a King, and to wear a diadem. As private men, there is little to choose between the two; both were steeped in every vice—refined, accomplished, scholar-like debauchees. Why, then, do we hate Sulla, and in a manner love Cæsar? Success may have something to do with it; Sulla's aristocracy passed away; Cæsar's empire fell for a moment, but it had vigour enough to rise again under his adopted son, and to survive, we may almost say, till the present hour. The other Dictator has left no visible and audible memorials; no month is called Cornelius, no modern potentate calls himself Sulla as his proudest title. But this is not all: the real difference lies much deeper; Cæsar, with all his crimes and vices, had a heart. He was a man of battles, but not a man of proscriptions. He was a warm friend, and a generous enemy. In one point of view, Sulla's was the wiser policy. Sulla never spared or forgave, and he died in his bed; Cæsar forgave, and he died by the daggers of those whom he had forgiven. Most men, indeed, would prefer

the bloody death of Cæsar—a death which admirers might call martyrdom—to the foul and lingering disease of Sulla. But there is the fact; the merciful conqueror died by violence, the wholesale murderer went unmolested to his grave. Sulla had really in him more of principle than Cæsar; but Cæsar was a man, Sulla was like a destroying angel. Cæsar one might have loved, at Sulla one could only shudder; perhaps one might have shuddered most of all at the careless and mirthful hours of the author of the proscription. Great he was in every natural gift; great, one might almost say, in his vices; great in his craft of soldier and ruler, great in his unbending will, great in the crimes which human wickedness never can surpass. In his strange superstition, the most ruthless of men deemed himself the special favourite of the softest of the idols with which his heaven was peopled. We too can recognise the heaven-sent luck of Sulla, but in another sense. If Providence ever sends human instruments to chastise a guilty world, we may see in the accomplished Roman aristocrat, no less than in the Scythian savage, one who was, of all his fellow-creatures, emphatically the Scourge of God.

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#### ART. III.—THE ITALIAN CLERGY AND THE POPE.

*Il Papato, l'Impero, e il Regno d'Italia.* Memoria di Monsignor Francesco Liverani, Prelato domestico e Protonotario della Santa Sede. Florence, 1861.

*Pro Causâ Italicâ.* Ad Episcopos Catholicos, actore Presbytero Catholico. Florence, 1861.

*Obbligo del Vescovo Romano e Pontefice Massimo di risiedere in Roma, quantunque Metropoli del Regno Italico.* Per Ernesto Filalete. Florence, 1861.

*Della Scomunica: Avvertenze d'un Prete Cattolico.* Florence, 1861.

*La Curia Romana e i Gesuiti.* Nuovi Scritti del Cardinale de Andrea; di Monsignor F. Liverani, e del Canonico E. Reali. Florence, 1861.

AMONG the most recent, and in our view the most remarkable, of Italian publications, are the polemical writings named in the above list. They illustrate a new phase, and reveal a fresh element in the working out of that signal act of Providence for the vindication of political justice, which news-dealers have not yet done calling "the Italian question." It is this successive disclosure of different agencies, which proves the genuineness of the whole transaction, whether regarded as a necessary result of foregoing events, or as an exhibition of that overrul-

ing wisdom and righteousness, "which shape the growing stature of this world." We may see that it was no got-up factitious movement. It lay not in the reach of human ingenuity, though each conspiring patriot had been a Macchiavelli or a Cavour, to have devised and brought to pass, in the due order of their opportunity, so many timely interpositions of forces so remote and various, coöperating to the same intent. We cannot thus explain away the significance of a movement which during the last twelve or fifteen years, to say nothing of previous efforts, has combined for the one great purpose of national regeneration, the labours of all ranks and characters of men. They were theoretical republicans, prophetic enthusiasts, and generous madmen, clamouring, plotting, or striking at random in the dark. They were the patient exiles, and those martyrs who, dying on the scaffold, rebuked by their silent fortitude the oppressor that forbade them to bless Italy with their latest breath. They were grave moralists, or prudent and vigilant constitutionalists, like Count Balbo at Turin; they were historians, poets, or zealous promoters of popular instruction. There was Gioberti, the liberal and patriotic divine, with that brilliant, fascinating rhetoric, which set off the visionary optimism of his designs; there was Massimo d'Azeglio, with his frank and genial spirit; there was Mazzini, before his faith and constancy had degenerated into fanaticism; there was Cavour, with his cool foresight, his wise audacity, and his consummate practical skill. Most admirably did the elements of this great success meet and work together for its achievement. There was the ambition, for once justifiable, of a royal house; the steady resolution of a parliament, the dexterity of a masterly statesman, the gallantry of a disciplined army, the chivalry of an inspired warrior and his devoted band,—above all, the electric contagion of a grand idea possessing and sustaining the people, which discovered its own nationality in the very crisis of its fate. It must assuredly have been a genuine impulse which kept up the unwavering purpose of Italy to reach the goal of unity and independence through such varying means; from Mazzini's dream of a pure democracy, and Gioberti's dream of an equitable princely federation under Papal auspices, to Balbo's, D'Azeglio's, and Cavour's progressive reality of the restoration of Italy by the example of her champion Subalpine state. It is wonderful indeed to see how this movement has held right on, from the reckless, ill-concerted, and disastrous struggles of 1848, the ruin and prostration of 1849, to the present time. The cause of Italy, revived and uprisen in Piedmont, marched boldly and in arms, by the strange road of a Crimean battle-field, to impose her unwelcome presence on the Paris diplomatic Congress. Still this



cause held on, "fulfilling itself by what seemed to hinder;" and from the desperate folly of poor Orsini, which perhaps fixed on Louis Napoleon his old engagements to the Roman Carbonari, it led, by the compact of Plombières, to the campaign of Lombardy and its liberation; and then, crossing the will of its most potent ally, it evoked in Tuscany and Romagna the undeniable, inviolable people's choice; and, as soon as that harvest of Central Italy was got in safely, it stirred up a new storm in Sicily and Calabria, that swept the southern provinces clear for the establishment of a national Italian sovereignty common to Naples and Turin. We look back with the greatest interest along the vista of this most lively passage of new-made history. What a manifold display of concurrent influences is here! and what a grand general design, ordering and directing them, is visible here to eyes that can see! In such a process of events, in such a marvellous combination, we may see the "adaptation of means to ends," beyond all skill and foresight of mortals. It is a complex and mighty operation of the Disposing Wisdom; it is not merely a worldly game that we see, half chances and half cleverness of tricks, played by the cunning politicians, busied in producing this vast transformation of the Italian populations and their country. Long divided, slumbering under a malignant spell, and shut up in seven petty states, they are changed into one great and free community, a nation, dwelling in one glorious land of its own. A fresh-comer has entered the society of nations; an old people has been "made new." Whose calculation, energy, or valour, was equal to this feat?

The latest phase we remark in this development of New Italy is the unwonted attitude of many of the orthodox clergy, who have joined the Catholic laity in asserting the national cause against its eternal enemy, the Papal Court, without renouncing their ecclesiastical allegiance to the Papal See. During last summer a temporary suspension of other elements of change left us more leisure to observe this. The diplomatic agencies at work for Italy met with a severe check on the death of Count Cavour. The French Emperor's government did, a very few days after his death, notify its formal recognition of the Italian kingdom. But since that date, we understand, the Ministers of Victor Emanuel have had no assurance of coöperation, nor has even the active opposition been withdrawn in regard to that entire deliverance and completion of Italy which all the freed Italians are resolved at any risk or cost to achieve. Baron Ricasoli's austere integrity, and his emphatic declarations in parliament, proved at once that he would never purchase French favours either by ceding more territory, or binding his government to subserve French designs which might be preju-



dicial to the rest of Europe. The new Cabinet was precluded, by the fearless honesty of its attitude, from doing certain things hereafter which might possibly have been asked of a too grateful Italy by her most efficient and most formidable friend. While thus the diplomatic element of Italian politics remains necessarily in abeyance, and the prospect of war with Austria is sedulously ignored, the ecclesiastical aspects of the new movement have come forward into the fullest prominence. The Papal Court, though it continues to provide for the details of administration, and to vex half a million of people with the worst police, the worst judiciary, and the worst public economy in Europe, has virtually ceased to constitute a real government. A state possessing neither the authority nor the material force of a state, would rather fall of itself than be violently overthrown, if its twenty thousand French protectors were to be taken away. The unsoldierly troops drilled and clothed at some cost to the Pope's revenue, would scarcely fire a shot in his behalf; while the truculent carabineers or police would fly the vengeance of a populace exasperated by their brutality. The lawyers, and laymen in the civil service, would hasten to offer their allegiance to Victor Emanuel. Even the Cardinals and Monsignori would quickly divest themselves, for safety's sake, of all the functions of secular rule, and not a few of those worldly prelates might consult their personal ease, and court the good-will of their neighbours, by civilly recognising the change they could no longer prevent. Italian members of the Sacred College are not all induced, by zeal for the Papal prerogative, or by the selfish pride of their own caste, to associate themselves with the unrelenting Chief Pastor of Latin Christendom in his denunciations against the political sinners of the age. So hollow and baseless is the fabric of this Papal sovereignty, this elective principality of the Cardinals, which clings to the capital of Italy by no root or hold that it has in Italian soil, and by no power of its own, but is propped up by the interference of strangers, by the capricious patronage of meddling despots, and by the lingering in France, in Spain, and in Southern Germany, of a prejudice which Italy has long since outgrown. We now perceive not only amongst the people of Italy, but in the most unexpected quarter, amongst eminent members of the priesthood, symptoms that they also have ceased to reverence as sacred the temporalities of the Roman See.

The late demonstrations of a more advanced clerical opinion to which we refer, were provoked apparently by an act of the Italian government and legislature, perhaps purposely designed to test the real feeling both of the Church and the country on the abstract question of the relations between spiri-

tual and political authority. A yearly festival of National Independence and Unity has been established by a law which passed the Chamber of Deputies and Senate last May. In the debate on it, as, we remember, stress was especially laid on the absence of any clause to provide for a public religious service on these occasions of general thanksgiving. It was then plainly avowed by Signor Minghetti, the Minister of the Interior, that "one of the motives which had induced the government to omit such a provision was the express wish to mark the essential distinction between the powers or functions of Church and State." He declared "that they would seize every opportunity of converting that great principle into a reality, as the basis of their new institutions." As soon as the law was passed, Signor Minghetti issued a circular to the senators, gonfaloniers, syndics, and other communal authorities, instructing them how each municipality should prepare for the celebration on the first Sunday in June. They were to send "a courteous invitation" to the ecclesiastical authority in each district respectively, merely asking whether the clergy would be pleased to assist on that occasion with a religious ceremony, which would consist simply of a mass and the Ambrosian hymn. "But if in any case," the Minister went on to remark, "the ecclesiastical authorities cannot comply with this invitation, the king's government, while deploring what it considers to be an illusion on their part, desires that their conscientious sentiments may be scrupulously respected, and you are not therefore to insist on that point."

Those who happened to be in Italy at the time can bear witness that the Home Minister, who enjoyed Cavour's fullest confidence, exposed himself by this conciliatory measure to the angry scorn of that large section of the democratic party which cherished a most implacable resentment against the priests for their complicity in past years with the tyrants and spoilers of the land. It was decidedly an unpopular step. The Cabinet might have won the unreflecting applause of a passionate multitude by attempting to coerce the parish clergy, and defying the contrary orders of their ecclesiastical superiors. But we have reason to believe that amicable propositions were being made at that moment by Count Cavour to the Papacy, through his private correspondence with the late Cardinal Santucci, in which a charter for the practical exemption of all church matters from any control or interference by the civil legislature,—in fact, the same terms that were latterly propounded by Baron Ricasoli,—would have formed the compensation to be given to the Holy See for its relinquishment of political dominion at Rome. The Minghetti circular was doubtless intended as an example to

assure the Church, and the Pope as its head, that these terms were offered in sincerity, and that it was indeed a principle of the Italian liberal policy immediately to forego putting in execution, and presently to repeal, every former enactment of those restraints and compulsory injunctions which the old kingdom of Sardinia, as well as most of the Catholic States, had found it needful to impose on the ecclesiastical body.

It is, however, improbable that even the sagacity of Cavour himself, whom we must credit with the authorship of this dexterous and inoffensive appeal to the enlightened sentiments of the clergy, could have anticipated the ferment of opinion it excited in the next few weeks throughout Northern and Central Italy. The bishops, or the other chief diocesan authorities, where the long-standing quarrel between the courts of Rome and Turin had prevented the institution of bishops to fill the vacant sees, made haste, in very many instances, to interdict their clergy from taking part in the national festival. The episcopal order is now distinguished in Italy, as well as in France, by its servility to the Papal Court, and, at the same time, by its disposition to usurp greater power than ever was intrusted to it in former ages over the parochial clergy. It was not, therefore, quite unnatural that when a portion of the parochial clergy and cathedral chapters in Lombardy and in Tuscany came to associate their own rights and duties, not less as citizens than ministers of religion, with this common rejoicing of their people, they should feel themselves standing opposed to the excesses and abuses of the provincial episcopate, as well as to the worldly pretensions of the Roman See. It is quite notorious that many of the bishops, and other prelates with or without cure of souls, have become in these times no better than irresponsible political agents of the Roman court. They contend for the Pope's temporal as identical with the Church's spiritual interests; they are a dangerous and insidious class of persons in the view of all prudent statesmen; and it is satisfactory to find the lower ranks of ordained professional churchmen disposed to revolt against them. If the working clergy determine, indeed, to vindicate their own liberty of action, as men and citizens, within the limits of due canonical obedience, we may hope for great moral and social improvement concurrently with the political redemption of Italy. Perhaps this remark may, in a certain measure, be applied to France.

One of the earliest and most notorious of these collisions between different orders of the clergy, excited by the dispute which arose from Minghetti's circular, took place at Milan. The vicar episcopal, Monsignor Caccia, having peremptorily forbidden the clergy of his diocese to have any thing to do with

the intended celebration of United Italy, fifteen of the Milanese canons thereupon addressed a letter to the civic authorities, declaring that they would have cheerfully joined in it, but for this prohibition. The parish priests, or curates, of Milan and its neighbourhood, then followed with an address to their deputy-bishop, telling him that, while they must obey, they yet made bold to disapprove his order, as one "tending to disturb the minds of the people, to fill them with distrust of the clergy, and to estrange them from habits of religion." They expressed a fear lest Monsignor Caccia's obtrusive hostility to the public joy should provoke a breach of the peace. In fact, being unfortunately mobbed as he went the next Sunday from his palace to the cathedral, he thought it best to escape further inconvenience by leaving the city. The Chapter, on whom in his absence the ecclesiastical rule devolved, set aside his injunctions, when the appointed day for the festival came round, and allowed some kind of religious service to be performed. The address, which we have quoted, from the Milanese parochial clergy, obtained in the mean time nearly two hundred signatures. The Bishop of Brescia having likewise ordered his clergy to keep aloof from the national festival, they drew up so strong a protest against his conduct, that, without any menace of popular disorder there, he was fain to retire for very disappointment and shame, leaving in his place the vicar-general of his diocese, who patched up the breach with an ambiguous direction to have prayers "for the king" read on the national thanksgiving day. The vicar of Pavia, with all the priests of that city, and those of several other places in Lombardy, announced their intention to take part in the festival. About fifty clergymen at Piacenza likewise got up a declaration, in which they said that "they, both as priests and as citizens, could appreciate, as highly as their fellow-countrymen, the great efforts and sacrifices, which their king, his ministers, and all classes of the community, had made for the redemption of Italy; that they should feel they deserved the reproach of ingratitude, therefore, as well as that of an illiberal temper, if they were to refrain from joining in this celebration; and that they should be unfaithful to the pastoral office if they separated themselves on such an occasion from their flocks, since they held it to be the duty of ministers of the Gospel to share in the joys and hopes of the people." These Piacenza clergymen added, that in their view, "true religion should bless and sanctify the fraternal communion of nationality for all the Italians, and that the political unity of their nation would be favourable to the unity of the faith." In almost the same phrase went the public manifesto of the canons of St. Ambrose at Milan. They said, "religion is the friend of liberty, and this

is a fitting occasion for us to teach our people that the unity of Italy, which they so much prize and desire, is quite consistent with the unity of the Catholic faith. We are most anxious," the Ambrosian canons went on, "to prevent any suspicion that the Italian clergy are accomplices of a party which is hostile to the present government—of a party which is indeed the enemy of Italy, now that she seeks to constitute herself as a great nation." It must not be supposed, from what has been stated of the general conduct of the Italian bishops, that there were none of them who sympathised with the people. Those of Verona and Mantua, within the Austrian Quadrilateral, wrote letters recommending a participation in the national festival to the clergy of certain outlying districts, situated in the dioceses of Verona and Mantua, but on the right bank of the river Mincio, and in the actual dominions of Victor Emanuel. The Bishop of Sarzana, in a circular to the rural deans, gave the festival his warmest approval, and enjoined the clergy of each commune to accept the invitation of its syndic, and to perform in its principal church the ritual *pro gratiarum actione*, with the prayer *pro rege*, and the benediction of the holy Sacrament to conclude. It was about the same time, that in Tuscany, the Bishop of Conversano publicly rebuked some Jesuits, or other father confessors, "for having denied absolution to the faithful because they were in favour of liberal political institutions, and because they had voted for the kingdom of Italy one and independent." The refusal of absolution on such grounds was denounced by this bishop as an "unreasonable, unjust, and irreligious proceeding," and he judicially suspended those who had done so from hearing confessions in future. In the Neapolitan territory, there are similar instances. Monsignor Capputi, the Bishop of Ariano, actively espoused the national cause, and was appointed chaplain-general to the army in the south of Italy. We observe that the Bishop of Potenza has recently followed his example. At Florence, the clergy liberally disposed, seeing that they were risking ecclesiastical penalties, and, it might be, the deprivation of their benefices, set the example of clubbing their funds for self-protection, and forming themselves into a Mutual Aid Society, whose real object, though not set forth in their rules, was to afford each other relief in such a case. In more than one town of Northern Italy, similar institutions arose, which could only be censured by the Ordinary on the pretext that their members sometimes indulged in a little political discussion when they met to audit their accounts. In the divers monastic orders which abound throughout Italy, there was here and there to be found some learned Benedictine, or some robust bare-headed and barefoot Capuchin, who would frankly incline to the

popular side. In Sicily, the monks of La Grancia had fought most valiantly against the Bourbon troops before Garibaldi arrived. At Turin, it was a monk, the well-known Father Giacomo, who was summoned by Cavour's desire, not only as the curate of his parish, but as a personal friend, to the dying statesman's bedside, to pronounce the absolution, and to administer the sacrament, by which intolerance and party spite were balked of an opportunity for squabbling over his funeral. It could, therefore, no longer be alleged, without many conspicuous exceptions, that the clerical body stood wholly committed to that hostility against the national cause of which it had formerly been accused; nor could its support be any longer relied on by the political intriguers of the Roman court with the same confidence as before. The old allegiance of provincial clergymen had been strained by this contention between their attachment to the Pope and their attachment to their native country, or between fanaticism, the pride of caste, and sentiments of good fellowship. In not a few minds the ecclesiastical spirit yielded to the dictates of Christian charity, common sense, and experience. They were prepared to welcome the consummation of those vast and most beneficial changes which were irresistibly proceeding throughout Italy, although it must put an end to the secular domination of Roman prelates.

The festival of national unity and independence passed off quite successfully on the 2d of June; but four days later the great Minister of Italy had departed, and by the shock of that loss public attention was for a while distracted from the demeanour of the clergy. Not many weeks had elapsed before the discussion on Papal temporalities was revived by a deliberate indictment against the vices of the Roman court, issuing from the respectable free press of Florence, and boldly owning for its author a most unimpeachable churchman, who was a cathedral-canon at Rome, one of the Pope's domestic prelates, a learned antiquarian explorer and literary eulogist of the primitive glories of the Roman see. Such were the claims of Francesco Liverani to a hearing, when he volunteered to testify against the scandals and abuses which he had witnessed in a residence of nearly twenty years at the head-quarters of all official corruptions of church and state in Rome. Of the seven privileged Basilicas, or cathedral establishments in that city, the most esteemed, after the Lateran and St. Peter's, is that of Santa Maria Maggiore, called from its first patriarch the Liberrian, to whose chapter Liverani belonged, and where the charge of trustee or superintendent of the building devolved on him. The seven prelates, or Monsignors, forming the college of protonotaries, or apostolic chancellors, in domestic attendance on



the Pope, take precedence of bishops and archbishops in the Consistory; they are subject to none but the Pope's immediate jurisdiction, and are entitled, wherever they please, to celebrate a pontifical mass, or, in the technical slang, "to pontificate the mass," without asking the diocesan for his license. These dignities, enjoyed by Monsignor Liverani, gave additional weight to his example with a hierarchy that flourishes by the worship of conventionalities and symbolical parade. He was perhaps better accredited by a blameless moral reputation in his unobtrusive and studious life at Rome; and his father had been killed in fighting on the Papal side. While a diligent schoolboy in his native town of Imola, he had merited the notice of the archbishop there, by whose patronage he was, though of a poor family, soon admitted into the academy, then existing at Rome, for the education of youths of noble birth destined for the clerical profession. That archbishop in that year, 1842, was Cardinal Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, now reigning as Pope under the name of Pius IX. The cordial intercourse which appears, from a few of his own letters, printed in the Appendix, to have subsisted between him and young Liverani in those days of his provincial episcopate, has given place to estrangement, and even to positive aversion, since the elevation of Ferretti to the pontifical throne. We cannot help detecting in the tone of Liverani's personal censures and complaints the bitterness of a disappointed man, who has been deprived of the good-will of a capricious and peevish superior. With the due qualification on this score, we may take from his book, to begin with, the portrait which he has drawn of Pio Nono, whom he knows so well.

It is remarkable that most English, and indeed Protestant, folk are accustomed to judge much more favourably of the Pope's character than the Romans themselves do. We believe that, apart from his fatal errors and inconsistencies in dealing with the Italian revolution, he is, or was, rather a genial and amiable old man, though somewhat fickle, self-indulgent, and vain; and while weakly solicitous of the applause of those about him, yet with sanguine temper and facile charity, he still nourishes a vague sentimental ambition to leave the world as well as the Church happier than he found it. But unhappily this kind of egotistic benevolence, which grasps so eagerly at fresh and splendid opportunities of doing some conspicuous good, is a species of the milk of human kindness exceedingly liable to be soured when those flattering projects for the general improvement, and for personal glorification, which pampered awhile the self-esteem of their author, have by his own faults and unsteadiness of purpose resulted in mortifying failure. The Pope is a spoiled man, if ever there was one, at least taking



Monsignor Liverani's description of him as correct. It is true that Monsignor Liverani, who feels bound to give his Pope and former patron at least one good word, and that one a plumper, roundly assures us that "the Pope is an angel," but then it may be that Liverani's idea of angelic excellence is very different from ours. And the "few blemishes" that he reveals in the following account of Pio Nono's disposition seem to us the characteristics of one who may be wise and good enough to be the Vicar of Christ in the eyes of a devout member of the Romish hierarchy, but whom Liverani himself thinks not wise or good enough to be the ruler of a small Italian state, and whom few sensible men would pronounce fit to exercise any authority whatever over his inferiors, if, instead of being the supreme and sovereign Pontiff, he were the master of a private household.

"The innocence and purity of his morals, his love for the sacred ceremonies, the facility and good taste with which he can speak *ex tempore*, the sweetness and unction of his prayers, the tunefulness of his singing, and the august majesty with which he ministers at the altar;—these gifts, with his zeal in undertaking many things for the glory of God, not shrinking even from the most hazardous, form but a small part of the virtues of Pio Nono. He cannot be charged with nepotism, and he has not the slightest taint of avarice or thirst for acquiring treasure; he only values or cares for gold and silver to spend them on the poor, or to grace and honour the sanctuary with them. He is patient, and even indefatigable, in giving audiences, and in listening; but at such times he concerns himself excessively about the pettiest details, and most vulgar gossip. He estimates the worth of men or things rather from accidents and circumstances than from their essential nature. He is very accessible to sinister impressions and malignant prejudices; he is hasty and obstinate in his decisions and purposes, but not less inexorable when he has changed his mind or taken an aversion to any thing. He lets his heart be easily stolen away by sudden movements of sympathy and predilection; and he incautiously allows his face to betray his complacency or repugnance, and the inmost feelings of his heart; so that he yields up the key of it to all the sly and cunning parasites who read his thoughts in his countenance. They wait, therefore, in his presence with their necks bent, eyes gently melting, and mouths half open, and with every muscle of their limbs kept in docile suspense, and ready to run here or there with their applauses at his slightest nod, or to praise and repeat any expression of his wishes, even if those wishes should be ruinous to his interest. He is very quick in passing judgments on persons, but will judge of a man by his complexion and carriage, and such outward appearances, by his Socratic visage, or his bald head, or by his more or less melodious voice, instead of looking to the qualities of his mind and genius. He will not bestow his favour on any one who does not know the arts by which it may be dexterously

gained. Hence he regards honest men with jealousy and suspicion, whilst rogues find in him an unarmed and unwary victim. He is virtuous, but with a public and clamorous virtue, sonorous, like his fine voice; he has an ardent passion for doing good deeds, but will have them announced all through the world in a thousand newspapers, and recorded in a thousand inscriptions and medals, for the remembrance of careless posterity. He is changeable in his opinions and plans, according to the weather, the aspect of the sky and clouds, or according to the state of his nerves and circulation, and the pathology of a sickly body; his *morale* is affected by all the impressions made upon an infirm physical constitution. He is good-natured and mild, though you can never be safe with him against some outrageous treatment or sudden burst of anger; but these outbreaks do not belong to his real nature, and they are quickly followed by repentance, unless they be again stimulated by some artful and intriguing persons. He has fallen a prey to those perfidious courtiers who have so long made him the sport of their own contentions and of their evil passions. For fifteen years Pio Nono has been made the plaything of wicked men, who, to whatever country or faction they belong, and of whatever sort they be, are all busied perpetually in quarrelling for his favour, which they profane and squander amongst themselves."

Such, then, is the reigning Pontiff, and such are they who monopolise under his sceptre all the important and lucrative offices of government at Rome. It is beyond the scope of this Review to follow Monsignor Liverani's startling narrative of those frequent acts of flagrant and unpunished dishonesty which have, and most notoriously of late years, disgraced the Papal administration in almost every department: speculation in the finances, jobbery in the government contracts, bribery of the judicial and police authorities,—the partnership of ministers and of their kindred in commercial profits, gained by artificially enhancing the prices of various commodities through legislative decrees for that purpose,—the tricks played with a paper currency under the bank-charter, which was framed for the convenience of influential persons, to give them a command of the Roman markets, by controlling the issues of the circulating medium of trade. These and other mal-practices, which had, indeed, been referred to by Edmond About, and several former writers, are illustrated by many facts here mentioned in a memoir from the pen of an Italian prelate. We need not, however, dwell on the very ugly picture he has drawn of Cardinal Antonelli, the all-powerful Secretary of State, who may say, after the fashion of Cardinal Wolsey's arrogance, *ego et Papa meus*. Still less are we tempted to repeat Liverani's anecdotes of the particular viciousness of all those assiduous jackals who feed in the prime minister's train. It appears, from Liverani's account, that the chief branches of the public service are infested with

a low-bred and rapacious tribe, the offspring of those hungry mountain villages in the neighbouring Apennine region, which have never failed in sending down their adventurous sons to live in the metropolis, if not upon the highways, by plunder of the helpless commonwealth. All this, indeed, was what the world had been told before. But, in addition to giving us many such instances of this disorder in the Papal State, the author relates not a few instances of the grossest misbehaviour, and almost grotesque impropriety, in the discharge of clerical functions. He proves that this disorder extends to the Pope's spiritual as well as temporal administration, and that, as a necessary consequence of their being united, the one shares its contagious vices with the other. Monsignor Liverani is fond of historical parallels. For the present condition of the Pontifical throne, occupied so feebly, and so insidiously beset, he finds a parallel in the reign of Benedict XII., from 1724 to 1730. The reins of government were handled at that time by Cardinal Coscia, whose conduct became so scandalous, and excited such violent indignation amongst the populace, that the succeeding Pope, after due investigation, condemned him as a fraudulent and unjust steward to condign punishment and pecuniary restitution. Some other periods, almost as miserable for the credit of Papal sovereignty, might be quoted from the familiar pages of Ranke, to show that the abuses of ecclesiastical despotism at Rome are not weeds of recent growth. "The Roman atmosphere," says Liverani, borrowing a forcible metaphor used by several previous writers on this subject,—*"the Roman atmosphere is impregnated with this vice of corruption."* And who are the previous writers from whom this strong language is taken? They are not enemies of the Papacy, but the Popes themselves, who have repeatedly confessed the prevalent immorality of their court. It is something in the air, says one; a peculiarity of the Roman climate, says another,—*"la temperie di questa patria."* Such are the very expressions of Paul III. and Gregory XV., in their memoirs, written for the instruction of their nephews; and Gregory XIII., speaking of the behaviour of some cardinals after their promotion, employs a similar phrase. The arch-rogue Coscia himself, in a letter of self-exculpation, pleaded this universal depravity and greediness of public persons at Rome as an excuse for his own robberies: *"Al pubblico rubare non vi è chi resista;"* there is nobody who can stand against it. It is *"la proprietà di questo cielo,"* a social pestilence which belongs to Rome, like the malaria fever, and which may, like it, be ascribed to the ill effects of Rome's prelatical government, hindering equally the healthy growth and culture of its public life, and the wholesome tillage and planting of its soil.

But Monsignor Liverani is not merely an accuser of the system which exists, he has a defined theory of that which ought to be established. His grand idea is the feasibility of reconciling the Papal See with the Italian crown, by reviving that fiction of the middle ages which assumed that the lord of Italy, in those days a German emperor, when elected by the Romans for their king, was to have his Italian dominion consecrated by the Pope's benediction. The Holy Roman Empire, established by Charlemagne in concert with Leo III., passed afterwards from the Frankish dynasty, and was held for a short time, in the tenth century, by certain Italian princes, or Lombards naturalised in Italy, who were favoured by the Popes of their day. This dark and doubtful interval between the epochs of the Frankish and Swabian ascendancy is cited by our fond ecclesiastical antiquary as a precedent for advising Pio Nono to admit or confirm the legitimacy of Victor Emanuel's new kingdom of Italy, to be completed and consecrated by the Pope himself in his capital of Rome! In spite of the pedantic impracticability of this idea, we think its advocacy by a zealous churchman is rather significant, as it proves his desire to find in the traditions of ecclesiastical history some juridical grounds for settling the present dispute as to the sovereignty of the Roman States, on terms favourable to the national wishes. In his view, this ancient rag of an assumed titular supremacy, by virtue of which the Pope, in compliance with the suffrages of the Roman senate and people, was authorised to confirm the political dominion given to a prince of their choice, is "the rational, speculative, and philosophical formula of Italian independence." "It is," he again declares, with the same odd concatenation of epithets, and in a tone of *ex cathedra* decision,—“it is the desirable, historical, traditional, and canonical formula” of Roman sovereignty. In a similar vein of scholastic eloquence, he says it is “a true politico-ecclesiastic system,” which provides for the “perpetual equilibrium of two opposite and omnipotent forces.” Considerations of this sort were not unfrequently broached in the endless Guelph and Ghibelline controversy, by those who fancied that a compromise, reserving the nominal supremacy of the Pope, could be consistent with the secure exercise, by a king or emperor, of the secular power. It is only worth our while to notice how Monsignor Liverani, asserting, as he does, that the Popes had an original title to some Roman sovereignty, allows that it was “an abstraction more than a reality,” and that it did not involve the actual exercise of any political power. He finds evidence of this in the oldest Romish decretals, in the liturgies, and in letters of the early Popes; and his aim is to show from these documents how the Roman see has distinctly acknowledged

that Italy has a right to be ruled by a secular prince, and to have a political head of her own. Dante, in his political essay *De Monarchiâ*, which is among the forbidden books in the Index, and to which, therefore, Monsignor Liverani does not allude, maintains the same opinion by sundry philosophical arguments on the distinction between the civil government that he claimed for the elect Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, and the spiritual authority belonging to the Pope. It could not be any concern of the Church, as a religious corporation, whether the temporal potentate ruling over Italy were a French, a German, or an Italian monarch. The Holy Roman Empire, in modern times more commonly called the German Empire, continued, according to this theory, to exist until 1815, when it was dropped at the Congress of Vienna, and has since lain vacant till revived last year by the vote of an Italian parliament, and vested in the House of Savoy. King Victor Emanuel may therefore go to Rome, and there legally demand his crown at the hands of Pope Pius IX. under the constitution agreed to between Leo III. and Charlemagne a thousand years ago! Here is an end of the Roman question; here is an answer to all diplomatic and canonical objections; here is ample satisfaction given to the Legitimists and Catholics of Europe. Monsignor Liverani triumphs in his victorious "formula," and beholds a vision of the new King of Italy, as King of the Romans, presenting himself at Saint Peter's sepulchre to accept from that Apostle's successor the crown which has been given to him by the will of the nation. But it is Napoleon III. who appears in this romantic vision as "the new Charlemagne;" and Montalembert, to whom the treatise is dedicated, is told he shall, in spite of himself, become the laureate and panegyrist of the liberal and Catholic French "Cæsar," who will have carried our author's plan into execution, thereby fulfilling the aspirations of the Italians, and yet saving the dignity of the Holy See! Thus far went Monsignor Liverani, whose book is so curious that our readers may forgive the space it has taken up.

Two or three months later, in September, appeared a champion of much greater force in the lists of theological controversy, Carlo Passaglia, the most famous of living Romanist divines, who challenges the entire host of the episcopate and all the prelacy, the whole College of Cardinals, and the Pope himself, for having, in the worldliness of their selfish temporal politics, offended against that charity which is the true spirit of the Church. There could be no mistake about this man, or what he meant to say. It was on behalf of the religious interests of Catholicism, that he dared to impugn the conduct of its supreme Head, and that of a great majority of the highest order

of its ministers. He addressed himself openly and avowedly to those whom he had to reprove; the first of his published tracts was a *Concio ad clerum*, a letter written in the Latin language to the bishops throughout Italy. The author had a right to claim the attention of all the bishops of his church throughout Europe, for to none of them could he be a stranger, since it had been his task a few years before to address them, and to invite their opinions on a very different controversy. For it was he, then a shining light of the Jesuits, an admired professor of the Sapienza, or Roman University, who undertook, at the Pope's very urgent request, to carry on the discussions in favour of that once questionable dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, which it is the boast of this pontificate to have established. Passaglia was indefatigable in his literary and personal exertions to persuade the Italian and other clergy of the Romish communion to make up their minds that the Nazarene maiden, as well as her divine Son, was assuredly born into this world exempt from any taint of the sinfulness inherited from Eve. This doctrine is now finally acknowledged. In the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, where artists and English visitors most do congregate, a pillar bearing her statue, with those of four prophets at its base, has been erected to commemorate this great achievement in honour of the mother of Jesus; and on the walls in St. Peter's church, conspicuous tablets record the names of a multitude of bishops who stood around Pius IX. when he pronounced, with all the emphasis of infallibility, the precious truth which had been recommended by Passaglia's ingenious and erudite pleading to the acceptance of the Catholic world.

It is not, therefore, Passaglia who can be thrust aside as an infidel or heretic, when he stands up to protest against the infatuated or profligate abuse of spiritual authority, and its prostitution to the service of Mammon. For though his address to the bishops is entitled *Pro Causâ Italicâ*, it is for the interests of the Church in Italy that he is concerned. He looks about him, and it is "the present condition of the ecclesiastical communion in this country" which fills him with the bitterest grief. He sees the people miserably cut off from their pastors, and in danger of departing for ever out of "the paradise of the Church," while the Pastor of pastors, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, denounces against all Italy the dreadful sentence of excommunication. And he asks, what is this for? Have the Italians, then, followed the English, Germans, Swedes, and Danes in leaving the orthodox faith? Not they, for they still hold it firmly. Are they disobedient in matters of religious duty to their appointed pastors, or have they disregarded the



supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff? No; they are still devoted and obedient in all that is imposed on them by the divine law. Do they seek audaciously to rob the Church of her liberties, or insidiously to steal them away? No; the Italians proclaim "a free Church in a free State;" they beg for peace; they try every way to obviate discord; they are not offenders against the Church.

On the other hand, Passaglia says he is scandalised by the manner in which the Italian bishops are behaving towards this unoffending people. While the people exult, and render thanks to God, for the greatest of blessings, which they have now received as a nation, the bishops reprove, reject, and execrate that which all classes of the laity have desired and hailed with delight. These bishops stop the popular hymns of joy with menaces of the divine anger; and when the multitude hasten to assemble in their churches, and ask permission for an act of worship, it is the bishops who shut the church-doors against them, and drive away their priests from the altar. Are these the fathers of the Church? he asks. Is this their paternal care and love? They were made bishops to procure the welfare of the flock, and in order that they should look to the continuance of peace and concord among all Christian people. Such was the original reason for which their office was instituted. He quotes St. Jerome and others, to show that the offices of presbyter and of bishop were at first the same, and it was by a council of priests that the primitive church was ruled; but in a later age, to avoid dissensions, the care of the church was committed to the bishop. It is by custom, he says, rather than by divine appointment, that the bishop is superior; and Chrysostom bears him out in claiming, as a presbyter, an equal right to speak his opinion on church matters. The bishops, according to St. Cyprian, ought to hear the voice of warning and instruction, in their turn, like every body else; and therefore he, Passaglia, will make bold to tell them that they are doing wrong. They are offenders against the spirit of Catholic unity, which is the very end and aim for which bishops, Pope, and Church exist. They are rashly tearing to pieces the mystical body of Christ. They are sinfully preferring worldly grandeurs to the eternal profit of souls.

Rising, then, to a higher sphere, the author of this remonstrance is led, from considering the Papacy as the appointed symbol of Catholic unity, to appeal to the essential object of that institution against the conduct of the Pope on this occasion. He starts with some abstruse deductions from the "three species of unity," which he finds to be respectively the central idea in the sciences of theology, christology, and ecclesiology,



those three sciences, involving the triune unity of the Godhead, the unity of two natures in Christ, and the unity of many particular churches in one Catholic Church. Now he affirms, as a Romanist, that in order to secure the realisation of this last species of unity, Christ has established a perpetual primacy in the alleged episcopal See of the Apostle Peter. We need not pause here to discuss the worth of those authorities which Passaglia cites to support this allegation, very superfluously, as one might think, in a letter addressed to the Roman Catholic bishops. They cannot require so many pages of extract from patristic homilies to prove that the Bishop of Rome, above all others, is bound to prevent divisions in the Church. But what is it the Pope has actually done? He has "deemed it to be his duty to deny peace and communion to the Italians." In his anger for the loss of worldly possessions, and his animosity against the Italian kingdom and against the national cause, he has smitten a whole people with undeserved anathemas. Now this case seems to come within the definition of those cases alluded to by St. Augustine, where the peace and unity of the Church may be injured by a rash use of spiritual censures. Excommunication is a dreadful thing, because outside of the Church there stands the Devil, to whom, for his prey, the limb thus amputated from Christ's body is cast out, to be by Satan devoured. The Pope should therefore think twice about it, before he excommunicates any body. For if any of the faithful should happen to be unjustly smitten, the anathema will do more hurt to him by whom it is perversely uttered, than to him upon whom it has fallen undeservedly. It does happen sometimes that, on account of seditions and tumults excited by carnal men, good Christians are wrongfully expelled from the Church. Let the tares and wheat grow up together, for the wheat's sake, that its roots may not be disturbed. If any one deserve censure, let it be applied in such a manner as not to risk provoking a schism. "Where his fault is so notorious to all and execrated by all, that he finds either no defenders or not so many as might give rise to a schism, let the severity of discipline not be spared. Censure may then be inflicted without disturbing peace and unity. . . . But where many are infected with the same disease, we can do nothing but mourn over them." Such is the precept, omitting the arguments of St. Augustine. Whereupon Passaglia exclaims,—

"But has this rule of the Church been observed by the bishops of Italy? Has it been taken any account of by the Roman Pontiff in the course of the recent political transactions? Had not the persons against whom his anathemas were thundered a multitude of company with them? Were they but few and scanty, and was the majority dis-

sentient, or is it now dissentient from them? Were they destitute, or are they now destitute of partisans sufficient to promote a schism? Let the Italian bishops reflect well on these matters, and observe whether the multitude of these populations are in favour of the superior authority which has inflicted a reproof, or in favour of the culpable party who resists it. Let them see to it, lest when the minds of the Italians are thus disposed, the excommunication tend, not to correct them, but to exasperate, not to heal with painful surgery, but rather to inflict a mortal wound."

It will not be out of place here, leaving for a moment Passaglia's address on the question between the Church and Italy, to refer to his treatise on "Excommunication," since published. In this he maintains, with a long array of learned quotations, that "censures and excommunications are invalid, and legally null, even without absolution, wherever they are detrimental to the Church, either from having been levelled against the multitude, or from their having struck at some person influential enough to draw over the multitude to his purposes in such a manner as to cause a schism." We must confess that this appears to us very low-church doctrine, and altogether inconsistent with the traditional power to bind and loose, assumed by the successors of St. Peter. We may say more, that it appears to be unworthy of an institution which claims the moral and spiritual direction of mankind, and which is good for nothing if not freely and candidly to rebuke men for sin. This, however, is called by Romanists "the moderation of a necessary connivance." It was three or four years ago that Father Passaglia withdrew from among the Jesuits; and some traces of that sophistry which is exposed in the "Provincial Letters" may yet be detected in him. For all that, he is right in the main, and perhaps would say openly, if he dared, that the Pope's excommunication of the Italians is void, not because they number some twenty millions, whose souls would be lost if severed from the Pope's communion, but because they are equal inheritors with the Pope himself of all the benefits of the Christian dispensation, and may not be excluded by his rusty keys. Passaglia does indeed recollect how no less a Pope than Innocent III. has acknowledged that people may be excommunicated by the Church without being thereby excommunicated in the sight of God. On this, therefore, as well as on some other grounds, he repudiates the insinuations of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the soul of Count Cavour is gone to perdition, because he died under the ecclesiastical ban of Pius IX. One of these grounds is so curious, that, in spite of our sadness, we cannot but smile at the pettifogging habit of Romish theologians, who will plead the accidental non-service of a writ in arrest of a judgment of

eternal doom. Passaglia coolly suggests that because the Papal bull had not been published in Piedmont, as, indeed, by the laws of the land it could not be, therefore, according to the opinion of most legists and canonists, it did not take effect, so that Cavour was not in an excommunicated state! A broader view of the case, however, is embraced by his principal argument; namely, that the sentence of excommunication is only valid in cases where the offence so punished relates to purely spiritual affairs, properly belonging to the Church, such as heresy or the violation of Catholic doctrine; and that the sentence is *ipso facto* void when meant to guard mere worldly possessions, which cannot properly belong to the Church. The Pope's spiritual jurisdiction cannot extend to punish those who invade his own temporalities. Much less, it is contended in *Pro Causâ Italicâ*, can the Pope or the bishops decide on territorial disputes between the princes of Italy, or censure Victor Emanuel for seizing the dominions of Tuscany and Naples. How can the successor of an Apostle be a judge and divider of the estates of other men?

With these comparatively enlightened views as to the scope and limits of Church authority, Passaglia comes forward, he says, with God's help to defend not only the cause of Italy, but the Church in Italy, which is in extreme danger of perishing altogether. For the Church consists of a people congregated around their priest, and attached to him by those ties which bind the pastor to his flock. There is no Church where the people are wanting. Now what has become of the Church's people in Italy? There is no congregation or flock; they stand aloof from the priests their pastors. He says, this is the state of things all over the country; that the churches every where are languishing, evaporating, fading away to mere shadows, and will vanish entirely, unless the bishops, and the Pope especially, will desist from persecuting and making war against Italy. Pius IX. has declared that he cannot approve of what has been done; and he has sworn that he will never consent to alienate the patrimony of the Roman See. But his declarations on such a matter have no dogmatic character, and are therefore not immutable. The promissory obligation of his oaths is removed when, by ceding the temporal domain, he may not only save the Church from ruin, but may acquire for the Holy See advantages far greater than those he would give up. Those advantages are comprised in the new maxim of Italian policy, "a free Church in a free State." The proposals of Baron Ricasoli were probably well known to Passaglia when he wrote this appeal, three or four months ago. But he does not ask nearly so much for the Church as Ricasoli would have given. He briefly examines

the question whether the political liberty enjoyed by a sovereign person be requisite, or at least useful, to enable the Pope to exercise his spiritual authority, in order that he may bind or loose, and strengthen his brethren in the faith, and feed the flock of Christ. His conclusion is, that there will be no risk to the due liberty of the Pope in things divine and in his apostolic ministrations, even if the Pope should become a subject of some human government. Nor will the true majesty of Christ's Vicar be diminished by his ceasing to display the pomp of an earthly kingdom.

"And if there were former times in which the condition of human society was such as seemed to require that a civil principedom should be joined to the supreme Pontificate, the aspect both of public and private affairs is now so much altered, that nothing should appear to the Pope himself so desirable as a separation of the sceptre from the keys, and of the sacerdotal tiara from the regal diadem. Their separation is called for unanimously by those who are still subjected to the Papal reign, though unwilling and reluctant, by force of foreign arms; and it is called for unanimously by the populations of all Italy, which can no longer brook that the new kingdom should be deprived of Rome, its capital. It is called for unanimously by the most cultivated nations of Europe, who are convinced by the plainest reasons that nothing but loss and ruin can accrue to religion and to the Papacy from its retaining the temporal dominion. It is demanded by the approach of those dangers, both to the Church and to civil society, which cannot be averted unless the supreme Pontiff will incline his mind to counsels of peace and concord. It is demanded by his office, as the chief pastor, which should be wholly exercised for the benefit of the flock. It is demanded by every right, both human and divine."

Before ending this review, some notice must be taken of the third publication on our list,—another tract, under the pseudonym of "Ernesto Filalete," proceeding also from the rapid pen of Father Passaglia. It is a statement of the reasons why the Pope ought still to reside in Rome, though Rome should become the metropolis of the new kingdom of Italy. One reason seems to us very obvious at first sight. Is he not Bishop of Rome? But that is not enough for a Roman Catholic, who would prove the obligation of the supreme Pontiff to abide in the Vatican. "Since the year 42 of the Christian era," he says, "Rome has been historically the seat of Peter, and dogmatically the living and speaking centre of Christendom." We will allow him to say this, according to his belief, and then we shall see what follows. As Bishop of Rome, the Pope has his episcopal seat at St. John Lateran on the Cœlian hill, where Constantine, immediately after his conversion, pro-

vided for the ministers of the Christian religion a temple and residence in or near his imperial palace. There is no residence at the Lateran now, but only a museum of antiquities and a cathedral church, privileged above all others in Rome. The diocese is actually ruled by a cardinal-vicar. But the Pope, as Pope or universal bishop, has his apostolic or œcumenical seat on the Vatican hill, close to what is supposed to be the site of St. Peter's tomb, and which is precisely beneath the apex of the mighty cathedral's dome. Now, can he lawfully go away and live somewhere else in the regular discharge of his pontifical functions? In the days of Alexander VII., it appears, the Pope had a mind to remove, not from Rome to another city, but from the Vatican palace to the Quirinal palace, where Pius IX. lived before he fled to Gaeta, and where he now entertains Francis, the ex-king of the Two Sicilies. The courtiers of Alexander VII. said that he might go there if he pleased, but grave theologians told him that he must stay by St. Peter's sepulchre. Two learned men were commissioned to examine this question. One of them decided that the Pope was only bound to remain within the diocese of Rome; but the other, whose opinion is approved by Father Passaglia, held that the Vatican was the only proper place for the Pope. St. Peter lives there and presides there still, it is alleged; wherefore thither the tribes go up, says Baronius, and thus that suburban hill (which was alluded to by Tacitus as a shabby sort of place in his time) has become grander than the Capitol, for it is the holy mount of prophecy, where is the house of the Lord, to which the faithful of all nations turn. The Catholic bishops throughout all Christendom are accustomed to journey to Rome, that they may take their prescribed oaths at St. Peter's tomb. Though Passaglia does not think that the mystical virtue of the Pontificate is inseparably joined to that locality, he makes the very plausible observation that, humanly speaking, the Popes are more likely to be inspired with the personal virtues most appropriate to their office if they dwell amidst the monuments and associations of its venerable history. At any rate, he denies that Pius IX. or any other Pontiff may voluntarily quit the city of Rome. Pius VI. declared to the French ravishers, in 1798, and so likewise did Pius VII. in 1809, that it was only by armed force they were compelled to leave their flock. They did not go of themselves, from motives of fear or displeasure; they were carried off. Now Pius IX. will not be able to plead this excuse for his departure, if he listens to bad advisers. And what would be the consequence? A general war for the purpose of bringing him back in triumph is a prospect horrible to every Christian mind; and, in the mean time, how the Church in Rome

would be distracted in her long widowhood, and what hostile conclaves, what anti-popes, and what fatal schisms would arise ! The calamitous experience of a past age, during the stay of the Popes at Avignon, might be renewed. The Pope, too, living in a distant land, would be regarded by the Italians as a slave of foreigners, a tool of alien factions, and perhaps an accomplice in the invasion of Italy ; whilst the Italian government, sharing these apprehensions, would forbid the clergy to communicate with him. " What a frightful encouragement to the Protestant propaganda this would be ! " On the other hand, says our writer, if the Pope will stay in Rome, he will overcome many prejudices, avert many disasters, " and prevent the Capitol, it may be, from becoming heathen once more."

The author of these striking protests against the Roman court and prelacy came boldly to Rome, as soon as they were published, and avowed his readiness to give any further written or oral explanations that might be demanded of him. But the Papal government, having no intellectual combatant at its disposal who could be matched with Professor Passaglia in dexterous wielding of the weapon of patristic lore, sent a lieutenant of carabinieri with an adequate force to lead him captive out of the controversial field. Passaglia was residing in the Palazzo Spada as the guest of an English lady, whose zeal and munificence in promoting the Romish faith might have exempted her from the insult of this police visitation to her household. It was in vain that she remonstrated. In Passaglia's absence his chamber was ransacked, and his private papers carried away to be inspected in the Holy Office. Passaglia himself escaped by instantly leaving the city ; for being, as a native of Lucca, in the eyes of the Papal government no Italian citizen, but a subject of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, it is probable that no diplomatic remonstrance would have protected him from arrest. Several of the Roman clergymen, who are politically as well as religiously subject to the Pope, have, indeed, been confined for months in the prison of the Inquisition by way of a penitential seclusion, to make them recant their expression of liberal sentiments. We need mention of these only the Canon Pedemonte, who was imprisoned by order of the Inquisition from August till November last. The Abbé Simonetti, one of the professors in the College of the Propaganda, was taken into custody by two of the police, and led on foot through the streets to a common gaol, upon some vague charge of conspiring against the Papal dominion. Since his escape from Rome, Passaglia has accepted a chair in the University of Turin, and the editorship of the *Mediatore*, a new journal to which Canon Reali and the Abbé Perfetti are contributors. It will combat the *Armonia* and



*Civiltà Cattolica* on their own ground, and open the eyes of the clergy, who feel themselves oppressed by an oligarchy of courtly prelates, dishonouring the offices, and making selfish profit of the authority of their Church.

Such we believe to be the actual relations in which the Papal court now stands with regard to the ecclesiastical body throughout Italy, as it begins to be affected with strong aspirations towards a greater degree of local and personal independence, a purer administration of sacred things, if not a more spiritual religion, and a freer sympathy with the popular mind and with the civilising ideas of this age. This is not quite a Protestant movement, but one for reform within the Catholic Church. It promises great help in completing the political emancipation of Italy. It may also help to preserve or restore the influence of Christianity among the Italian people, after all that has been done at Rome to the discredit of their ancient faith.

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ART. IV.—THE QUESTION OF LAW BETWEEN THE  
BISHOP OF SARUM AND MR. WILLIAMS.

*Replies to Essays and Reviews, &c.*; with a Preface by the Lord  
Bishop of Oxford. London, J. H. Parker.

It is not our intention to enter upon the doctrines involved in *Essays and Reviews*; our object is simply to discuss certain points of law which appear to us to bear on the case of Mr. Williams, against whom proceedings are commenced. We are of opinion that the case cannot be sustained before the Judicial Committee, should it ever pass beyond the Court of Arches. To this tribunal, as a court of appeal, various objections have been raised; yet, after all, any individual charged with holding unsound doctrines is pretty sure of meeting with strict justice. Few ecclesiastical cases have yet been decided in this court. Partisans in any case are not likely to be satisfied with any decision not in their own favour; but unprejudiced persons must admit that strict justice has been administered. The Pimlico case may be cited as an illustration. The decision was wise and moderate, and neither party could triumph over the other.

However probable it may be that the Bishop of Sarum is influenced by the purest motives in instituting these proceedings against Mr. Williams, we yet think that his lordship has been ill advised in the matter, for we feel certain that the case cannot be sustained. Mr. Williams has subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles. By virtue of that subscription he ministers in the Church of England; nor is there any reason for



supposing that he is acting dishonestly. The presumption is, that the views propounded in his "Essay" are not at variance with the Articles, and that his opponents have imputed to him principles which he disavows. It is a rule in law that the accused party should have the benefit of any doubt. If, then, his words are capable of any other meaning than that which is put upon them by his opponents, he certainly cannot be censured.

Before, however, the Judicial Committee can enter upon the consideration of the charge alleged against Mr. Williams, there will be a preliminary question, namely, whether the proceedings are not illegal in being instituted under the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. He is charged under that Act with contravening the Thirty-nine Articles. Yet thirty-nine articles were not established by the Act in question. In our judgment, therefore, the whole proceedings must be quashed on this ground. As this question is really of the utmost importance in the present case, we purpose to enter into some historical particulars.

The question was raised at Bath before Dr. Lushington in the Denison case. The Archdeacon was charged with contravening the twenty-ninth article; and his counsel contended in the outset that it was not contained in the book to which the 13th of Queen Elizabeth referred, and that consequently the proceedings were illegal. Dr. Lushington, however, overruled the objection, and decided that the Act of Elizabeth referred to the Articles of 1571, in which the twenty-ninth article is found. In this opinion, for reasons which may now be stated, the Judicial Committee, in our judgment, could never have concurred.

We assert that the twenty-ninth article was not in the book which was required to be subscribed by the 13th of Elizabeth. The book intended was the book of 1563, the book in use previous to the year 1571, in which the twenty-ninth article is not found. It had been passed by the Convocation, but was omitted in the printed Articles. It is a fact that the Articles of 1571 were not published until after the close of the session of Parliament by which the subscription was enjoined, consequently the printed book attached to the bill before Parliament was the existing book, or that of 1563. The Canons of 1571 were printed with the new edition of the Articles in one volume, as is evident from the existing copies, the signatures in the former being continued from the latter. Whenever, therefore, the Canons occur in a separate state, they are only an imperfect book, for they constitute with the Articles but one volume. It is not often that bibliographical evidence can be brought to bear upon such a question. In the present instance, however, the evidence is conclusive. From Parker's letter to Burleigh of June 4th, 1571, we know that the Canons, and consequently the Articles, were

not then printed in Latin. "If it will please her Majesty to grant our Book of Discipline, I will labour to put it in print for further instruction."\* On the 4th of June, therefore, the queen's consent to the printing of the Canons had not been obtained, consequently the Articles in Latin were not at that time printed. It is evident that the queen's consent had not been granted for printing the Articles in any form. Had they been published in English, they would have been put forth in Latin at the same time. It was not usual to grant a separate permission for works in Latin. On the 4th of June 1571, therefore, no English book of that year existed; consequently the book appended to the Act of Parliament must have been the Articles of 1563, in which the twenty-ninth did not exist. Were there no other evidence, this fact alone is decisive of the question.

Until the Bath judgment, indeed, no one imagined that the printed book appended to the Act of Parliament was the book of 1571, containing thirty-nine articles, but that of 1563, containing only thirty-eight. The Act of Elizabeth was directed against the Puritans, who stumbled at subscription. As the twenty-ninth article involved no point to which they objected, it was inserted in the new impression of 1571 without notice on their part, having been duly sanctioned in Convocation. Had the article contained any doctrine obnoxious to the Puritans, they would have raised a complaint against the bishops for inserting an article not authorised by Parliament. The Puritans, in their writings, constantly allude to the twentieth article, complaining that the disputed clause was not to be found in the book sanctioned by Parliament. They asserted that the articles imposed by the bishops were not confirmed by the Act of Elizabeth. The charge was correct; and had the bishops proceeded against them, subsequent to the year 1571, only under the 13th of Elizabeth, it is questionable whether the courts of law, subservient as they were in those days, would have sanctioned their proceedings. But the bishops acted under the authority of the Convocation, by whom the twenty-ninth article was duly authorised in the confirmation of the book of 1571. The Puritans argued that they could not be called upon to subscribe to the Articles of 1571, because they were not confirmed by the Act of Elizabeth; and they argued further, that the act ought to overrule the decision of Convocation. Their testimony is itself conclusive as to the fact.

\* Parker's Correspondence, 382, Bennet's Essay. Though the fact that the Articles in Latin of 1571 constitute only one book with the Canons of the same year has not been noticed, yet the circumstance was known in the time of Charles II. The Canons of 1571 are mentioned as set forth by the Church "with the Articles of Religion."

It was known to them and to the bishops that the Act referred to the Articles of 1563.

There was no dispute on this point between the bishops and the Puritans. The bishops, however, felt themselves at liberty to enforce subscription to the Articles of 1571 on the authority of the Convocation. In arguing against the assertion that the disputed clause in the twentieth article was sanctioned by Convocation, Neal asks, "What has this to do with the Act of Parliament, which refers to a book printed nine years before?"\* Collins, in his two works on the Articles, enters largely into the particulars, to show that the book appended to the Act was that of 1563.† Mr. Bruce, the editor of the Parker Society's volume, alluding to the reference to Augustine, says, "The allusion is to the twenty-ninth article, which was now printed for the first time."‡

Against such evidence, however, Dr. Lushington decided at Bath that the printed book appended to the Act of Elizabeth was that of the year 1571. Two reasons are assigned for this conclusion, namely, that Lord Coke and the Act of Uniformity speak of thirty-nine Articles under the Act of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Coke merely adopted the common designation of The Articles. Subsequent to the year 1571 they were usually

\* Neal's Puritans.

† Priestcraft in Perfection; Historical Essay on the Thirty-nine Articles.

‡ Parker's Correspondence, 382. Dr. Lambe, who examined this subject most carefully, had no hesitation in deciding that the Articles appended to the Act were those of 1563. Thus, in his reprint, the title is "a facsimile of the imprinted book referred to by the Act of the thirteenth of Elizabeth." D'Ewes mentions the book as "the little book," an expression only applicable to the edition of Jugge and Cawood of 1563, which is of very diminutive size. Such an expression would not have been applied to the 4to volume of 1571. After the most careful consideration, Cardwell says, "We cannot reasonably doubt that the Articles enacted in Parliament were the English translation imprinted by Jugge and Cawood" (Synodalia, i. 60). Bennet, in his "Essay on the Thirty-nine Articles," advances a curious theory on the subject. Because the Articles of 1571 were always subscribed, he wished to prove that they were intended by the Act of Elizabeth. He admits that the bill before Parliament, with the little book, was the same as in 1566, and that, had it passed at that time, "the clergy had been obliged to subscribe the old translation." It is singular that he should call the Articles of 1571 a new translation. They were merely a revision of those of 1562. However, his theory is, that the revision was prepared in Convocation during the progress of the bill in Parliament, and that as this fact must have been known, the Articles of 1571 were intended by the Act. "It will therefore bear," says he, "an inquiry whether the statute of this year requires a subscription to the old or to the new translation." His arguments are these, that the title given in the Act may refer to either; that the Articles of 1571 were printed by the 4th of June; and that the Queen's ratification binds the clergy to the revision. But his theory is quite overturned by the ascertained fact, that on the 4th of June the Queen's consent for printing the Articles had not even been obtained. The supposition that the Parliament intended a book which had not been seen, while they spoke of a book imprinted, is an absurdity. Besides, the expression in the debates, the little book, could only apply to the small edition by Jugge and Cawood of the year 1563.

known under the designation *The Thirty-nine Articles*. Such an argument is of no value against direct testimony. The Act of Uniformity enacts, that certain persons shall "subscribe unto the nine and thirty Articles of Religion mentioned in the statute made in the 13th year of the late Queen Elizabeth." In the Act of Elizabeth no number is specified. They are called "the Articles of Religion comprised in a book imprinted." We have proved that the imprinted book was the book of 1563; for on the 4th of June 1571 the Articles were not printed, and the Parliament was dissolved on the 29th of May. The framers of the Act of Uniformity, therefore, adopted the common designation of the Articles. But surely the ignorance of the framers of the Act with respect to a simple matter of fact does not establish the fact that the Articles were thirty-nine in number by the Act of Elizabeth, when at the dissolution of the Parliament the authority for printing the book containing the Thirty-nine was not even granted. Had the Act of Elizabeth established the Articles without mentioning the printed book, the case would have been different. At the time there was no printed book containing thirty-nine Articles. Under these circumstances, no court of law could possibly rule that the printed book specified in the Act of Elizabeth was the book of 1571. The question relative to the particular book was not agitated in Coke's days, nor at the period of the Act of Uniformity. Both the judge and the framers of the Act were ignorant of the fact that the Articles of 1563 were only thirty-eight in number. Dr. Lushington admits that the production of the actual copy appended to the Act of Elizabeth would settle the question, notwithstanding the authority of Lord Coke and the Act of Uniformity. But surely the evidence which we have accumulated is conclusive. We have proved that the book of 1571 was not printed at the time of the dissolution of the Parliament. Acts of Parliament have sometimes been grounded on a mistake. Was it not so with the Acts relative to witchcraft? It was the common belief that witchcraft was something real, not merely that certain persons pretended to exercise the powers usually comprehended under the term; and we know that various ugly old women were consigned to the gallows under the authority of Acts of Parliament. Still the thing never existed, though it was asserted in Acts of Parliament. Dr. Lushington may as well assert that witchcraft was a reality, because it was believed by Lord Coke, and asserted in sundry Acts of Parliament, as allege that thirty-nine Articles were comprehended in the book sanctioned in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth, because

thirty-nine are specified in the Act of Uniformity. The Bath judgment, therefore, was founded on a great mistake in a matter of fact. Against the evidence which we have now collected it could not have stood for a moment before the Judicial Committee.

It is evident that much misapprehension exists on this subject both among lawyers and divines. Recently, in a letter published in the *Times*, Dr. Jelf has put forth a theory exactly opposite to that of Dr. Lushington, and equally erroneous. Dr. Jelf is correct in saying that the book to which the Act of Elizabeth refers, was the book of 1563, and not that of 1571, as was so strangely asserted by Dr. Lushington. But here Dr. Jelf's accuracy ends. All his other statements are erroneous. Thus he asserts that the Articles of 1563 are of higher authority than those of 1571, and in support of this singular notion he refers to the third article in the thirty-sixth canon. In the canon they are called Articles of 1562, as they are also in the title of the book of 1571, because in that year they were arranged in Convocation. In the thirty-sixth canon, however, thirty-nine Articles are specified, whereas only thirty-eight are found in the book of 1563, as Dr. Jelf may ascertain from an examination. Moreover, it enjoins subscription to the ratification, which did not exist in the book of 1563, and relates solely to the subscription by Convocation in the year 1571. The Act of Elizabeth, therefore, and the canon refer to different books. Dr. Jelf also asserts that the Act of Uniformity refers to the book of 1563, and that the Articles of 1571 have never received any parliamentary authority. Thus Dr. Lushington says, that the Act of Elizabeth and the Act of Uniformity refer to the Articles of 1571; Dr. Jelf, on the contrary, asserts that they refer to those of 1563.

Dr. Jelf maintains that the Articles of 1563 are the only authorised articles either by Act of Parliament or by canon. On his principle, therefore, we have no twenty-ninth article. The truth is that the Articles, as they stood in 1563, were set aside by Convocation in 1571. Since that year the Articles of 1571 have been subscribed by the clergy. In 1603 the revised book, containing the twenty-ninth article, received the sanction of Convocation, and of Parliament in 1661, in the Act of Uniformity. His assertion relative to the thirty-sixth canon is too remarkable to be passed over without further notice. "To this may be added the well-known fact, that the edition of 1562 is the one specified in the thirty-sixth canon (article 3), headed "Subscription of such as are to be made ministers." It is singular that Dr. Jelf, who has

been occupied for years in lecturing on the Articles, should have fallen into such an error. There was no edition of the Articles in 1562. They were passed in Convocation in that year; they were printed in 1563. But what are the facts connected with the Canons of 1603? In 1603, a copy of the Articles of the date 1593, a reprint of 1571, was, by order of James I., submitted to the Convocation. The book was bound in vellum, with several sheets of paper. It was duly sanctioned by Convocation, and then subscribed by both Houses. The subscription of 1603 was considered by Bennet as "the most regular that was ever made to the Articles." They were subscribed in a most solemn manner. On the last page of the book are the following words in writing:

"To all and singular the precedent Articles of Religion comprised in this Booke, being in number thirty-nine, wee the Bishops and whole Cleargy of the Province of Canterbury assembled in the Convocation holden at London uppon a publique Readinge and deliberate Consideracion of the sayd Articles the 18th day of May in the yeare of our Lord God 1604, have willingly and with one accorde consented and subscribed."

Then follow the signatures of Bancroft, the president, and eighteen other bishops, and also the signatures of the deans, archdeacons, and proctors. The Articles, therefore, were publicly read, considered, and then solemnly subscribed; and they were the Articles of 1571, not those of 1563. In 1604, the see of Canterbury was vacant. To this dignity Bancroft was advanced, and the book so subscribed was committed to his custody. When the papers of Archbishop Laud were seized during his imprisonment, this book disappeared. On the death of Prynne, Archbishop Sheldon procured an order to search for such books and papers as had been taken from the archiepiscopal library; the Book of Articles was not discovered. When Bennet was about to publish his *Essay on the Articles*, in 1715, he ascertained that the book was in the possession of a Mr. Foulkes, rector of Llanbeder, North Wales. It was forwarded to Bennet for his use, and afterwards returned to the owner.\* Bennet suggested that it should be deposited in a public library. In the year 1738 it was restored to its proper place among the Mss. at Lambeth, where it still remains: the following attestation by Archbishop Potter's chaplain is appended: "This

\* Bennet mentions, in his *Essay on the Thirty-nine Articles*, that he borrowed the book of Mr. Foulkes, "to whom," says he, "I here return my humble thanks for the use of it." The letter of thanks, and also a second letter, about the placing the book in a public library, are now with the volume at Lambeth. Bennet says, "'Tis reported, that it was once pawned for a pot of ale, and redeemed from thence by a person of curiosity; after whose death it came, with other books and papers, into the library of the Reverend Mr. Foulkes" (Bennet's *Essay*, p. 365).



book was delivered to the Most Reverend Father in God, John Potter, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and was by his Grace's command deposited in the library among the Mss., together with two letters from the Rev. Dr. T. Bennet to Mr. Foulkes, rector of Llanbeder, near Ruthin, North Wales. Witness my hand, Edm. Bateman, his Grace's chaplain, 3d May 1738." How the book came into the hands of Potter we are not informed; it was probably presented by Foulkes after Bennet's suggestion. It may be inspected any day by Dr. Jelf, if he will take the trouble to cross the water from King's College. How he could come, with this evidence within his reach, to such a strange conclusion relative to the articles intended by the thirty-sixth canon, it is difficult to imagine.

We have now stated the evidence on this subject fully and fairly. Our opinion is, that no proceedings can be sustained against Mr. Williams under the 13th of Queen Elizabeth, because it refers to a book which is never subscribed by the clergy. The book of 1571, not that of 1563, is the book now in use, in accordance with the Canons and the Act of Uniformity. As the Act of Uniformity imposes another book for subscription, the Act of Elizabeth is inoperative in this particular question. Had Dr. Lushington been fully aware of the evidence now submitted to the public, he certainly could not have pronounced any judgment against Archdeacon Denison; he could not have determined that the book contemplated by the Act of Elizabeth was that of 1571. If the book of 1563 were appended to the Act, of which there can now be no reasonable doubt, it follows as a necessary consequence that in the matter of subscription it is set aside by the Act of Uniformity, which imposes a different book. It is a matter of surprise to us that the question was not raised in Mr. Heath's case; it will certainly be raised in the case of Mr. Williams, if the proceedings are instituted under the Act of Elizabeth. A clergyman cannot be legally arraigned before a court of justice for contravening a book to which he has never subscribed: no clergyman subscribes the Articles enjoined under the 13th of Queen Elizabeth; the clergy subscribe a different book. Mr. Williams cannot, according to our judgment, be called upon under that Act even to enter upon his defence. The question must be carefully managed by his counsel; and we cannot conceive that a court, composed of eminent lawyers, can come to any other conclusion than this, that the Act is not applicable to the case.

Whether the Judicial Committee, after disposing of the preliminary question, will proceed against Mr. Williams under the Canons and the Act of Uniformity, it is not for us to say. However, we give, from the recent judgment of Dr. Lushington, in



the case of Mr. Heath, a few passages as illustrative of the principles by which the Court of Arches and the Judicial Committee are governed in such matters. Dr. Lushington admits the difficulty in such cases. "Though the general principles which ought to guide the court may, to a certain extent, be extracted from the few preceding cases, yet there are not, and there cannot be, any institutional writers to whose authority, as in ordinary legal questions, the court could with confidence appeal; nor are there any decided cases as to the actual construction to be put upon the Articles." He proceeds, "the principles generally applicable to all this class of cases have to a very considerable extent been enunciated by the court of the highest authority—I refer to the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case. If an article admitted of several meanings without any violation of the ordinary rules of construction, or the plain grammatical sense, then the court ought to hold that any such opinion might be lawfully avowed and maintained." He adds also, "if the doctrine in question had been held without offence by eminent divines of the Church, then, though perhaps difficult to be reconciled with the plain meaning of the Articles of Religion, still a judge in his position ought not to impute blame to those who held it. That which had been allowed or tolerated in the Church ought not to be questioned by that court." In Mr. Heath's case, Dr. Lushington remarked, in allusion to the arguments of counsel, "That which the court wanted from the beginning has never been supplied, namely, some kind of exposition of the doctrines preached by Mr. Heath, which could by any possibility, however remote, be reconciled with the plain grammatical meaning of the articles charged to be contravened. I would with pleasure have accepted, in excuse of Mr. Heath, any explanation of his doctrines which by any reasonable effort of the understanding could be reconciled with the doctrines of the Church." He then says, that not one of the authorities adduced by counsel "does that which was required, namely, show that some divine of eminence has held without reproach from ecclesiastical authority doctrines in substance the same as those promulgated by Mr. Heath. In the Gorham case, the Judicial Committee had the advantage of being able to quote, in support of their judgment, and in justification of Mr. Gorham, passages from the writings of divines of the highest authority." He also says, "for caution's sake he would say that he fully recognised the position of the Judicial Committee, that there were many matters of doctrine *dehors* both the Articles of Religion and the Book of Common Prayer, and as to which entire freedom of opinion was allowed."

It will be seen that considerable latitude is allowed by the

Judicial Committee in deciding on such cases; we doubt, however, whether Mr. Gorham's notion of *prevenient grace* was ever held by a single divine; unquestionably Mr. Gorham's words appeared to many to contradict the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Lushington assures us that, if an article admits of different meanings, any one of them may be lawfully maintained. It appears to us, however, that the rule was not observed in the case of Archdeacon Denison; for it was clearly proved that the twenty-ninth article admitted of various interpretations, and that the particular view of the archdeacon had been held by divines of eminence at all periods from the Reformation downwards. Had the case gone before the Judicial Committee on the general charge of contravening the Articles, it must, on the principle put forth in the Gorham case, have been dismissed. Scarcely any two clergymen agree in their views of the twenty-ninth article: there was a marvellous disagreement on the meaning among the archdeacon's opponents; all concurred in the charge of a contravention of the doctrine, though they could not settle the doctrine itself. The archdeacon maintained that the views expressed in his sermons were in accordance with the article; Mr. Ditcher asserted the contrary, though he and his friends never favoured the public with their own interpretation unanimously agreed upon among themselves. But while they could agree upon no interpretation of their own, they readily concurred in affixing a meaning to the archdeacon's words which he never intended.

Whatever, however, may have been his meaning, it did not reach so far as the Lutheran notion of consubstantiation. Yet consubstantiation is neither rejected nor affirmed by the Anglican Church. Transubstantiation, or the corporal presence, is utterly rejected by the Articles; but they are silent respecting the Lutheran doctrine, and at various periods the view has been held without reproach by divines of the Church of England. By many uninformed persons the Lutheran view is regarded as popish: With some men, every thing which they dislike or do not understand is popery. The same people also talk of the idolatrous Greek Church, though they are utterly ignorant of the subject on which they speak with so much flippancy. Lutherans have occupied the throne, and members of the Greek Church have communicated with the Church of England.\* By the Act of Settlement the sovereign must be a Protestant; and by the coronation oath he must be a member of the Church of England. William III., however, was a Calvinist of the Dutch

\*. Members of the English Church are also admitted to communion in the Greek Church. That church does not interpose any bar to communion, as is the case with the Church of Rome.

school. He had been educated a Presbyterian, and though he was familiar with the English language, yet he rarely attended his wife's chapel at the Hague. In the reign of Queen Anne, the question whether consubstantiation was rejected by the Church of England necessarily came under discussion, since the next heir to the throne was a Lutheran. Of this fact the framers of the Act of Settlement were well aware. George I. and George II. were both Lutherans. Various works were published with the view of showing that the doctrine of consubstantiation was not contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles, and consequently presented no bar to the succession to the throne. A writer, addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury, says of George I., "All the world knows his Majesty King George to be a Lutheran, which is so much corresponding with the doctrine of the Church of England, that it is certain of being in a flourishing condition so long as he and his royal posterity shall reign over us."\* George I. had his German chapel and his German chaplain, yet he was the temporal head of the Anglican Church; nor did the bishops imagine that the doctrine of consubstantiation contravened the Thirty-nine Articles. George II. was in the same circumstances. Both exercised the ecclesiastical supremacy; nor did any persons, except the opponents of the Hanover succession, consider that the sovereigns were disqualified in consequence of the doctrine of consubstantiation, or that it was contrary to the Articles of Religion.

In the time of Bishop Bedell, certain Lutherans from Germany fixed themselves in Dublin. Being ignorant of the doctrines of the Church of England, they refused to conform to the established worship. They were, however, sent by the Archbishop of Dublin to Bedell for information, who so completely removed their scruples that they immediately conformed. They had entertained the idea that the Church of England was identical with the Continental Calvinists. Burnet, who relates the circumstances, remarks, "Such is the moderation of our church in that matter, that no positive definition of the manner of the presence being made, men of different sentiments may agree in the same acts of worship without being obliged to declare their opinions."† He goes still further in another place: "We think that neither consubstantiation nor transubstantiation, how ill-grounded soever we take both to be, ought to dissolve the union and communion of churches; but it is quite another thing if under either of these opinions an adoration of the elements is taught and practised."‡ Archdeacon Denison was as much opposed as any of his opponents to transubstan-

\* The History of the Lutheran Church; or, the Religion of King George agreeable to the Tenets of the Church of England. 8vo, 1714.

† Burnet's Life of Bedell.

‡ Burnet on the Articles.

tiation, or any adoration of the elements. While the Church rejects a corporal, she receives a spiritual presence, which, however, she does not define, so that her members are left to their own judgment. On all occasions the Church has acted with extreme caution on this subject. We have an instance in the Convocation of 1661. In the interpolated rubric, which appeared only in some of the books of 1552, the words "real and essential presence" occurred. In the book of 1559 the whole rubric was omitted, as it had never possessed any authority; and in 1661, when, with various modifications, it was revived, to prevent the appearance of a denial of a real presence, the above words were changed to "any corporal presence." Consequently the Anglican Church denies only a corporal presence; and with respect to what is termed the real presence, the clergy are left to their own judgment; and as the article admits of different meanings, any one of them may be lawfully maintained. Our argument may also be further supported by a reference to the change made in 1562 in the twenty-eighth article. "In the article about the Lord's Supper," says Burnet, "there is a great deal left out; for instead of that large refutation of the corporal presence, in the new Articles it is said that the body of Christ is given and received after a spiritual manner. The secret of it was this,—the queen and her council studied to unite all into the communion of the Church, and it was alleged that such an express definition against a real presence might drive from the Church many who were still of that persuasion; and therefore it was thought to be enough to condemn transubstantiation, and to say that Christ was present after a spiritual manner and received by faith." Thus, as Burnet adds, a liberty was left "for different speculations as to the manner of the presence." In this extract it will be remarked that Burnet used the expression *real presence* in the same sense as *corporal presence*. But the Reformers and subsequent writers, even such men as Jewell and Usher, used the expression in opposition to the *corporal presence*. They received the one, they rejected the other. Men of different views, therefore, may subscribe the twenty-ninth article. It was altered because it seemed to deny a real as well as a corporal presence. As the Reformers did not wish to exclude the Lutherans, they contented themselves with the denial of transubstantiation. Should, however, the Lutheran doctrine be regarded as going beyond, the Zuinglian notion of a bare commemoration comes far below the intention of the Articles; yet many of the clergy adopt the latter opinion, though the Church expressly declares that the sacraments are not mere signs. Should not such men be tender of their brethren who may adopt views of an opposite character?

The views of Archdeacon Denison, as propounded in his ser-

mons, certainly did not come up to consubstantiation. But even supposing that he had advocated that doctrine, it is not denied, though it is not affirmed, in the Articles, and it has been held by many eminent men in the Church of England at various periods of her history. In condemning the archdeacon's views, therefore, Dr. Lushington has condemned George I., George II., the present King of Prussia, and the husband of the Princess Royal. Moreover, the Jerusalem bishopric was created in concert with the late King of Prussia, and the bishop is authorised to ordain Germans on their subscription to the Augsburg Confession, which affirms consubstantiation in its strongest form, instead of the Thirty-nine Articles. When the see was founded, neither archbishops nor bishops, nor lawyers, looked upon the doctrine of consubstantiation as contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles.\*

The Judicial Committee in the Gorham case admitted that many doctrines were not contained in the Articles, and in the Book of Common Prayer, with respect to which men are left to the exercise of their own judgment. They are neither affirmed nor denied. It would seem that the doctrine of consubstantiation may be classed in the number. We may specify two others by way of illustration,—prayer for the faithful departed, and the millennium. The Church of England rejects the doctrine of purgatory. She does not condemn prayer for departed saints. The Articles are silent on the subject. By some persons, indeed, it is confounded with purgatory, though the two are very different, one being a primitive doctrine, the other a comparatively modern invention. In the first book of Edward VI., the practice was enjoined; in the second, certain passages were omitted.

\* Burnet remarks that Lutherans and Calvinists agree in "acts of worship," though they differ widely with regard to the presence of Christ in the Eucharist. The new Prussian system, introduced by William III., for uniting the Lutherans and the Calvinists in his dominions, merely appoints the words of institution to be used at the delivery of the elements, each individual being at liberty to take them in his own sense.

It may now, we imagine, be presumed that Mr. Ditcher has altered his opinion of the character of the archdeacon's doctrine, or he could not have acted with so much cordiality at a recent meeting in his own parish. We learn from the newspapers that the accused and the accuser met in harmony at the opening of a school in the parish of the latter. Mr. Ditcher occupied the chair; the Archdeacons of Taunton and of Wells were the chief speakers. It is worthy of observation, too, that the school was partly raised with money contributed by the public as a thank-offering to Mr. Ditcher for his prosecution of the archdeacon. Whatever were their differences relative to the twenty-ninth article, they were perfectly agreed at this school-meeting. When the case was argued in the courts of law, the archdeacon's advocates asserted that he did not oppose the doctrine of the article. Mr. Ditcher construed his words in a sense which undoubtedly was a contradiction of the article. He confounded a corporal presence, which the archdeacon rejected, with a real presence, which he maintained. Probably Mr. Ditcher now sees that he imputed to his reverend brother sentiments which he never entertained.

The doctrine has been held without offence by many eminent divines in all ages; and notwithstanding the alterations in the Book of Common Prayer of 1552, not a few of the clergy at various periods have concluded that the Liturgy still sanctions the practice. Of this opinion were all the Nonjurors. We know that at death the happiness of the faithful departed is imperfect, because the body is absent; and in the office of burial there is a prayer which, it is alleged, comprehends those who are gone as well as those who remain. John Wesley even admitted the doctrine, and defended his practice from the Book of Common Prayer. In his second letter to Lavington, he says: "Your fourth argument is, that in a collection of prayers I cite the words of an ancient liturgy 'for the faithful departed.' Sir, whenever I use these words in the burial service, I pray to the same effect, 'that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of his holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory;' yea, and whenever I say, 'thy kingdom come,' for I mean both the kingdom of grace and glory. In this kind of general prayer, therefore, for the faithful departed, I conceive myself to be clearly justified both by the earliest antiquity, by the Church of England, and by the Lord's Prayer, although the papists have corrupted this scriptural practice into praying for those who die in their sins." Wesley marks the distinction between the primitive doctrine and the Romish; the latter is rejected by the Anglican Church in the rejection of purgatory; the former is allowed, though not enjoined. The millennial doctrine comes under the same class. It is neither affirmed nor denied, therefore it may be lawfully held. In the Articles of 1552, the maintainers of the notion were denounced as heretics; in 1562 the article was omitted. It may consequently be held without offence, and it is held by many of the clergy. At first the Reformers condemned the doctrine, afterwards they came to a different conclusion. That many of the clergy hold doctrines which are not affirmed in the Articles or taught in the Book of Common Prayer is a well-known fact. In many things it was clearly the intention of the Reformers to leave men to the exercise of their own judgment. They are open questions, on which the Church gives no opinion. If, indeed, all doctrines not specified in the Articles are to be regarded as prohibited by the Church, almost all the clergy are guilty, since there is scarcely an individual who does not entertain some peculiar notions. How many opinions are constantly advanced in sermons on which the Articles are silent! They are the private views of the authors. They may be true or false; but as they are not prohibited by the Church, they may lawfully be entertained.



While many matters of doctrine are neither affirmed nor denied by the Church of England, there are others on which she expresses herself with remarkable caution, in order that men of different views may minister at her altars. The controversies which have existed relative to the seventeenth and a few other articles are well known; they were exceedingly bitter. It is evident that on these subjects the Reformers were not agreed among themselves; consequently the Articles were designedly framed to admit of more than one interpretation. In the days of James I. and Charles I., the Puritans contended that rigid Calvinists alone could honestly subscribe to certain articles; Arminianism was denounced as popery, and its advocates as papists. The Liturgy was not taken into the account by these men, because it was not in their favour; they pleaded the Articles alone, though both are of the same authority, and both were comprehended in the subscription of the clergy. They would compel all to submit to their interpretation of the Articles, while they themselves departed from the practices of the Book of Common Prayer. In the last century, Toplady and a small band of clergymen revived the cry of the Puritans, that none but Predestinarians could subscribe to the seventeenth and certain other articles of the Church of England.\* Thus, at intervals, has the controversy raged on the Calvinistic question; on both sides the same articles have been claimed; both parties have appealed to the Reformers, who evidently intended to allow room for both to enter; had they wished to exclude either, they would have adopted language which could not have been mistaken. In other cases the framers of confessions or articles have been more explicit. The Westminster Confession, for example, is so precise on some of the points involved in the Calvinistic controversy, on which the Anglican Articles are so moderate, that a man who might be prepared to subscribe the latter could by no means consent to the former. The Lambeth Articles also are most explicit, admitting of no latitude on certain abstruse doctrines; and the desire of their framers to impose them upon the Anglican Church may be regarded as a proof that, in their estimation, the Thirty-nine Articles did not fully exhibit the Calvinistic theory. As the English Reformers have used words which may admit of different meanings, they clearly did not intend to bind all men to the same interpretation of several of the Articles; great wisdom and caution were displayed in this respect by the framers of the Articles: certain Romish errors are denied, while certain fundamental doctrines are positively asserted. In the rejection of the errors, and in the reception of the doctrines set forth, all the clergy must concur, though, at

\* The race is not yet extinct.



the same time, they may entertain different views both of the errors and of the doctrines. Moreover, the Church makes a distinction between things which she regards as necessary, and others which may be left to the discretion of individuals. So the Homily makes a difference between mysterious and plain doctrines: "those things that be plain to understand and necessary to salvation, every man's duty is to learn them; and as for dark mysteries, to be content to be ignorant in them till such time as it shall please God to open those things unto them." The discussion of mysteries is not forbidden; some doctrines are plain, others are mysterious. On the former the Anglican Church is explicit; on the latter she is cautious. Certain negative articles were necessary to assert the liberty of the Church against the encroachments of Rome. In Scotland the confession was for a time altogether negative; in England the negative articles were few. Until the Westminster Confession was adopted, the Presbyterians in Scotland adhered to that of 1580, which was entirely of a negative character; it could scarcely be called a Confession of Faith, for it merely stated what they did not believe. There were no positive articles of faith.

As long as men differ in their interpretation of many parts of the sacred volume, they will not be likely to agree in their views of those doctrines which are set forth in the Articles in general terms. Men widely differ in their views of the doctrines of Scripture, while they concur with respect to its precepts; the latter are clear and express. All articles of faith rest on certain texts of Scripture; and they are more or less explicit according as the compilers are influenced by a wish for an exclusion or a comprehension of individuals. The Reformers in England were anxious for comprehension, and the Articles were framed with a latitude; on the contrary, the Westminster assembly were desirous of making all men think alike on certain subjects, and thus questions were defined and settled by the latter which were wisely left open by the former.

Mr. Williams, and, indeed, all the writers of *Essays and Reviews*, are supposed to deny the inspiration of the sacred volume. The charge, we apprehend, is groundless. Into the nature of inspiration we need not enter; but can the courts of law establish any rule with respect to such a doctrine? Lord Shaftesbury charges the authors with eating the bread of the Church while they deny some of her doctrines. His lordship, we imagine, is not a competent judge in such matters. But may not the same charge be alleged with more justice against some of his lordship's own party, who are by no means remarkable for their adherence to their vows in subscription? They are strenuous for some few doctrines, while others are disregarded; and with

respect to the practices enjoined by the Church, they are very defective. Undoubtedly the inspiration of the sacred volume is assumed, or taken for granted, in the Thirty-nine Articles; for it was reverently held by their framers. It is involved in the sixth article, which declares the sufficiency of Holy Scripture for salvation, and in which the canonical authority of the sacred books is asserted. We imagine, however, that his lordship, in settling the question of inspiration, is not influenced by that rule which is adopted by the Church in this important matter. By canonical books, the Church of England means those "of whose authority there was never any doubt in the Church," namely, the Catholic or Universal Church. Of the primitive church, the Homily says, "which was most pure and uncorrupt." The Church of England believes that the primitive church surely received the sacred books, and that they have by the Church been faithfully transmitted from age to age down to our own times. On the ground of their canonical authority, they are regarded by the Church of England as inspired books; originally they were received into the canon on the ground of their inspiration. The Jews received the books of the Old Testament as written by men inspired by the Holy Ghost; and the Old and the New Testaments have been admitted into the canon by the consent of the universal church; on the authority of the ancient church, are they received by the Church of England as inspired books; and consequently, as the question was already settled, and was not debated at the period of the Reformation, the inspiration is not expressly asserted in the Thirty-nine Articles. A man, therefore, who admits their canonical authority, which is involved in the sixth article, cannot be charged under the Thirty-nine Articles with a denial of their inspiration; still, as the Church has not explained her meaning of inspiration, men may lawfully entertain different views on the subject. No man can be censured for any particular view of the character or nature of the inspiration; some persons are advocates for what is termed the verbal inspiration, which, however, can scarcely be applicable to any translation: in the New Testament all Scripture is said to be given by inspiration of God; but nowhere is the precise meaning of the doctrine defined or settled. We cannot imagine, therefore, that any charge can be sustained against Mr. Williams on this head; even his opponents are not agreed among themselves in the meaning of inspiration; widely different opinions are entertained by them on the subject. Before they can prove a denial of any particular doctrine, they must first decide on the precise nature of the doctrine itself.

Lord Shaftesbury is ever ready to charge men with contravening certain articles which he chooses to consider as favour-

able to his own particular views, while he is very tender and forbearing towards those who contradict the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the offence of the latter is surely as great as that of the former. However, the contradiction of which his lordship complains will be found to be merely a contradiction of certain views, which are only supposed to be asserted in the Articles. But why should his lordship be more jealous for the Articles than for the Book of Common Prayer? Clergymen who contradict some of the most explicit statements of the Formularies of the Church are regarded by his lordship as faithful men. Moreover, they eat the bread of the Church while they do not receive all her doctrines. We give a single instance, by way of illustration, namely, the preface to the Ordinal. Is the doctrine contained in the following words received by all clergymen? "It is evident unto all men diligently reading holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: bishops, priests, and deacons." Dissenters honestly say that to them the matter is not evident. On the contrary, all clergymen have solemnly avowed the reception of the doctrine. But is the doctrine really received by some clergymen who are petted by Lord Shaftesbury? On the contrary, is it not notorious that they make common cause with men whom the framers of the Ordinal would regard as schismatics? Can such men, therefore, claim to be faithful sons of the Anglican Church while they depart from the doctrines of the Reformers? The three orders asserted in the Ordinal are proved in the same way as the books of Holy Scripture are proved to be canonical, namely, by the tradition of the universal church. It would be well, therefore, if those who are so ready to charge others with dishonesty would examine themselves with respect to their own reception of the doctrines of the Church. Mr. Williams may fairly retort the charges on many of his opponents.

The gentlemen in question talk of the doctrines of the Articles and Homilies; yet they receive only some of those doctrines, and mistake others. Do they receive all the statements of the Homilies? Is the following passage from the "Homily against Peril of Idolatry" received: "So is the weakness, vileness, and foolishness expressed at large in Scripture, namely, the Psalms, the Book of Wisdom, the Prophet Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Baruch"? The marginal note is, "Places of the Scripture against idols or images." We take another passage: "The meaning, then, of these sayings in the Scriptures and other holy writings,—*'Almsdeeds do wash away our sins, and mercy to the poor dath blot out our offences,'* is," &c. We imagine that Lord Shaftesbury is not familiar with the Homilies,

though he sometimes talks about them, or he would call for their purgation. Were his lordship permitted to undertake a reformation of the Formularies of the Church, more passages probably would be submitted to the expurgatory process from the Book of Common Prayer and the Homilies than even from the volume of *Essays and Reviews*; nor would all the Thirty-nine Articles pass through the trial unscarred. Some of the leaders in the Denison case openly declared, notwithstanding their solemn subscription, that, in the event of an unfavourable decision on the ground of the language used in the Formularies, they would never rest until they could effect an alteration, so as to make them square with their own views. If they could not come up to the standard of the Formularies, they were prepared to bring them down to their own level. This project was advocated by clergymen who have solemnly subscribed to the Formularies in their present state. While, therefore, these men profess the utmost reverence for the memory of the Reformers, they are fully prepared to mutilate their work, by renouncing the distinctive features of the Anglican Church. The men who would overwhelm Mr. Williams are really guilty of the charge which they now wish to establish against their brother.\*

Before Mr. Williams can be condemned, it must be clearly proved that the various passages from his "Essay" on which the particular charges are grounded, are directly contrary to some statements in the Thirty-nine Articles. Nothing less can satisfy the Judicial Committee. Unless his opponents can prove this point, the case must necessarily fail. If Mr. Williams has contravened any of the Articles of Religion, he must abide by the consequences of his rashness. But the case must be clearly and fully established to the satisfaction of the Judicial Committee. Passages from the "Essay" must be placed by the side of others from the Articles, and between them there must be an obvious contradiction, or the case will fall to the ground. Inferences from ambiguous expressions will not be allowed. We apprehend that the meaning attached to the selected passages by his opponents is not the meaning which he intended to convey. His own interpretation of his words will be fully and fairly considered. His disavowal of any contradiction of the Articles, moreover, will have some weight with the court; and if his

\* James I. said, at the Hampton-Court Conference, that he disapproved of those "who placed all religion in the ear." It was a wise speech, though he was not always a wise man. Archbishop Whitgift said of the same class of men, "I am persuaded that he cometh nearer the mind of the Apostle who orderly preacheth once a month, than some who are backbiters at other men's tables, and run up and down, seldom or never studying, though they preach twice a day." Does not the description suit such men as never meet in church merely to pray and hear the word of God?

words will fairly admit of his own construction, he certainly cannot be condemned. If a man positively contradicts an article of faith, the question is easily settled; but this is the very point in dispute. In all previous cases of actual deprivation for erroneous doctrine, the individuals accused have avowed their denial of one or more of the Articles, or of some of the positions in the Book of Common Prayer; or they have refused the usual subscription. Mr. Williams alleges that he does not deny any doctrine asserted in the Articles; the Bishop of Sarum entertains a contrary opinion. The question is to be decided in a court of law. In the Gorham case, the Judicial Committee, without attempting to decide on the precise meaning of any article, or of any part of the Book of Common Prayer, decided that similar views had at various periods been held without offence by eminent divines of the Church of England; and on this ground alone was the case dismissed. On this principle the Judicial Committee will be guided in the present case, should it pass beyond the Court of Arches. By the same principle, indeed, will the inferior court be governed. If Mr. Williams can show that his opinions have ever been held by eminent divines in the Church of England, then, on the principle asserted by Dr. Lushington in his recent judgment, the case against him will terminate. The court will be satisfied, as Dr. Lushington plainly declares, even though, to use his own words, the doctrine in question "might perhaps be difficult to be reconciled to the plain meaning of the Articles of Religion." If this rule be strictly followed, and if the judge in the lower court will be satisfied, as he asserted he should have been in Mr. Heath's case, with any explanation which could "by any possibility, however remote, be reconciled to the plain grammatical meaning of the Articles," the case will terminate in the Court of Arches, and the Judicial Committee will be spared all trouble in the matter. It is, however, possible that the judge in the inferior court may wish to have the matter settled by the highest tribunal. In that case, he has no alternative but to pronounce against the accused. Before the Judicial Committee, however, Mr. Williams will be able to prove that his opinions have been often entertained by eminent divines without offence; and on this ground, as in the Gorham business, the case will be dismissed.

We are of opinion that all Mr. Williams's alleged errors may be classed under the following heads: first, they relate to articles which admit of different meanings; or, secondly, to matters which are neither affirmed nor denied in the articles; or, thirdly, they are merely the views of Bunsen, alleged for the purpose of illustration. Mr. Williams cannot be censured for opinions under the third division, since, whether the views advanced in

the writings of Bunsen be true or false, they are not adopted as his own, but merely alleged in the course of his argument. All passages which merely contain quotations from the works of others, unless they are actually adopted by Mr. Williams, must be immediately dismissed by the court as altogether irrelevant. The charge, therefore, must come under the other two divisions. He cannot be charged, under the articles which admit of different meanings, with the denial of an article of faith, for even his opponents cannot decide which of various interpretations is to be adopted. Mr. Williams rejects such doctrines as are positively condemned in the Articles, he receives such as are distinctly and positively asserted,—such at least will be his own allegation before the court. The charge is one of heresy; and the rule of law is a simple one. By the 1st of Elizabeth nothing can legally be adjudged heresy which is not contrary to the Holy Scriptures, or the decisions of the first four General Councils, or which has not been so adjudged by Parliament, with the assent of the Convocation. Burnet admits that such things as are not settled in the Articles are not forbidden. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that Mr. Williams has plainly contradicted an article of faith, it is certain that he cannot be condemned. We are of opinion that most of his views will fall under the second division. Numerous questions are now agitated which, at the period of the Reformation, had never been brought under discussion. We may look in vain for any decision on such matters in the Thirty-nine Articles. Other doctrines, moreover, are received by many, on which, though they were known at the time, the Articles are altogether silent. Of the latter class of questions, we have already given various instances. It would be absurd to say that opinions which are not specifically rejected in the Articles of Religion may not be entertained. Neither can it be urged that new solutions of old doctrines expressed in the Articles are condemned by the Articles.

We apprehend, therefore, that no charge can be sustained against Mr. Williams, because the articles which are said to be contravened admit of various interpretations. Sure we are that there is no contravention of any express or positive doctrine contained in those articles respecting which there can be no difference of opinion, namely, such as refer to the Trinity, or the divinity of Christ, or the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, or the reception of the three Creeds. Such articles as enunciate these great doctrines, or deny some Romish errors, are not contravened by Mr. Williams. They are fully admitted. The rest of the articles are capable of receiving different meanings, and the views said to be contravened are not the views of the articles, but merely those which are put upon them by the promoters of



the suit. The truth of these general articles is acknowledged in subscription, but each individual has his own opinion of what is the truth enforced. All Christians acknowledge the truth of Holy Scripture, though they widely differ on the meaning of various parts of the sacred volume. When, therefore, an article is fairly capable of several meanings or interpretations, we may presume that the Church leaves each individual to his own judgment. Any sense in which an article may be understood is admissible. There was no concurrent sense among the framers relative to such articles, nor did they wish to tie men to one interpretation. The Reformers differed in opinion, as men still differ. They did not wish to determine any thing which was not necessary. In some cases, the majority in the Convocation, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, by which the Articles were settled, left some things open or indifferent, even against their own private opinions. In this respect they were examples of moderation to the present age. This is evident in the third article as it now stands. The majority entertained the very notion asserted in the clause which was suppressed in 1562. The question is undecided, and each individual is now left to put his own construction on the meaning of the descent into hell. Parker wished to allow a latitude in the matter, in consequence of the controversies then existing among the clergy. The same latitude is allowed in the case of various other articles.\* In the revision of the Articles in 1562, the whole of the forty-second was omitted. It was directed against what is now termed the doctrine of universal restoration, and was thus headed, "All men shall not be saved at the length." It condemns the opinion that even the ungodly will at last be saved. Yet the very men who agreed in expunging the article concurred in the doctrine which the article condemned. So moderate were they, that they would not impose the condemnation on the Church. A clergyman, therefore, could not be condemned for holding the doctrine of universal restoration because the Church is silent on the subject, and it is a fact that it is held by various persons. In short, several of the articles were so worded as to comprehend men of different sentiments on various subjects. Undoubtedly some of the Reformers were what would be called Calvinists, yet they did not wish to exclude such as rejected Calvin's views of predestination. Men of different opinions may subscribe such articles, just as they admit the truth of Holy Scripture, while they differ in their interpretation.

Under these circumstances, though we do not wish to impugn

\* The text on which the third article is grounded has been understood in different senses from the days of the Apostles, as we know from the writings of the Fathers.



the motives of the Bishop of Sarum—nor to pass any kind of opinion upon them, which is not our province—we regret that these proceedings have been instituted. It is very easy to allege charges of erroneous doctrine, but not so easy to prove them. The charge is even brought against his lordship by some of the men who are ready to contribute towards the expense of the prosecution. Some of the letters on this subject in *The Record* are highly amusing. They show that the writers are in a difficulty. They wish to support the bishop in these proceedings, yet at the same time they charge him with holding erroneous views, of a kind, however, opposite to those which are said to be held by Mr. Williams. The bishop cannot be much flattered by supporters who would be equally ready to contribute to the support of similar proceedings against himself. We think, then, that in all such cases it is foolish to commence proceedings unless there is a moral certainty of success. If Mr. Williams's views are dangerous, the evil will, from the bishop's point of view, be increased by this prosecution, since his opinions will be more extensively circulated. A long space must necessarily elapse before the case can be settled. Meanwhile the question is undergoing discussion in the newspapers and pamphlets, and thus the alleged errors are more widely dispersed. Should the case fail before the Judicial Committee, Mr. Williams will obtain public sympathy as a persecuted man, while the Bishop of Sarum will be regarded as his persecutor; and in future men will be encouraged to publish their speculations on sacred subjects, and, as the bishop will think, to propagate errors which, but for this prosecution, might never have passed beyond their own private circles. We have cautiously abstained from any discussion of the doctrines said to be contravened by Mr. Williams. We are not his defenders. He may have been heretical in his speculations. However, had we not believed that his words in the selected passages admit of an interpretation within the meaning of the Articles, we certainly should not have entered upon the subject, and this Paper would never have appeared. But holding that his opinions, as tested by the citations, involve no meaning which the Articles are incapable of receiving, we have deemed it to be our duty to use our exertions to check proceedings which, as we think, should never have been instituted, and which we regard as injurious to the interests of the National Church.

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## ART. V.—BENGAL PLANTERS AND RYOTS.

*The Indigo Commissioners' Report.* 1860.  
*Nil Durpan.* Calcutta.

WHATEVER view may be taken of the change in the administration of Indian affairs, which is described as the substitution of the government of the Crown for that of the Company, one thing is quite clear. It has made the English people directly responsible for the good government of India. As regards the mere internal administration of that empire, the old Court of Directors was in point of fact supreme. Any effective interference on the part of the Board of Control was pretty well confined to external affairs, our political relations with the native powers, and so on. By the abolition of the Company, whatever power is exercised in England in regard to the internal administration of India is in the hands of the Secretary of State. Sir Charles Wood loses no opportunity of reminding the public that his Council are merely persons who supply him with information, and are not in any way to share with him the office of government. The Secretary of State, then, wields all the authority of the East India Company, but, unlike that body, he is directly responsible to the Crown and the people of England for the mode in which he administers his authority.

It rests, however, with the Parliament and the people to enforce this responsibility. If they have no opinions, and express no opinions on Indian affairs, the secretary becomes in fact an irresponsible ruler. To make him so, would be a gross dereliction of duty on our part; and any misgovernment and injustice arising out of his irresponsibility would be the direct result of our ignorance and neglect. And we may be quite sure that any misgovernment of India will not only affect the welfare of the 170,000,000 who people that empire, but will affect our welfare also. It may be nothing to some persons whether our Indian fellow-subjects are the worse or the better for our rule, and there is a disposition in some quarters to talk as if India were only a source of difficulty and anxiety without being a profit to us. It is forgotten sometimes that our Indian trade is worth ninety millions a year; that we get eight millions a year of direct tribute in the shape of remittances; that nearly half our army is supported by India; and that our higher middle-class finds an invaluable field for livelihood in civil, military, planting, mercantile, and engineering employments. There we have an argument for keeping an eye on the government of India which will have its weight with the least sentimental and

the most selfish. We should like to teach such persons that the most direct and immediate means of getting profit out of a country is not always the most certain or the most lasting; and that justice to the people of a conquered country—nay, large benevolence and patient consideration—pay better in the end than any other policy.

As a contribution towards such instruction, we desire to call attention to a social revolution which has been going on during the last three years in our oldest Indian possession,—the districts of Lower Bengal. In the course of this movement, almost every great Indian question has been at issue—the relations between the natives and our English settlers and planters, the relations between the latter and the Indian Government and officials, the relative position of the cultivators and their so-called landlords, and the extension of European enterprise in India. Nearly all that has reached the English ear in regard to this “Indigo question” consists of certain angry recriminations between the Bengal Government and the planters, a few hurried and half-intelligible conversations in Parliament, and some correspondence in the *Times* about a Bengali drama called the *Nil Durpan*, or “Indigo Mirror.” We wish now to sketch out the true history of the events which have been taking place, and to indicate the conclusions which we may legitimately derive therefrom.

It will, however, be hopeless to make the real nature of the case intelligible to English readers without a few preliminary remarks on that most distasteful and repellent of all topics—the nature of Indian tenures. But the thing is much simpler than people generally suppose, so long as small details are avoided, and merely the general outline looked at. There is no doubt whatever that by the ancient law of India the ownership of the soil was vested in the cultivators, subject, however, to the payment of a tax to the sovereign. This tax was collected by a village-chief elected by the villagers or ryots. A certain number of villages were comprised in a district, and over the district was a district-chief, who received the land-tax, and paid it in to the fiscal officers of the sovereign. These officers, or “tax-collectors,” became in time hereditary. The Mohammedan conquerors did not interfere with them, but changed their Hindoo designation to the Mohammedan one of “Zemindar.” Gradually there grew up the oppressive system of farming taxes. A large division of the country was assessed, haphazard, at a certain sum, and farmed out to a Talookdar, who was to collect what he could squeeze out of the zemindars, who in their turn squeezed what they could out of some other middleman, and he out of the tenant-proprietors, or ryots. We took this system with the

country, and carried it on with increasing confusion and oppression, until Lord Cornwallis introduced his celebrated "Perpetual Settlement" in 1793. Of course neither he nor any other Englishman had any accurate knowledge of Indian tenures; and it was not the interest of the native middlemen and tax-farmers that they should. Because land in England belonged to a class of landed proprietors, of whom the agricultural population held as tenants, it was presumed that the tenure in India must be the same. Lord Cornwallis was determined to put an end to the oppressive farming system by assessing the different divisions of the country at some fixed rate *for ever*, and by making this settlement with the persons who he supposed were the *landlords* of these divisions. He took it for granted that the hereditary tax-collectors were the landlords, and accordingly this Perpetual Settlement was made with them, and the proprietary rights of the ryots were almost entirely ignored. We say "almost," for there was a suspicion in some minds that all was not quite right, and accordingly words were inserted in the Settlement law providing for the future enactment of such measures as might be found necessary "for the protection of the ryots and other cultivators of the soil."

The result of this dreadful blunder was the gradual degradation of the ryot class to a state of poverty, helplessness, and oppression, which is only too notorious. We limited the tax upon the zemindar, but we took no precaution to limit his demand upon the ryots. Their tenure had always been that of holding their lands for ever, either at permanently fixed rates, or at the rate of the district, and so long as they paid what was due by the nature of their tenure, they could not be ousted. But the power we put into the hands of the zemindars enabled them to trample upon the rights of the tenant-proprietary, and to resort to the imposition of increased charges of all kinds. This, however, was not all. The zemindars, to save themselves the trouble of managing their estates, or to meet difficulties caused by extravagance, gradually acquired the habit of assigning for ever, at a fixed rent, to any one wanting land, portions of their estates, in consideration of a handsome *bonus*. They remained responsible to the Government for the total amount assessed on their estates, but could sell up the under-holders if the latter failed to pay their rent. These under-holders were called *Putnee Talookdars*. This tenure should be borne in mind, for many English indigo planters at the present day hold their position by virtue of it. The putneedar takes the position of the zemindar as regards manorial authority and the right to the ryots' rents, in so much of the original estate as is thus made over to him. But as he has to pay the zemindar the same in-

come that the latter had been receiving directly from the ryots, the only way in which he could benefit by the transaction was by increasing the amount of the rents derivable from the ryots. Very often he appointed an under-holder, or sub-putneedar, under him, and this latter a sub-sub-putneedar under him; and as each new middleman required his own profit, each transaction resulted in an additional turn of the screw upon the miserable down-trodden ryot, the original and real proprietor of the soil!

By degrees, however, the Indian Government became alive to the dreadful injustice which had been done; and attempts were at various times made to protect the ryots against further encroachments. It was ruled, that if any man could show he had held a proprietary tenure for more than twelve years before 1793, his rent should not be liable to increase; and he could sell, sub-let, or mortgage such lands, like any other proprietor. But in the vast majority of cases the documents which could prove the ryot's tenure had been lost or destroyed.

Still, there are thousands of ryots in Bengal whose right of occupancy at a fixed rent has been undisturbed; and if their zemindar or putneedar wants a piece of land in his own (so called) estate to build a house or factory, he has to *buy it* from the ryots occupying the land. And at length, in 1859, the Government of India passed a law, which has been rightly called the "Ryots' Charter," being as full a recognition of their long-neglected rights as was compatible with good faith towards the zemindar, and the terms of the enactment of 1793. By Act X. of 1859 it is provided that "every ryot who, by himself or by the person from whom he inherits, has cultivated land for twelve years, has a right of occupancy in that land, so long as he pays the rent *payable* for the same." That rent may be a fixed rent, or it may be the rate of the district. Another Act provides that a ryot's rent, if liable to be raised by the custom of the district, or by the nature of his tenure, shall not be raised arbitrarily, but only according to certain prescribed rules, or on a regular suit. Act X. of 1859 conferred another boon upon the ryots. On the plea of its being necessary, to enable the zemindar to collect his rents from defaulting tenants, he had the power of requiring their attendance at his rent-office whenever he considered it necessary. This led to the grossest abuse. Whenever the zemindar wanted to exact increased rents, or some illegal exaction on the score of a marriage or a birth in his family, or whenever his agents wanted a present or fee for themselves, or whenever an indigo planter wanted to make the cultivators enter into engagements to grow indigo, the ryot was, under the above plea, dragged to the rent-office, perhaps several miles from his village, locked up without food, or beaten, or bullied in

some way, until he had done or paid what was required of him. By the new law, this opportunity of intimidation, torture, and oppression, was put an end to, by abolishing the right of the zemindar or putneedar to enforce the ryot's attendance at his office. Both the clause securing him against these outrages, and that securing to him his rights of tenure, have been stigmatised by a party among the indigo planters as a gross interference with proprietary rights, and as an obstacle purposely thrown by the Indian Government in the way of European settlers!

Whether the independence and prosperity of the ryots, yeomanry, and tenant-proprietors of Lower Bengal are incompatible with the prosperity of the English planter or settler remains to be seen. We do not believe it is; but whether it is or not, we are bound to take care that the plain and obvious rights of the native population are not overridden to suit the convenience or promote the wealth of our own countrymen. No doubt the sudden collapse of the system of indigo planting, as pursued in Lower Bengal, is in some measure owing to the newly-recovered rights of the native owner of the soil; but that, surely, is no reason for withholding those rights. The planters as well as the zemindars owe much of their wealth and prosperity to the acts of injustice and ignorance which we committed when we first came into possession of the country. To do justice now to the long-oppressed millions who cultivate the soil of this fertile land involves changes of some magnitude, and all such changes involve temporary hardship to individuals. It is in the nature of things that such persons should take but a very narrow, incorrect, and selfish view of the question at issue. But as neither the views and interests of slaveholders in the West Indies, nor of corn-law protected landlords in England, were allowed to interfere with the course of justice, right, and true policy, so the planters and zemindars of Bengal cannot be allowed to interfere with legislation and policy so moderate and just as that now initiated by the Indian Government. The class, however, whose interests will temporarily suffer has the power of raising a pretty loud cry in this country, and of misleading the public here as to the true state of things. It is to warn the public against such one-sided representations that we have brought the dispute before them in the present Article.

To sum up our remarks on Bengal land-tenures, there are, then, four parties who have an interest in the land: 1st, the State, which has a right to tax the land, and to resume any estate of which the holder fails to pay the tax due upon it; 2d, the zemindar or "rent-lord," possessing many of the manorial rights which a landlord possesses in this country; 3d, the class of under-holders, or Putnee talookdars, who hold portions



of the parent estate for ever at a fixed rent, and can sell or sublet the same; and 4th, the tenant-proprietors, or hereditary ryots, holding at a fixed rent, or at a rent liable to be increased according to certain determinate rules,—and under them come the actual cultivators, labourers, or tenants-at-will.

We will now enter upon the history of the recent indigo disturbances, and endeavour to show what were the real questions at issue. It would be a great mistake to suppose that indigo cultivation has only recently become a source of contention between the English planters and the natives. As the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. J. P. Grant, says in a recent Minute, “while in all other trades all parties concerned have been bound together by the usual commercial ties of mutual interest, in this one trade, in this one province, the indigo manufacture has *always* been a remarkable exception.” So long ago as 1810 the Governor-General was obliged to issue orders to the magistrates on the subject of the “habit” which indigo planters had then, as now, of compelling ryots against their will to enter into engagements to sow indigo; and four planters were in that year expelled from India for the gross ill-usage of the natives of which they had been guilty. The eminent missionary Dr. Duff says that, twenty years ago, he found secret murmuring and discontent among the people on this subject. The Rev. Mr. Long, who has made native literature a profound and special study, says that for the last sixteen years indigo planting has been the subject of incessant attacks in the native press. The Rev. J. Cuthbert, another missionary, says that several years ago he learnt that the ryots were in a state of extreme irritation against the planters, and ready to break out at any moment. Other missionaries, knowing more of the real state of the native mind than officials and planters, surrounded by a veil of interested and corrupt subordinates, declared that when they began to preach in the villages, the people asked, “Is your religion that of the indigo sahibs? for if it is, we will have nothing to do with it, on account of the misery they inflict on us.”

In every shape, this feeling between the planters, the ryots, and the zemindars was cropping up from time to time. Breaches of the public peace, violent affrays, the assembling of armed bands by rival planters and zemindars, the forcible plunder of cattle, burning of houses, and kidnapping of recusant ryots, were constantly taking place in connexion with this one particular cultivation. If violent disturbances and affrays, accompanied with wounding and murder, have been less frequent of late years, it is because the planters have by degrees beaten or bought all rivals out of the field. Once they were few and scattered,



and the rivals of each other ; now they are many and combined in a sort of league. Once they were dependent upon short leases from zemindars, who often assigned them villages which they had either already leased to somebody else, or which were not theirs at all ; a dilemma which few and distant tribunals, dilatory procedure, intricate tenures, and an infamous police, made it more convenient to settle by a good stand-up fight. Now the planters are themselves zemindars, or, which for their purpose is the same thing, putneedars. In those days, when an English "adventurer" wanted to make his fortune in the blue dye, he rented or bought a piece of land from the zemindar on which to erect a house and factory. He next hired a number of factory servants (often discharged land-agents, and men of indifferent character), whose business was to get as many of the neighbouring ryots as possible to enter into engagements to grow indigo. They would receive mere nominal salaries ; but would remunerate themselves by a commission on all advances paid to the ryots, by douceurs, and various kinds of extortion. In the condition to which the peasantry were reduced by the circumstances described at the commencement of this article, they were necessarily always in debt, and for some months before the harvest utterly destitute of money to buy food. So the planters' servants wait until this time comes round to tempt them with an advance of cash, if they will engage to grow indigo. At any other time of the year they know the ryot would refuse the bait. He is anxious to avoid the engagement, partly because the success of the crop is excessively precarious, and partly because when a ryot is once on a planter's books, the latter will never let him clear off his balance, no matter what indigo he brings ; and so long as the balance is against him, he must go on cultivating indigo, even for the rest of his life ; for he will get deeper and deeper in debt to the planter year by year, while all the time he could grow other crops more profitably. He knows that his best land will be taken for the hated crop, and that the planter will always be sending people to see that he weeds it and cultivates it properly ; and he knows that any neglect on his part will probably be followed by his being dragged miles off to the factory to be locked up in a barn, if not beaten. He knows that the planter's servants will constantly be coming to him for presents, with the threat that if he does not come down handsomely they will have him taken to the factory. Notwithstanding this prospect, he cannot resist the bright rupees shining in the tempter's dark palm, and he gets a nominal advance of four shillings for every beegah\* he undertakes to sow with indigo ; but before the money touches

\* One-third of an acre.

his hand, a deduction of one-fourth or more of the amount is made by the agent as his recognised perquisite.

When the ryot delivers the plant at harvest-time, he is credited with two shillings for every four, six, or eight bundles, according to the fixed and customary price given by the particular factory, and not according to any market value. Moreover, the bundles are measured by a chain, which the factory servants are in the habit of stretching so as to measure much or little, as the ryot bribes them liberally or not. Then the plant is put into vats and manufactured into dye; after which each ryot's account is adjusted. To his debit are set down the advances, the value of the stamp on which his contract was made (though the contract is nothing but a blank paper!), a charge for seed (generally supplied to the ryot at less than its value), the expense of carrying the plant to the factory, and the amount of any previous debt. To his credit is set down what the factory servants choose to estimate as the value of his crop, and a balance is struck. Probably, he has nothing to receive at all; perhaps the balance is against him and goes to swell the debt already due from him on account of previous years of bad crops and short price. If the ryot has any excess to receive, it is paid, *and something more*, in order that he may not be able to clear his account. It would never do to let him clear his account, for then he would not sow again next year, and as long as he remains a debtor to the factory, he must continue to sow. Next year he receives an advance again, partly consisting of cash, partly of *unliquidated balances*, that is to say, he receives an advance of four shillings per beegah, with a deduction proportionate to his debt. Now, of many evils connected with this system, the one which has exasperated the ryot most is the irremediable and permanent state of debt into which he is thus thrown.

So long as the ryots were subject to their own native zemindars, they could set the planters at defiance. The latter, therefore, seek to become zemindars themselves. They found many zemindars who, as we have explained, to save themselves trouble or to meet temporary difficulties, were glad enough to settle portions of their estates on any body who would pay a large sum down for the privilege. By this means no less than 335 Europeans have obtained estates in Lower Bengal, and, with them, all the customary, though illegal, privileges and powers of zemindars. Ryots who could refuse with impunity to enter into engagements to sow indigo, while they were independent of the planter, could no longer do so when he became the zemindar or putneedar of the estate in which their villages and homes were situated.

The oppression of the ryots by the native zemindars was bad

enough, but the latter were their own countrymen, and not strangers and aliens; and in India "the lower orders will endure patiently at the hands of one of their own colour or creed ten times the oppression which they would at the hands of a foreigner."\* Their own countrymen, however, never forced upon them the cultivation of a losing crop to the extent the foreigner has done. English readers will ask whether this oppression is well proved. It was not denied by the planters themselves, in evidence before the recent commission of inquiry. From their own lips we learn that, to intimidate the ryots into making engagements to sow indigo, their cattle are *very frequently* seized, and that it is a *common occurrence* to kidnap the ryots themselves and confine them in the factories, sometimes for many weeks at a time! There is undeniable evidence that occasionally houses are burned down or demolished, and fruit-gardens dug up, with the same object. A long list of outrages which have come before the courts is given in an appendix to the Report of the Indigo Commission, and we select one or two of the headings at random: "This village was attacked, plundered, and burned, because the ryots would not sow indigo for Mr. F.; the attack was made in the presence and in defiance of the police. Twenty or thirty of Mr. F.'s servants were imprisoned for five years. Mr. F. was not tried." Again: "The factory servants seized and drove off a number of cattle engaged in ploughing for the zemindar, the zemindar's servants endeavouring to rescue them. One man on the part of the zemindar was killed by several spear-wounds; the cattle were found in Mr. T.'s factories. One of the servants was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, and the rest to five years. Mr. T. was not tried." Many of these cases end with these words: "Mr. — (the planter) was not tried." The meaning of this we will explain. A British-born subject not being liable to trial for heinous offences before the local courts, the case would have to be sent to Calcutta, perhaps two hundred miles distant. This of course involves infinite distress to the native prosecutors and witnesses, who would rather run away and hide themselves than undergo the penalty of having to leave their homes for a period of several weeks, and make a long journey on foot in such a climate, and then to wait for the trial in a strange city at great expense. On the other hand, the magistrate, unless the evidence is very strong indeed, feels considerable hesitation in exposing the plaintiff's witnesses to all this. The chances are that the jury of English shopkeepers in Calcutta, having an entire disbelief of native evidence, will refuse to return a true bill. We mention this to show how great an impunity English

\* Report of Indigo Commission.

planters in the interior have been in the habit of enjoying, and how much that impunity must have enabled them to force the ryots into indigo contracts against their will. We should be sorry to say that all, or even the majority, of the planters are guilty of the grosser kinds of oppression and acts of violence; but when we find that they are in a position to do so with impunity, when oppression of the weak by the strong, of the ryot by the zemindar, is the tradition of the country, a ryot always expects oppression unless he yields, and can therefore be compelled by a mere "order" to do what is wanted. If planter A does not proceed to acts of violence, planter B does, and so the tradition is kept up.

We have thus shown that the pressure upon the ryot became intolerable when the planters every where obtained the power and position of zemindars for the sole purpose of more effectually coercing the ryots into indigo cultivation.

But within the last three years another thing happened which brought matters to a crisis. All agricultural produce rose in value to double its former price. What, then, must have been the feelings of the ryots, in their hand-to-mouth poverty, when they found themselves deprived to a great extent of the golden prospect which thus opened to them? Here was a chance of their being at last able to redeem themselves from debt and misery, but for the necessity of cultivating their best land with a crop which was a dead loss, instead of with crops which would have brought them enormous gains. After being for half a century the slaves of the village money-lenders, to whom their crops were mortgaged before they were ripe, and of whom they were glad to borrow at fifty per cent, or even more, there was now a chance of their becoming independent, of being able to lay by money, and of entering upon the path of steady progress, wealth, and improvement. It is important therefore to estimate the exact extent to which the cultivation of indigo is unprofitable to the ryot, adding the amount of his loss on the indigo, at the price given by the planter, to his loss of the profit he would have made by any other crop on the land abstracted for indigo. Mr. J. P. Grant, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in his Minute on the Indigo Commission, shows that the ryot loses fourteen shillings a beegah, equivalent at the least to seven times the rent of the land.

"Now, if one remembers," Mr. Grant says, "that these ryots are not Carolina slaves, but the free yeomanry of this country, and, indeed, strictly speaking, the virtual owners of the greater part of the land in the old cultivated parts of Bengal, so heavy a loss as this will fully account to us for the strength of the opposition to indigo cultivation which we have just experienced. One-sixteenth of his whole land is a

common proportion which, it is insisted, an indigo ryot shall sow in indigo. This is as though a farmer in Great Britain farming under a long lease 160 acres of land, at a rent of two pounds an acre, were by some sort of pressure forced to cultivate ten acres, say in flax, which he was compelled to sell to a certain neighbouring manufacturer at a dead loss of 140*l.* a year."

Englishmen at home will be unable to comprehend how any number of their countrymen could be guilty of conduct so discreditable to their nation and their religious faith. But the blinding nature of self-interest must be remembered. To repeat an illustration we have already used, West-India planters could see no injustice in slavery, or English landlords in a law for dear bread.

An Englishman goes to India, and from the first moment of his arrival he hears of nothing but the knavery, idleness, and treachery of the native character. He is told that the peasantry are so accustomed to force, that they will do no work without it, and that he will be plundered by them if he does not put the screw on. His native servants, interested as they are in the system, persuade him that it is for the good of the people themselves that they should grow indigo; that they are so indolent, they would starve unless compelled to labour; that the native zemindars oppress them so intolerably, that it is quite a relief to them to put themselves under the planter. Then comes a mixture of truth. The young planter is assured that the ryots derive much advantage, because they get advances without the interest at fifty per cent charged by the village money-lender; stress is laid upon the amount of money spent in the neighbourhood by the factory, and upon the increase of cultivation which has followed its establishment. But the strongest argument of all is, that, without force, the ryots will not grow the plant at the price the sahib gives, and that if he pays a higher price, the speculation will not pay. It must be remembered that there are few factories carried on by the planters' own capital. They are worked by money borrowed from English houses in Calcutta, at enormous interest. The planters pay ten per cent on the amount borrowed for the block, and the same on the amount remitted for the annual outlay, besides brokerage and commission to various parties in Calcutta. On the whole, there is from seventeen to twenty per cent to be defrayed from the proceeds in this shape, besides the interest on the capital raised for the factory-buildings, &c. And it must be remembered, that a large proportion of the planters are merely the agents of mercantile houses in Calcutta, and are held responsible only for the out-turn, not for the mode in which it is effected. No doubt, under such a system, the

ignorant, degraded, oppressed, and cowardly population of Lower Bengal have resorted to the only weapon of defence left them, infinite cunning and chicanery. And the evidence shows that the faults of native character are all intensified by the presence of an indigo factory. It is too bad, then, to make those very faults an excuse for conduct which necessarily and naturally increases them, and makes a once free class of yeomen little better than degraded and dishonest serfs. No doubt, however, the injury done to them is not less than the injury to their taskmasters. Slavery is as great a curse to the driver as it is to the driven.

But is all indigo cultivation in India carried on in this way? Are all planters guilty of such wrong-doing? Certainly not. It has been the interest of those interested in this system, the planters and their supporters in Calcutta, the merchants and brokers, to raise a cry in the *Times* that a trade worth two millions is in jeopardy, because the Government have refused to assist in bolstering up the system. But out of thirty-five districts in Lower Bengal, there are only five in which difficulties of this nature have arisen. In Madras, in the Upper Provinces, in many districts of Lower Bengal itself, there has been no difficulty whatever. At the most, only fourteen per cent of the whole indigo trade of India has been in jeopardy. The simple reason is, that every where else, other and better systems of obtaining a supply from the native cultivators has prevailed. Even in the disturbed districts there are two systems, to one of which only our remarks apply.

These various systems may be classified under two main heads. There is first the "neej," or "own," system, where the planter is really a planter, and not a mere manufacturer, and where he carries on indigo cultivation by hired labour on lands which are *his own*, a "home-farm" in fact. This system has not been followed more generally than it is for various reasons; one, that in many districts it is difficult to get land which is not already in the occupation of the peasant proprietors; another, that labour is often insufficient in a country where labourers have their own lands to cultivate; and a third reason is, that however profitable indigo may be when bought at a price which does not remunerate the grower, the planter *can seldom make it pay* when he grows it on his own account.

The other systems of indigo cultivation are classified under the second head of *ryotee*, which means cultivation carried on by and at the risk of the ryots. This may be done in various ways. How it is done in Lower Bengal we have described. But indigo may be obtained from ryot cultivation in other ways which are quite unobjectionable. In North Bengal, for instance, the ryot gets an advance, which he keeps whether the crop fails



or not; and if there is a crop, he is paid a further sum according to an estimate made on the ground before it is cut. But, above all, under this system, the account closes with the harvest, and there is no accumulation of bad debts running on from year to year. The contract is for the year, and the ryot is free to take or refuse another engagement for the next year.

In other places, indigo is grown like any other crop in any other part of the world, without a contract, but as a speculation on the part of the cultivator, who sells his crop to the planter at the market-rate, just as he sells his sugar-cane or his rice to the dealer.

But the plan which answers best, for every kind of produce in India, is for the manufacturer, planter, or trader, to make a contract with some native of substance, be he merchant or farmer, to deliver so much of the article by a certain date. The contractor takes advances and makes his own arrangements with the cultivators. This system leads to no abuses, and answers perfectly. It is the one which the people of India thoroughly understand, and it is the one which should be pursued in the case of cotton as well as of indigo.

We must now proceed to show how the *ryottee* system of indigo cultivation suddenly collapsed. Throughout all these years of stifled discontent and anger on the part of the agricultural population, they seldom made their case known to the officials. In their dense ignorance of English principles and feelings, they took it for granted that the magistrates whom they saw hunting and dining with the planters would side with them in public as well as in private life. There was even an impression that the "Company" derived a profit from indigo cultivation. But of late years some light began to break in upon the darkness. Young natives, educated in English ideas of freedom and justice at our Calcutta colleges, came back to their native villages, and doubtless undeceived the peasantry here and there. The influential native press worked the subject. The immense rise of prices made the ryots more independent, or "impertinent," as a planter would say. Then came the lighted match which was to set all the combustible feelings of the people in a flame. In 1859 some ryots applied to the Hon. Ashley Eden, the magistrate of a district near Calcutta, for protection against a planter who was going to sow their lands with indigo. He passed the following order: "Since the ryots can sow in their lands whatever crop they like, no one can, without their consent and by violence, sow any other crop;" and he ordered the police to see that no one interfered with their lands. The question of the propriety of this order was immediately brought before the Government in this shape, viz.



Whether on an *ex parte* allegation by a planter, that the ryots were under advances to him to grow indigo on their land, he was to have the right of entering on the land and sowing it, and to have the protection of the police in doing so. Mr. Eden's order was upheld by the Lieutenant-Governor, on the ground that it would be impossible for the police in every such case to know or to decide whether the ryot was under advances or not; and because to allow such a system was to allow the planter to sow what lands he chose, selecting perhaps the ryot's best land for a crop by which he would lose instead of gain. These orders led to the greatest excitement throughout the indigo districts. Until then the ryots had supposed that they had no power to refuse to enter into engagements to sow indigo. They now every where refused to sow, whether they were under engagement or not, and in some few instances threatened the planters with violence if they attempted coercion. What added still more to their feeling of independence was the Ryots' Magna Charta, Act X. of 1859, which we have already mentioned as confirming ryots' tenures, on certain conditions, and as putting an end to the power of the zemindar or planter to drag them to their houses and rent-offices at their own will and pleasure.

To protect the planters from sudden ruin, to give them time to adjust their arrangements to the altered state of things, and to quell the dangerous excitement which thus naturally and inevitably arose, Mr. Grant recommended the Legislative Council to pass a temporary Act, compelling all ryots who had received cash advances for the current season to sow indigo, under pain of fine and imprisonment. The Act was at once passed, and it provided at the same time for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the whole system of indigo cultivation, with a view to a careful consideration of the rights and grievances of all parties concerned. The result of the Act was twofold: hundreds of ryots went to prison rather than fulfil their engagements; and a valuable and exhaustive report on the whole system of indigo cultivation was produced by the commission. They sat from May to August 1860, with open doors, inviting all classes to come forward and give evidence, and they examined 134 witnesses, including magistrates, missionaries, planters, zemindars, and ryots. The greatest interest was felt in the inquiry, and natives journeyed down in crowds from the Interior, in the hope of being allowed to give their testimony. The body of evidence, and the report upon it, are of great and permanent value, as having reference not only to indigo cultivation, but to the state of the police, the tenure of land, and the general condition of the country. From this re-

port, most carefully and impartially drawn up, and from the voluminous mass of evidence annexed, we have obtained a great part of the facts contained in this article. The member of the commission selected to represent the planting interest refused to sign the report, but alleged as his reason for not doing so rather its general tone than any absolute inaccuracy. Indeed, a separate minute which he signed, instead, confirms all the main conclusions of the report.

But what conclusion did the Commission arrive at as to what was to be *done*? They came to this conclusion in the main, and the Lieutenant-Governor agreed with them, that if the planters wanted indigo, they must pay a price which would make it worth while to the ryot to bring it to them. On the other hand, the planting interest declared, with a shout of indignation, that the facts proved the necessity of a special law to protect them from the fraud and idleness of the ryots; that it was not enough to refer them to a civil law, which merely gave damages; they must have a law making all such breaches of contract a criminal offence, and obliging the ryot to work out his contract under penalty of going to prison. No, said Mr. Grant, in effect; your real difficulty is that you cannot get the ryots to enter into engagements. It has been proved beyond a question that such engagements are only made under compulsion, and that you have roused by your proceedings a most dangerous spirit of anger among this hitherto peaceful people. In your own interest, to say nothing of the danger to the British Government, you must not make your system more unpopular than it is already. The Government cannot consent to enforce, by imprisonment and forced labour, contracts made under such circumstances. There is no special law for indigo in Madras, or in the North-Western provinces, or in Behar, yet there are no difficulties there; contracts for the supply are readily entered into, its cultivation being profitable. We will do every thing to facilitate your recovery of advances by the existing civil law, with damages for any loss. We will introduce small-cause courts; we will multiply tribunals all over the districts where you live, to render swift and speedy justice to all parties. And all this the Government has done. A code of civil procedure has been passed by the Legislative Council, after some years of careful discussion, which has greatly improved and quickened the administration of justice. In addition to this, Mr. Grant has recommended a considerable number of Bills to the Legislative Council to enable the planters to realise their rents more readily from defaulters; to protect their indigo from cattle trespass by the ryots; to register before official persons all indigo contracts, with a view to prevent evasion on the one hand and force on the other; to

provide for the award of damages in a suit for rent, when the plaintiff has been forced into court unreasonably; and to provide against the planters being dispossessed of lands which are their own. It must also be observed that the Act we have called the Ryots' Charter provided greatly increased facilities for the raising of the ryots' rents by the zemindar or planter, whenever by the nature of the tenure they are liable to be raised.

At an early period of the discussion, Mr. Grant called the attention of the planters to this power of raising rents as a legitimate means of compensating themselves, if obliged to abandon the indigo manufacture. Planters who hold zemindaree tenure, and who have failed in inducing the ryots to grow indigo, have taken the hint, and suits for the enhancement of rents have been instituted by hundreds. The ryots are naturally angry at this, and in some places they have combined against the payment of the enhanced rate, and sometimes, we believe, against the payment of any rent at all. It is not wonderful that they should proceed to extremes, and that, having been crushed for generations, they should at first turn their new-found liberty into license. Formerly, they would not believe but that the Government required them to grow indigo for the planters. Now, they fancy that Government will second them in whatever resistance they make to the planters. The officers of Government, however, have been directed to take active steps to dispel this delusion; and we have no doubt but that peace and order will once more be restored to this fertile and populous territory. But in the mean time the gain will have been great; for instead of peace and order being founded on the oppression of the helpless many by the powerful few, it will be founded on justice to all classes, and on the prosperity of all.

We have thought it necessary to show in some detail that the Government of Bengal has not exhibited any disposition to turn a deaf ear to the just claims of the planting interest. If any thing could diminish our sympathy with those planters who have suffered severe losses from the break-down of the false system in which they have been engaged, it would be the unscrupulous way in which individuals among them, and the local newspapers representing their interests, have vilified the Government and misrepresented facts. We have no hesitation in saying that neither Mr. Grant, nor any of the other officials of the Bengal Government, have shown the slightest hostility towards the planters. They have simply endeavoured to do justice to both planter and ryot. The necessities of the case obliged them to discourage a state of things which was a disgrace to the administration and to the English name. The charge of official jealousy towards the settlers completely broke down before the Indigo Commis-

sion. In truth, all the probabilities of the case lay the other way. The magistrate of an Indian district lives often for months together beyond the reach of any one speaking his mother-tongue, surrounded by native subordinates, who he knows are leagued to deceive him at every step, without a soul to speak to who has one thought in common with himself. As he travels through his enormous district, he now and then comes across a "factory," with its English comforts, its "home-like" garden or park. He finds a hearty welcome from the jovial inmate, and an excellent dinner, over which they discuss the politics of the district, and he hears of all the rascalities of his host's rivals and enemies. The next day the fellow-exiles join a number of planters from other factories to engage in a tiger-hunt or pig-sticking expedition, which ends in another dinner, and still more confidential revelations of native rascality. Indeed, to have a planter in a district, if he is an honest man and a gentleman, is of the greatest possible advantage. He can give the magistrate the greatest assistance in detecting the rogueries of his police, the commission of hushed-up crimes, and in apprehending criminals. He is the only man whose word he can thoroughly depend upon, in a district as big as Yorkshire. Is it likely that, under such circumstances, Indian officials should every where show an inclination to thwart their "adventurer" countrymen, and side with the native peasantry against them? Admirable is Mr. Grant's remark on this subject: "As to the advantage of having English gentlemen, with the loyalty, courage, energy, perseverance, and skill, which is their patrimony, scattered over the country, it is impossible in general terms to rate the political and social value of this too highly. But it is only when these Englishmen are in relations of mutual benefit with the people of the country that their residence is of social or political advantage."

But the local press of Calcutta has dinned it into the ears of the planters that they are the victims of a cruel, selfish, and stupid bureaucracy. The *Times* has caught up the parrot-cry, and has from first to last copied into its own leaders the gross misrepresentations of these newspapers. Much mischief has fortunately not been done. The public in England are too ill-informed and too careless to pay much attention to any articles on Indian domestic questions which may appear in the *Times* or elsewhere. Lord Canning and Sir Charles Wood have emphatically pronounced Mr. Grant's conduct to have been marked by great firmness and judgment. Indeed, we think it was fortunate that during such a crisis the reins of government were in the hands of a man possessing Mr. Grant's moral courage and statesmanship.

Out of the furious party-feeling and war of classes to which

these events gave rise, grew the episode of the *Nil Durpan*, which we have only space to allude to very cursorily.

The Rev. James Long, known to all Bengal as an indefatigable missionary among the poorer classes of the native community, an active promoter of a kind of "Useful Knowledge Society" for the publication of cheap works in the Bengali language, and an ardent enlightened philanthropist, had for many years devoted his special attention to the native press. He knew how extensive was its influence upon the native mind, and he constantly urged upon the Government the prudence of paying more attention to the character of the native newspapers and books which were so eagerly read by an essentially reading people. Five hundred and sixty one thousand books and pamphlets were published in Calcutta alone during the year 1857. During the height of the indigo excitement, he came upon a native drama called the *Indigo Mirror*, depicting the sufferings of the people at the hands of the planters. It was circulating largely, and was calculated, both from the subject and the character of the work, to intensify the prevailing excitement among the native community. He brought the book to the notice of the Secretary to the Bengal Government, Mr. Seton Karr, who agreed it was important that Englishmen should have the means of seeing the work, as an indication of genuine native feeling, of which we are always so dangerously ignorant. He therefore suggested to the Lieutenant-Governor that it should be translated, and Mr. Grant assented, but gave no instructions at the time as to what should be done when the translation had been completed, expecting to be further consulted. Mr. Long superintended the translation of the play, and had it printed. At the Secretary's office a list had always been kept of certain persons in England—leading statesmen, well-known philanthropists, and newspaper editors,—to whom it was customary to send all publications, of whatever kind, which the Bengal Government printed from time to time, such as government blue-books, &c. Mr. Seton Karr, not understanding that the Lieutenant-Governor expected to be consulted again about this play, directed, as a matter of ordinary routine, that copies of the work should be sent to the persons on this list, and some of the copies were sent to editors in India. Directly these circumstances came to the knowledge of the Planters' Association, they interpreted the act as proving the hostility and prejudice of the Government against them, and thereupon determined to have their revenge by prosecuting Mr. Long for issuing a malicious libel, hoping thereby to bring down disgrace upon the Government that employed him in the work. In vain did the Lieutenant-Governor express his regret to the Association at the untoward mistake.

They were determined to have their revenge. In England, the action would have been under Lord Campbell's Act, and have allowed of a plea of justification; but this law has not been extended to India. So recourse was had to a criminal indictment.

At a time when the whole of the non-official community had been excited by the local press into believing that the Government were in a conspiracy to crush English enterprise and all non-officials, and in a community characterised by its intense hatred and contempt for the natives of the country, the jury was composed, with one exception, of English shopkeepers and traders. The judge, who had distinguished himself on previous occasions by *ad captandum* speeches from the bench, and by invectives against native vices, harangued the jury on the malice of the defendant; absurdly misrepresented passages in the play, so as to persuade the jury that they were obscene libels upon the countrywomen of the jury; went out of his way to attack the Government; and altogether made just such an address as a judge under the circumstances ought not to have made. The jury, of course, returned a verdict of *guilty*; and the judge, with much evident satisfaction, sentenced Mr. Long to a fine of 100*l.* and a month's imprisonment in the common gaol. We do not enter into further details on the subject of this trial, or the character of the play, as both have been very much noticed by the English press, and were commented on in three admirable letters which Mr. Godfrey Lushington addressed to the *Times* in October last.

The whole history of the proceeding, however, is one of numerous proofs of the extreme and peculiar difficulty which will always attend the administration of our Indian Government. In fact, the whole of this indigo dispute is a proof of that difficulty. The problem at issue is, how to rule an empire like India, which is at the same time both a military dependency and a colony. The principles on which it would be desirable to govern a colony of the ordinary kind, and a foreign dependency inhabited by a conquered nation and a half-civilised race, are obviously very different. The motto of the old Company was: We rule for the benefit of *the people of India*; and when they found the interests of the people of India clash with those of the colonists, they sacrificed the latter. Thirty years ago, however, all restrictions on the settlement of Englishmen in India were removed. If during that time India has not become an English colony, it is not because the Indian Government has thrown impediments in the way of English settlers. The narrative we have just given is a convincing proof that the officials of that Government were too often culpably lenient towards their own countrymen, when the latter were disposed



to override the rights of the native population. The much-abused "old Indians" were not very far wrong when they denied that India could ever, from the very nature of the case, be an English "colony" in the proper sense of that word.

Two things are essential to success in colonisation,—labour and land; but the European planter, settler, or landlord in India can seldom find the two things together. In the waste and unoccupied lands, there are no labourers; and where there are labourers, the land is theirs, and therefore not available for the European. To import labourers into the waste and hilly land, to clear it and to cultivate it, is a work demanding not only capital, but time. And time is always grudged by the European settler in India. If he goes to Canada or Australia, he does so with the purpose of making it his own home, and the home of his descendants. He can rear a healthy, vigorous, energetic offspring. If he goes to India, he does so with the determination not to live there a single day after he has reached the precise number of pounds sterling which he considers necessary for the London house or country villa. He can neither rear nor educate his family in India; and if he thought there was any probability of ending his days there, he would never go there at all. With such feelings, the Indian settler lives a life of irritation and impatience against every body and every thing that delays the day of his return. He hates alike both the population and the Government, for the interests of the former and the scruples of the latter retard his object. With such a temper, he never will win the attachment of the native population: he is in too great a hurry to try conciliation; he cannot wait to lead them—he must drive them.

There must always be, therefore, more or less, a clashing of interests and feelings between the two races, and whenever the Government or its subordinates attempt to do impartial justice between the two, we must expect to have an outcry from the settlers that they are being sacrificed to bureaucratic prejudices and class jealousy. Instead of diminishing, the difficulty will probably increase as the spread of wealth and education create a greater feeling of self-respect, independence, and national pride in the native mind.

We do not say that the European settler and the native population can never work together in a friendly spirit and with mutual advantage. We know many cases where English zemindars, farmers, and talookdars have held their position with equal advantage to themselves and to the people on their estates; but this was because they happened to be men of benevolence and high principles, and who had not thought it waste of time to study native character, the native language, and native inter-



ests. It is not likely, however, that the majority of settlers will be men of this stamp; and India will always need a paternal and despotic government to do justice to the rival and contending races with a strong hand.

The two great measures which have just been passed—the redemption of the land-tax and the sale of waste lands—may do much to increase the wealth of India and the prosperity of England, and to strengthen our hold over our eastern empire. But the realisation of those objects must ever depend on the extent to which we carry the immense population with us, on the extent to which we make them share with us in our success, and on the justice and consideration with which we rule over the masses. The problem of government there is utterly unlike any thing that the world's history can present; and the Indian Government can only do their difficult task in a way that shall redound to the honour and the safety of our country and our faith by the cordial support of public opinion at home.

ART. VI.—MR. CHARLES READE'S NOVELS: "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

*The Cloister and the Hearth. A Tale of the Middle Ages.* By Charles Reade, Author of "It's never too late to mend," "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," &c. In 4 vols.; third edition. London: Trübner and Co. 1861.

THE novel belongs to a lower order of art than either narrative or dramatic poetry. Prose fiction has not furnished one of the really great and preëminent names in literature, unless we except Cervantes. The names of Defoe, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Richardson, and Scott, to confine ourselves to our own language, and to stop short of our generation, are great, but they are not among the greatest. Nobody would pretend that they can take rank with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth. Novels, however, can claim a more immediate if a less durable fame, a wider if a less penetrating influence, than that which poetry exerts. Novels are to a cultivated people what its ballads are to an uncultivated one—the best indication of their intellectual and moral condition, and a not unimportant means of national training. They show the bent of a people's mind.

For these reasons, as well as for others, the criticism of

contemporary novelists has its value, and is, indeed, a function of periodical literature as essential as the examination of the graver problems of politics, of morals, and of speculation. In previous essays, the writings and genius of the living chiefs of this art—of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer Lytton, of George Eliot, and of Currer Bell—have been estimated. We propose, in the present article, to consider the writings of Mr. Charles Reade, with special reference to his latest and best work. We cannot, indeed, place him on a level even with the least of the authors whom we have just named. He is as much below them as he is above those with whom it seems the only alternative to rank him—Mr. Sala, Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. Wilkie Collins. In fact, it seems now to be in Mr. Reade's own power to determine his future place. He may rise to the level above him, or he may sink to that below him. He has great gifts and great industry, but he has also great defects and enormous wilfulness, which seems to be rather on the increase than on the decline.

We do not intend to comment upon the novels of Mr. Reade one by one. *Christie Johnstone*, *Peg Woffington*, *It's never too late to mend*, *White Lies*, *Love Me little love Me long*, and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, if they do not complete the list, comprise all that are necessary to be taken into account. They show Mr. Reade at his best and his worst; indeed, each story does that, with the exception of *Love Me little love Me long*, which shows him persistently at his worst.

A real or fanciful resemblance has been detected by some critics between the two most popular novelists of our own day, Thackeray and Dickens and the founders of the humoristic school of novels, Fielding and Smollet. Such comparisons are useful to the proper understanding of an author, and it is the critic's own fault if they are pushed too far or unjustly applied. Individual characteristics are brought out most distinctly when a writer is judged, not by some abstract standard, but in comparison with another master in the same school of art. Points of difference, as well as points of resemblance, are then most clearly seen, and the degree or nature of the difference or resemblance can be best estimated. If we were to look in previous English fiction for the prototype of Mr. Reade's own artistic aims, we should, with many differences, find it in Defoe. Both writers are in their different ways essentially realistic. Mr. Reade's novels strive to be what *Never too late to mend* is called on the title-page, "matter-of-fact romances." This circumstance, and many confessions, direct and indirect, show the goal which the author aims at, if not that which he has reached. The success of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* in such

efforts is well known. If art be mimicry, as Colley Cibber, in Mr. Reade's *Peg Woffington*, is made to deny, but as Mr. Reade himself apparently thinks, if its aim be not conscious imaginative excitement, but real deception, then certainly Defoe was the greatest artist who ever lived. The *Journal of the Plague* imposed on Dr. Meade; the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* upon Lord Chatham; and those of *Captain Carleton* upon Dr. Johnson. "This certainly was as if a painter should so paint a man as to deceive his species." Mr. Reade falls short, however, of this questionable success. There are four obvious reasons for his failure. In the first place, he has little insight into the real springs of human action, and the deep hidden bases on which the fabric of human character reposes. He shrinks from working down to them. If he has ever attempted to look into the abysses, he has turned, dizzy and blinded, away. Mr. Reade, indeed, unwittingly makes confession of this fact, though he mistakes an individual incapacity for a universal human limitation. The passage we refer to has all Mr. Reade's dash and self-confidence, running, as usual, into impudence.

"'Look into your own heart, and write!' said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. 'Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be an immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently."

Mr. Reade philosophising is a spectacle to gods and men. He is not frequently weak enough to assume an attitude as natural to him as dancing to a dog, and it is cruel to exhibit him in one of these unguarded moments. Still the mental defect, which is clearly though unconsciously betrayed in the extract just given, pervades all Mr. Reade's writings, and, if unconquered or unconquerable, will keep him on a lower level of art than he otherwise might attain to. Mr. Reade has heard probably of "coxcombs refuting Berkeley with a grin." We are afraid he may hear of a coxcomb who has refuted *Kant* by spelling his name with a C, and by making him personally responsible for a doctrine which every philosopher since Socrates, every moralist since Solomon, every Christian since the Divine Message was delivered to the peasants of Judea, has recognised as the beginning, and (in its perfection) the end of wisdom. The modern poet's exclamation, "What heart knows another's,

ah, who knows his own?" implies a truer view than Mr. Reade's on this point. How can we interpret the feelings, judge of motives, or form any conception of the inner life of those around us, without first deciphering in some degree our own? Apart from self-knowledge, the language, gestures, and acts of others are as meaningless as a foreign tongue to the ignorant peasant. It is because Mr. Reade will not look into his own heart that he sees such a little way into the hearts of others. Only the most superficial emotions, and the most strongly marked distinctions of character, are discerned by him. He sketches life from the outside. We feel that we know, and that the author knows, as little of his heroes and heroines as of the casual acquaintances whom we meet and pass by, and talk superficially with, every day. If Mr. Reade would really rise to the eminence which he perhaps fancies he has already gained, he must follow, instead of sneering at, the advice of "Herr Cant." He must look into his own heart, and write. Reflective self-scrutiny and observation of others are both necessary to the understanding of character. Each is needful to check and verify the impressions which we should derive from the others alone. Mr. Reade, relying solely on external observation, necessarily passes over or misinterprets many external indications even which a subtler discrimination and a deeper insight would turn to account for purposes of true artistic delineation.

Again, while the realism of Defoe is that of life and the world, Mr. Reade's realism is too much that of the stage. Acting may have for its business to hold the mirror up to nature, but it does not follow that nature should be looked at through the mirror, which may often distort or obscure it. Mr. Reade's characters have life and movement, they have body and substance, they are not lay figures, puppets pulled by a string, nor mere abstractions. But they always recall to our minds the side-scenes and the foot-lights. Mr. Reade's novels in plot, in character, and in dialogue, are not dramatic merely, but theatrical. *Peg Woffington*, for example, without a single change in incident, or in the order of the events, or in the dialogue, makes, as *Masks and Faces*, one of the most effective acting dramas of our time. Mr. Reade never portrays much more of a character than a clever actor could delineate on the stage—often not so much as a really great actor could embody. The dialogue of his most homely personages is always such as an intelligent pit would approve, and suggests a clapping of hands and a stamping of feet. The incidents, again, are essentially theatrical. For all these points, vide *Peg Woffington* passim. We have no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor would prefer dramatising half-a-dozen of Mr. Reade's stories to dramat-

ising a single story of any other novelist. As *Peg Woffington*, however, deals almost entirely with theatrical people, who may be supposed to speak and behave in a theatrical way in virtue of that second nature which is so often more powerful than the first,—as most of its scenes are in the green-room,—it may not be fair to draw our instances from it alone. What we cite as a defect, Mr. Reade may plausibly contend to be in it consummate art, and to have been directed by a purpose. He may allege that he has made *Peg Woffington* theatrical on the same principle on which he has made *White Lies* French in tone and colouring. But his other stories, which deal with English country life, and open-air adventure in Australia, or with French camps and châteaux, or with Scottish ports and fish-wives, are, if less perfect in construction, just as theatrical in dialogue, in incident, in character, as *Peg Woffington*. In *Love Me little love Me long*, for example, by a combination of coincidences which occur only on the stage, a fine town lady visits her niece at the house of an old country gentleman (whom she hates, and by whom she is hated). The old gentleman is known to be absent. The lady (Mrs. Bazalgette) is tempted by the sight of one of her niece's dresses to put it on, and in it wanders into the garden, and falls asleep on her niece's favourite, and quite private and peculiar, seat. Of course the absentee unexpectedly returns with an orphan lad, to whom he has been appointed guardian. The following very effective scene (thus naturally prepared for) then occurs:

"Mr. Fountain had young Arthur in charge; and, not being an ill-natured old gentleman, he pitied the boy, and did all he could to make him feel he was coming among friends. He sent his carriage on and showed Arthur the grounds, and covertly praised the place and all about it, Lucy included, for was not she an appendage of his abbey? 'You will see my niece, a charming young lady who will be kind to you, and you must make friends with her: she is very accomplished—paints. She plays like an angel too. Ah! there she is—she has got the gown on I gave her; a compliment to me, a very pretty attention, Arthur, the day of my return. What is she doing?'

Arthur with his young eyes settled this question: 'the lady is asleep—see, she has dropped her book.' . . . .

'Now, Arthur,' said the senior, making himself young to please the boy, and to show him that if he looked old, he was not worn out, 'would you like a bit of fun? We will startle her—we'll give her a kiss.' Arthur hung back irresolute, and his cheeks were dyed with blushes.

'Not you, you young rogue: you are not her uncle.' The old gentleman then stole up at the back of the seat, followed with respectful curiosity by Arthur: she happened to move as the senior got near;

so, for fear she was going to wake of herself, and baffle the surprise, he made a rush and rubbed his beard a little roughly against Mrs. Bazalgette's cheek. Up starts that lady, who was not fast asleep, but only under the influence of the domestic tale, utters a scream, and when she sees her ravisher, goes into a passion.

'How dare you? what is the meaning of this insult?'

'How came your here?' was the reply, in an equally angry tone.

'Can't a lady come into your little misery of a garden without being outraged?'

'It isn't the garden; it's only the back garden,' cried the proprietor of Font Abbey (*blessé*). 'I'll swear that's my niece's gown; so you've invaded that too.'

But a sense of humour and her vanity came to the old gentleman's relief.

"He must recover young Arthur's reverence, which was doubtless dissolving all this time. 'Now, Arthur,' he whispered, 'take a lesson from a gentleman of the old school! I hate this she-devil; but this is my house, so—observe.' He then strutted jauntily and feebly up to Mrs. Bazalgette, 'Madame, my niece says you are her guest; but permit me to dispute her title to that honour.' Mrs. Bazalgette smiled agreeably. She wanted to stay a day or two at Font Abbey. The senior flourished out his arm. 'Let me show you what *we* call the garden here.' She took his arm graciously. 'I shall be delighted, sir' [pompous old fool]."

We commend the scene to the next playwright in want of a comic situation.

In *White Lies* the plot turns entirely upon the sudden reappearances of characters supposed to be dead or otherwise disposed of, that is, on unexpected meetings and partings of a melodramatic character. In *Never too late to mend* the villainous contrivances of Meadows, and the extraordinary means by which they are defeated, the incident of the tract which reconverts the relapsing convict Robinson, the stolen bank-notes and their apparently miraculous recovery, are essentially theatrical. Isaac Levi the Jew, who is always on the spot where innocence requires to be protected and crime demands exposure, in England or Australia, can never have had any existence off the boards; but he is very familiar to us there. The picture which shows us Meadows plotting in a house out of which he has turned Levi, while Levi is sitting in the adjoining house with a gutta-percha pipe at his ear, listening to the plotter, is evidently suggested by those double scenes, with a mid wall of partition between them, by which on the stage we are sometimes granted a simultaneous view of two interiors. Before leaving his old house, Levi "had put a new cornice in the room he thought Meadows would sit in,—a cornice so deeply orna-



mented that no one could see the ear he left in it, and had taken out bricks in the wall of the adjoining house," and made the other little arrangements necessary for his purpose. We might add instances without number to the same effect from Mr. Reade's novels. Their conversation, in like manner, is stage dialogue. It is very good dialogue. Its wit is that of the comedy of Sheridan or Jerrold; its earnestness the earnestness of the best domestic drama or melodrama. But nothing can be more remote from the sort of thing that goes on in real life. His characters meditate also in protracted soliloquies, containing many effective "points." His personages, too, are of the boards. In his several heroes, we see the same *jeune premier* acting various parts. The difference is of costume, of situation, of incident, of dialogue only. Mr. Reade, misled by his stage models, and by his views as to the study of character, never goes beyond those qualities which all well-disposed and spirited young men have in common. George Fielding in *Never too late to mend*, Captain Dujardin in *White Lies*, Gerard in *The Cloister and the Hearth*,—the modern English yeoman, the French officer of the Revolutionary era, the Dutch artist and novice of the fifteenth century,—are at bottom one and the same. The commandant Raynal, and the arbalestrier Denys, and David Dodd, must pass under a like sentence. The soul of Mr. Meadows has transmigrated into Ghysbrecht van Swieten; that of Peter Crawley into the notary Perrin; Margaret Brandt is not noticeably different from Susan Merton. All of Mr. Reade's characters run in couplets or in triplets.

The substance, then, of Mr. Reade's stories,—their plot, incidents, personages, and dialogue,—show the student of human nature on the stage rather than in the out-of-doors world. Whatever is drawn from life off the boards appears to be put into a theatrical mould, and unconsciously adapted for representation. The admiration and the imitation of the modern French novelists, which is evident in Mr. Reade's style, in the very structure and connexion of his sentences, has probably acted in the same direction. *White Lies* is intended to be French: it is probably the most French novel ever written in English or by an Englishman. It is designed to be so, says the author, and the desire is in conformity with the laws of artistic congruity. But his other works, of which the themes are drawn from England, Scotland, Ireland, Europe in the middle ages, have a French tone about them, in the manner of thinking and writing, though not in the things thought and written about. Mr. Reade is perfectly correct when he says: "True art is a severe battle, not only against egotism, but against monotony. Books should not emulate peas. Each work should add to the features of literature,

not merely to its lamentable bulk." Judging the author by his own test of excellence, in the battle of art against egotism, Mr. Reade has been signally worsted. In the battle of art against monotony,—which we must not confound with tiresome dullness,—he has had but an imperfect success. An egotist must be more or less monotonous, and Mr. Reade is a consummate egotist. The delineator of life who would depict the characters of other men without first looking into his own heart, will never discriminate with the nicety needful to give variety to his portraiture, especially if the stage and the French novelists have in any considerable degree supplied his materials and suggested the manner of treating them.

Allowing for these qualifications, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Reade. He is perfectly master of his own resources, such as they are. His style is incisive and pungent; his outlines bold and distinct; his colouring vivid; his descriptions of nature are fresh and keen, though a little too hard and glittering, in a word, too metallic. The interest which depends on a situation, on highly-wrought interest and protracted suspense, is created, developed, intensified by him, until the catastrophe comes, with really marvellous power. The simpler emotions and passions, whether tender or violent, and incomplex characters, are also well drawn by him. His old soldiers are perhaps the best. Raynal and Denys and Martin Wittenhaagen may rank with the types of the same class in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. Mr. Reade has a rough manly tenderness, as different as possible from the "Ah me!" sort of moralising into which Mr. Thackeray falls, when he thinks it necessary to be sentimental. There is a blunt honest cynicism about him quite remote from the covert sneer which pervades the works of the author of *Vanity Fair*. These qualities give him insight into and sympathy with the rude warmth and plain-spoken honesty of the *vieux militaire* class, and contribute to the success of his delineations of them.

These preliminary remarks will serve to clear our way to the more detailed consideration of Mr. Reade's latest and, in some respects, his best work, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Its title represents the great antithesis of the middle ages, the earliest stage of that contest which had its crisis when Luther, by a double defiance, threw aside the vows which bound him as an Augustine monk, and took a professed nun as his wife. By one of those curious coincidences of which history is full, the true tale which Mr. Reade relates has for its hero and heroine the father and mother of Luther's great enemy, Erasmus. The basis of fact on which Mr. Reade has erected a large superstructure of fiction is furnished by Erasmus himself. In a *Compendium*

of the *Life of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam*, the following account is given of his birth, parentage, and education. We adopt the translation supplied by a reviewer in a contemporary :

“He (Erasmus) was born at Rotterdam on the eve of St. Simon and St. Jude. His mother was named Margaret, the daughter of a certain Peter, a physician. She was from Zevenberge. He saw her two brothers, men nearly ninety years old, at Dordrecht. His father was named Gerard. He had secret union with the said Margaret, with hope of marriage; and some said there was a lawful betrothal. That matter was considered a disgrace by the parents and brothers of Gerard. His father was Eli, his mother Catherine; each lived to extreme old age, Catherine almost to her ninety-fifth year. There were ten brothers, no sister; of the same parents, all married. Gerard was born youngest but one. It seemed fit to all that of so great a number one should be consecrated to God. You know the feelings of the old. And the brothers wished that the property should not be diminished, but that there should be a house for them to live together in. Gerard, seeing himself in every way shut out of marriage by the full agreement of all, did as the desperate do, fled secretly, and sent from his journey a letter to his parents and brothers, showing a hand locked in a hand, with the sentence added, Farewell, I shall never see you. Meanwhile the wife he had desired was left with child. The boy was nursed at his grandmother's. Gerard betook himself to Rome. There by writing (for the printer's art then was not) he supported himself. But he was most skilful in handwriting. And he lived gaily. Presently he applied his mind to honest study. In Greek and Latin he made handsome progress. And in knowledge of the law he reached to no common proficiency. For Rome was then wonderfully rich in learned men. He heard Guarini. He copied with his own hands all authors. When his parents learnt that he was in Rome, they wrote to him that the girl whom he had desired to marry was dead. He, crediting that, through grief was made a priest, and applied his whole mind to religion. Returned home, he discovered the fraud. Yet neither did she ever afterwards marry another man, neither did he ever approach her as a husband. But he took liberal care for the education of the boy.’ —Of this care the brief chronicle follows. ‘At nine years old he sent him to Deventer: his mother followed him, custodian and guardian of his tender years.’ The progress of the child, the teaching of Johann Sintheim (Zinthius), &c. are mentioned. ‘Here he reached to the third class; then the plague, vehemently raging, carried off the mother, the son being left in his thirteenth year. When the plague, daily raging more and more, desolated the whole household to which he belonged, he returned to his own country. Gerard, receiving the sad tidings, fell sick and soon afterwards died. Each died when but a little beyond the age of forty.’”

Mr. Reade, not having the fear of Mr. J. A. Froude before his eyes, has taken some liberties with this chronicle. He has

used it literally as his point of departure. He has not only filled up the spaces which the old writer leaves blank, but has painted out figures which Erasmus has inserted, and put in others of whom Erasmus knows nothing. The two brothers of Margaret are ignored, to bring out more strongly her filial devotion to her old father. The ten children of Eli are reduced to nine, and, in spite of the distinct "no sister" of the chronicler, Mr. Reade makes two of them girls. The religious motive assigned by Erasmus for the devotion of Gerard to the church—"it seemed fit to all that of so great a number one should be consecrated to God. You know the feelings of the old"—is ignored, and by implication contradicted. Gerard is destined to the priesthood merely in order to contribute to the support of his family.

To give variety to the monotonous brothers, Mr. Reade, acquitting the parents altogether, confines the villany attributed to them all to two of their number, and sketches the rest for us at his artistic pleasure. The lawful betrothal, of which Erasmus speaks doubtfully, is assumed by him as an indisputable fact.\*

These are the only points in which Mr. Reade directly falsifies his authority. We confess—it may be prudery—that, in consciously misstating facts, Mr. Reade seems to us to go beyond the proper limits of historic romance. Artistic necessity is no excuse for real falsification. Its legitimate function in dealing with real persons is transgressed when it does more than fill up the blanks of authentic information. It ought to enable us to realise what (so far as we have any testimony) we have reason to think is true, by supplementing it with harmonious details that possibly may have been true. This every reader of history does for himself, more or less, and must do, in order to form any conception at all of a scene or character. The novelist's variations may perhaps be excused on the ground of charity. They put those whose conduct is attacked by them in a fairer light than the original document does. Gerard and Margaret, Eli and Catherine, and all but two of their children, are relieved from the reproaches which it casts upon them.

We may now proceed, with an easy conscience, to consider Mr. Reade's story simply as a story. The following is an outline of it:

Eli is a draper of Tergou in Holland, who, well to do, and

\* In Butler's *Life of Erasmus* Margaret is said to have had two sons by Gerard, under promise of marriage; the elder, Anthony, being born two years before Erasmus. This, however, may have been one of the fictions with which Erasmus's adversaries strove to aggravate the imputation of bastardy with which they constantly reproached him.

happy with his wife Catherine, "would have been free from all earthly care but for nine children." Of these, three sons and one daughter are established in honest trades; two, Sybrandt and Cornelis, remain at home to loaf about in indolence and to plot mischief; two are unable to work. "(1) Giles, a dwarf of the wrong sort, half stupidity, half malice, all head and claws and voice, run from by dogs and unprejudiced females, and sided with through thick and thin by his mother. (2) Little Catherine, a poor little girl that could only move on crutches. She lived in pain, but smiled through it, with her marble face and violet eyes, and long silky lashes; and fretful or repining word never came from her lips." Last of all, there is Gerard, destined for the church, and devoted to reading, penmanship, and the art of illuminating. His skill in this art procures him the patronage and friendship of Margaret van Eyck, the sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck. "An affection," says Mr. Reade, "sprang up between the old painter and the young caligrapher that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary, nor were those who practised them; and it was an age in which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter and writer of our day, let me remind him that even Christians loved one another at first starting." Gerard is induced to become a candidate for prizes offered at Rotterdam by Philip the Good to competitors in various arts,—those of illuminating and writing on vellum among the rest. On the road from Tergou to Rotterdam, which he travels on foot, he passes and relieves an aged wayfarer and his daughter, Peter Brandt, the physician, and Margaret. The result may be foreseen. Gerard gains the prize for penmanship and the heart of Margaret, losing his own. He gains also the enmity of Ghysbrecht van Swieten, a reputable scoundrel, burgomaster of Tergou, who has defrauded Brandt and his daughter of their property, which he unjustly retains. Through his information, the visits of Gerard to Margaret at Sevenbergen become known to his parents; her portrait, painted by himself, and reverently admired by his family as that of the Virgin, is identified. An explosion ensues. Gerard refuses to give up Margaret for the priesthood—the hearth for the cloister; and he and Margaret are betrothed in the presence of witnesses, though when the banns are proclaimed, they are twice forbidden. In the exercise of that stern *patria potestas* which Dutch fathers seem to have possessed, Gerard is arrested at the very altar for designing to marry against his father's will, and imprisoned at Tergou, previous to being carried to Rotterdam, to await the

sentence of the duke. He accidentally touches a secret spring, and a chest which stands in his dungeon springs open, and discloses parchments of which Gerard possesses himself. Among them are afterwards found title-deeds stolen by the burgomaster from Peter Brandt. Gerard's escape from his dungeon, which is placed high up in a lofty tower, is thus managed. A blunted arrow is shot into his room, to which he finds a skein of silk attached. Fastening his knife to the silk he lowers it, retaining one end of the skein in his hand. After counting a hundred (as instructed by words written on the arrow), he draws up again. There came first the silk, then whip-cord, then a thicker cord, then a stout and knotted rope, by which he descends. He is pursued by the burgomaster, who misses his title-deeds. After perilous adventures, including fights with men and blood-hounds, he succeeds, with the aid of Margaret, and of an old soldier, Martin Wittenhaagen, in making his way across the frontier into Germany. Following the counsel given him in his first difficulties, he resolves to make his way to Rome. His journey thither is minutely described, and occupies nearly two of Mr. Reade's four volumes. Adventures in inns and convents, and by the wayside; contests for dear life with robbers and by wild-beasts; hair-breadth escapes by land and sea,—are crowded into the canvas with a prodigality which, by drawing attention from the main theme, somewhat interferes with the artistic effect of the story. This journey of Gerard from Tergou to Rome is made a thread on which to hang all the information that Mr. Reade has been able to collect about the life of the fifteenth century, as seen from the road in Holland, in Germany, in France, and in Italy. Monks, good and bad, physicians, innkeepers, counts, soldiers, robbers, shopkeepers, beggars, are made to pass across the stage, as accurately revived, we dare say, as if Mr. Charles Kean had dressed them for the Princess's. The combat with the robbers at the inn has, indeed, a smack of Surrey melodrama, while the escape by the whirling sails of a burning windmill is an effect possible perhaps at the Adelphi, but scarcely to be achieved in real life. We recommend it to Mr. Dion Boucicault for his next sensation drama. For the next part, however, Gerard's adventures are at least possible. They only awake incredulity inasmuch as it is unlikely that any one man could have passed through them all and lived. Those who have read Dr. Strauss's *Life of Ulrich von Hutten*, which, indeed, relates to a generation later than the period of Mr. Reade's story, will find authority for this novelist's picture of the dangers and inconveniences of the inns and roads of Europe, and of their frequenters. From the writings of Erasmus him-



self, we believe, hints, of which, no doubt, the author has made use, are to be gathered. Throughout these adventures, or most of them, Gerard is accompanied by a crossbowman of Burgundy, of good heart and bad tongue, who introduces himself to strangers, and consoles sufferers under every sort of affliction with the comforting but ill-authenticated intelligence: "Courage, friend, the devil is dead." The contrast between the young artist and the old soldier is artistic, and well developed, and their growing affection is nicely delineated. They are separated, however, by the arbalestrier's impressment into military service, and Gerard reaches Rome alone. There his ability as a copyist introduces him to the patronage of the celebrated Fra Colonna, the author of *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, and the worshipper of the old classic paganism. The artist Pietro Vanucci (Perugino) is introduced, with wide departure both from truth of fact as regards his residence at this time in Rome, and from truth of character in the particulars of himself,—if, at least, we may trust Vasari. We have also a sketch, faintly outlined, of the Pope, Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius). The state of things at Rome, which culminated in the papacy of Leo X., and in the classical reaction of such men as Von Hutten and the humanist party against Rome, is well brought out by Mr. Reade. The personal adventures of Gerard in Rome are not less thrilling than his adventures in Holland, and in his journey thence. He involuntarily wins, and steadily rejects, the affections of a noble lady, who avails herself, for revenge, of the services of a professional assassin, who, however, apart from his trade, is a very virtuous man. In the mean time, the false tidings of Margaret's death have reached Gerard, and, plunged into atheistic despair, he seeks to forget his griefs in the wildest excesses. Failing, he determines on suicide. He plunges into the Tiber. His life is saved by the assassin, who has followed him in order to take it. Carried to a Dominican monastery, and tended there with zealous ministrations both to soul and body, he finds himself restored to the world only in order to renounce it for the cloister, which he had vainly fled from, but which now seems to claim him again. He takes the vows as a Dominican. Gerard Eliassoen becomes Father Clement. His priestly experiences give Mr. Reade the opportunity of illustrating from a different point of view the social and moral condition of Europe towards the end of the fifteenth century. At last, he resolves on visiting England, and comes to Rotterdam, on his way thither. The fame of the saintly preacher reaches Margaret, who has, during Gerard's mysterious absence and silence, with much energy and patience, found the

means of supporting her father (now dead), her boy, and herself. She visits the church to hear the Dominican who is so much talked of.

"Suddenly a tone of the preacher's voice fell upon her ear and her mind so distinctly, it seemed literally to strike her, and make her vibrate inside and out.

Her hand went to her bosom, so strange and sudden was the thrill. Then she turned round and looked at the preacher. His back was turned, and nothing visible but his tonsure. She sighed. That tonsure, being all she saw, contradicted the tone effectually.

Yet now she leaned a little forward, with downcast eyes, hoping for that accent again. It did not come. But the whole voice grew strangely upon her. It rose and fell as the preacher warmed, and it seemed to awaken faint echoes of a thousand happy memories. She would not look to dispel the melancholy pleasure this voice gave her.

Presently, in the middle of an eloquent period, the preacher stopped.

She almost sighed. A soothing music had ended. Could the sermon be ended already? No, she looked round; the people did not move.

A good many faces seemed now to turn her way. She looked behind her sharply. There was nothing there.

Startled countenances near her now eyed the preacher. She followed their looks, and there in the pulpit was the face as of a staring corpse. The friar's eyes, naturally large, and made larger by the thinness of his cheeks, were dilated to a supernatural size, and glaring, her way, out of a bloodless face.

She cringed and turned fearfully round, for she thought there must be some terrible thing near her. No, there was nothing; she was the outside figure of the listening crowd.

At this moment the church fell into commotion. Figures got up all over the building, and crossed forward; agitated faces by hundreds gazed from the friar to Margaret, and from Margaret to the friar. The turning to and fro of so many caps made a loud rustle. Then came shrieks of nervous women and buzzing of men; and Margaret, seeing so many eyes levelled at her, shrank terrified behind the pillar, with one scared hurried glance at the preacher.

Momentary as that glance was, it caught in that stricken face an expression that made her shiver.

She turned faint, and sat down on a heap of chips the workmen had left, and buried her face in her hands. The sermon went on again. She heard the sound of it, but not the sense. She tried to think, but her mind was in a whirl. Thought would fix itself in no shape but this, that on that prodigy-stricken face she had seen a look stamped. And the recollection of that look now made her quiver from head to foot.

For that look was 'Recognition.' (iv. pp. 188-90.)

From this point to its close, the story proceeds with mar-

vellous power. Gerard finds out the truth, and in his rage and madness pronounces a terrible curse on those by whom he has been deceived, and disappears. All search for him proves fruitless; at last it is discovered that he has taken refuge in a hermitage at Gouda, the previous tenant having just died. The piety of the country people supplies him with needful provisions. The conflict between his earthly love and the claims of Heaven and his vows reduces him to the verge of insanity. Margaret in vain strives to win him back, not to herself, but to the outward world and its duties; for, through the interest of his brother Giles, who has become a favourite dwarf at court, the vicarage of Gouda has been conferred upon him. Her child, however, unwittingly accomplishes what she is unable to effect; and Margaret's pleas, added to his, confirm the victory. The story of what remained of life to either, and of their deaths, is known, and needs not be spoiled by incomplete narration or mutilated extract here. Mr. Reade concludes wisely and piously :

"Thus, after life's fitful fever, these true lovers were at peace. The grave, kinder to them than the Church, united them for ever : and now another man, of another age and nation, touched with their fate, has laboured to build their tombstone, and rescue them from long and unmerited oblivion.

He asks for them your sympathy, but not your pity. . . . For if you cannot bear to be told that these died young, who had they lived a hundred years would still be dead, how shall you bear to see the gentle, the loving, and the true, glide from your own bosom to the grave, and fly from your house to heaven ?

Yet this is in store for you. In every age the Master of Life and death, who is kinder as well as wiser than we are, has transplanted to heaven young earth's sweetest flowers." (iv. pp. 430-1.)

Mr. Reade set out, it is evident, with the intention of telling the story of Gerard and Margaret, so as to send it home to the sympathy and imaginations of his readers. That intention he has carried out with a success which we do not think any of his contemporaries could have surpassed, or even approached. As, however, he collected his materials for the work, another design seems to have grown, that of reproducing the life of the fifteenth century in its various phases. Both designs are good apart, yet the combination is by no means to be approved. Gerard is overweighted. The accessories divert attention from the central figure. Instead of only so much being told of the features of the age as is needful to realise the scenery and groups through which the hero takes his way, not a detail is spared that can on any pretext be lugged in. The author has not merely acquired the erudition needful for this purpose, but has thoroughly assimilated it, and formed thence a vivid picture of men and things.

The effect, however, is somewhat like that with which one reads *Charicles* and *Gallus*. We feel that Gerard does this or that, not from any inherent necessity flowing from his character, or from the circumstances in which he is placed, but because the author has got information which he can in that way turn to account. As a work of art, Mr. Reade has injured his novel by not knowing when to hold his hand. He should have given just so much of the century as (to use Mr. Carlyle's phrase) "naturally adhered" to his hero, and no more. As it is, the first two volumes of this story drag. The work might have been reduced to half its bulk with advantage to its interest as a romance.

Still we should have been sorry to lose sketches so vigorous and so instinct with vitality as even those parts of the work which are in a way excrescences upon the tale at present. Mr. Reade's disposition towards outward observation enables him to give, with admirable effect, such a picture of society as would fall under the eye of a traveller rapidly moving from Rotterdam to Rome. He unrolls a vivid panorama of country and town, road and river, with their varied groups and scenery. The period is one particularly interesting. The age immediately preceding a great revolution is more momentous than that in which the revolution itself takes place. The forces are then gathering which are afterwards to break forth. The signs and precursors of the Reformation to which Gerard's son was so largely to contribute are to be traced in the generation before him.

We cannot speak too highly of the power and pathos of those portions of *The Cloister and the Hearth* which relate to the later fortunes of Gerard and Margaret. Mr. Reade, if he is deficient in the power of minute analysis, excels in painting the action of strong emotions upon simple characters. The sufferings of Gerard, from the time that he first hears of Margaret's death, and their renewal when the peace which he has found in the church is broken by discovering that she who was supposed to be dead yet lived, his six months' seclusion and torture in the hermitage of Gouda, and the peaceful life in the manse which succeeds them,—are exquisitely drawn. Nor are the more protracted and more patiently endured trials of Margaret sketched with a less masterly hand. We do not know any thing in prose fiction more tender and ennobling than Mr. Reade's delineation of the short-lived happiness, the much tribulation, and the final peace other than of this world, which mark the lonely history of the parents of Erasmus.

## ART. VII.—ECCLESIASTES.

*Der Prediger Salomo's erklärt von Dr. F. Hitzig.* (Lieferung 7 of the Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament.) Leipzig, 1847.

*Der Prediger und das Hohelied.* Von J. G. Vaihinger. 1858.

*Coheloth, commonly called the Book of Ecclesiastes.* Translated from the original Hebrew, with a Commentary, historical and critical, by Christian D. Ginsburg. London: Longmans. 1861.

If a foreign traveller in our country were to write of the English: 'Their mind, ever active, and engaging itself especially on the practical wisdom developed by history, studies with avidity the historical literature of all the great nations of the world: yet there is one book of this nature of which they know nothing, and that is the Bible,'—he would be regarded by nine Englishmen out of ten as demonstrating how difficult it is for a foreigner to enter into the mind of the Englishman, to understand the principles that guide him, the aspirations that raise him, the affections that draw him. Is not the Bible, it would be said, made by us in a peculiarly solemn manner the subject of education? an education which commences when the mother tells to the child at her knee the stories of Moses, of Samuel, of the boy Jesus; and which continues through daily or weekly Bible lessons at home and at school, the sole constant term, while every thing else in education is changing, and which, by family or congregational Bible reading, outlasts all the youthful "lessons," by many regarded as the whole of human education, and only ceases with life itself? Is there a Biblical name which would be unknown, not only to the literary man, but to the decently educated countryman or shopkeeper? Should not we be ashamed to be found ignorant of any of the more important of the stories of the Biblical history? Is not this a knowledge that society expects from us? Have we the same knowledge, or the same desire of knowledge, of any other history, even of that of our own country? And after all this, are we to be told that we do not know the Bible?

Yet let us not waste our expostulatory eloquence. We read the Bible certainly, and more universally and more frequently than any other book; but how much do we know of its contents? Two causes mainly contribute to prevent our knowledge from being very discriminating or available: familiarity, and the edificatory character of most of our Bible readings. Our very familiarity with its stories prevents these from producing

the effect which they would if we could come fresh to its study. It is scarcely possible to bring back the stories we have known as children into the crucible of the mature intellect, to learn the cause, the effect, and the true spirit of events which have passed unquestioned into our childish mind. Those, therefore, who as children have had the most careful Biblical instruction, commonly advance the least beyond the childish conception of the Scriptures. The second cause is derived from the use of the Bible as a book of religious edification. The practice of reading single chapters certainly does not aid the knowledge of the argument of a whole book. A history, to produce its proper effect, must never be judged by one chapter taken out of its connexion; and a philosophical dialogue cannot spare any one of the links of its argument. But the reading of single chapters is too frequently accepted as a substitute for the careful study of a whole book in connexion; the result of which is, that there are many persons who know every single verse of the book of Job, or of one of St. Paul's epistles, yet who would be utterly unable to give any account of the general aim and scope of the book. It is needless to enlarge upon the value of the Bible as a treasure-house of the purest and most elevated thoughts, of our religion, in short: what we have to insist on, is that the religious employment of the book does not carry with it the critical and historical study of it, and that the latter has been far too little cultivated among us. The critical study of the New Testament, indeed, has at length fairly taken root among us, through the labours of Stanley, Jowett, Conybeare, and others; but for the Old Testament, it is little indeed that has been done in England in recent times. It is therefore with a peculiar satisfaction that we welcome a large and scholarly work on the book of Ecclesiastes, which tempts us to offer some considerations on the character, date, and authorship of this book.

The ancient Hebrew literature embodied in the Old Testament contains numerous books, varying in antiquity, in subject, in importance, and in reputed sacredness. The five books of Moses rank the first in historical importance. They contain the early history of the nation, and exhibit it as enjoying the special favour of Jehovah, and bound to him by a formal covenant; and they embody the whole of that system of law which was to the Hebrew Commonwealth polity, jurisprudence, and theology all in one. To the law, in the eyes of a Hebrew, nothing can be added, and from it nothing can be taken away: his highest study is the contemplation of its perfection (Psalm i. 2). The other books of this kind can only lay claim to a very secondary importance. Of these, some are historical, continuing the history commenced in the books of Moses; some are prophetic.



The most rational division would be one which would group the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, with the Pentateuch, as history; and regard those of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve lesser Prophets, as prophecy. It is an indication of the higher authority attributed to the Pentateuch, that rather than associate any other books with the five of Moses, the Hebrews class the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, with the Prophets. But history and prophecy did not exhaust the Hebrew literature. The remaining books are more miscellaneous in character; and, partly from this cause, and partly from the late origin of some, they were placed at the end of the Hebrew Bible, as a sort of Appendix. They are known collectively by the name *Hagiographa*, and in Hebrew are called simply the "Writings." The threefold division of the Hebrew Scriptures is most distinctly acknowledged in the prologue to *Ecclesiasticus*, where the author, Jesus the son of Sirach, speaks of "the law, and the prophets, and other books of our fathers," and again of "the law, and the prophets, and the rest of the books." The miscellaneous character of the *Hagiographa* is plainly indicated by these expressions: "other books of our fathers," "the rest of the books." St. Luke (xxiv. 44) speaks of "the law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms," enumerating only the first and chief book of the *Hagiographa*. The *Hagiographa* contain partly poetical books, which could manifestly not find a place in either of the other divisions, as Psalms, Proverbs, Job, the Song of Solomon, and *Ecclesiastes*; partly historical, as Ruth, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles; partly prophetical, as Daniel; and one book of a peculiar character, Lamentations. The historical and prophetical books that have found a place here were evidently composed after the other divisions were completed, so that no better place could be found for them. We thus see that the book of *Ecclesiastes* occupies a place neither among the oldest nor among the most authoritative books of the Hebrew Scriptures; but stands in an appendix of works of very various character, added from time to time until the canon was closed. The supposition which a consideration of this arrangement would favour, that the books of the *Hagiographa* are chiefly of rather recent date, is confirmed in almost every case by the critical study of their language and contents. Even the book of Psalms, which contains some of the oldest writings in the Hebrew language, must have been compiled into its present form and size at a very late period, as some of the Psalms employ words and forms of the latest age of Biblical Hebrew.

We shall commence the consideration of *Ecclesiastes* with an analysis of its argument. When we are clear about the subject discussed and the mode of treatment, we shall be in a

condition to venture on an opinion as to the age and authorship of the book, and to estimate the views advanced, with more or less of dogmatic bias, by other scholars, as to the tendency of its philosophy.

The writer starts with the chief thesis which he wishes to establish: "Vanity of vanities, saith Coheleth, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." It is the result to which his disquisition leads, and with which consequently the book closes (xii. 8). It is important to understand what he means by "vanity," and to what "all" in this sentence refers. As to the latter question, as "vanity" is throughout the book attributed successively to pleasure, to money-making, to the desire of wisdom, it evidently is referred by the writer to *human pursuits and fortunes* exclusively. All human desires, then, he says, are vanity of vanities, *i.e.* the utmost vanity. The Hebrew word properly denotes a breath of wind, and hence is used of something unsubstantial, which cannot be retained. This is in the Hebrew rendered more distinct by the synonym coupled with it in i. 14, ii. 11, and elsewhere; which the English Authorised Version renders "vexation of spirit:" it is, however, properly "a desire of wind," that is, a windy, or empty, intangible, unprofitable desire. Each of the words thus illustrates the other with reference to the figurative use of "wind" in Hebrew; and the second expression proves that it is of human desires and aspirations that vanity is predicated.

Having thus enunciated his opinion, that all the desires and aspirations of men, all that they labour for, are "vanity," the writer explains his meaning more accurately by saying that "man hath no *advantage* from all his toil wherewith he toileth under the sun." That, then, is vanity which produces no advantage, no tangible result. If pleasure only gratifies the senses for the time, but fails to gain for its votary any permanent joy, it will be condemned as vanity; and if wisdom, however excellent a guide it may be in single instances, cannot infallibly and in the long-run preserve its possessor from contempt, failure, and death, then it also must be condemned as vanity. The ultimate advantage is assumed as the criterion of all human pursuits, and all are declared to be vain. It is obvious, the writer says, that it must be so, inasmuch as the world into which man is called is bound by the iron laws of cyclic change. The sun rises and sets, the wind goes to the south, and then back to the north; the streams flow into the sea, and the sea replenishes the sources of the streams again; every thing that seems new will be found to be a mere repetition of the old. When Nature itself thus progresses not, but merely repeats herself, how should the labour of man, who exists only for his short day and then is forgotten, effect any thing? his labour, whether expended on

pleasure, on wealth, or on wisdom, must be vain. This Introduction (i. 1-11) is rather an anticipation of the argument than the argument itself. To this he now advances. It is an argument of experience mainly. Having been king, he has had the advantage of a vast experience; the wisdom for which he has been distinguished has only created for him cares and anxieties which a more thoughtless and ignorant person would have been spared; and the unbridled pleasure to which he had then given himself up was found to be unproductive of any good in the end: "To mirth I said, Thou actest foolishly! and to pleasure, What doeth she?" An alternative, however, remained: "I resolved with my heart to entice my body with wine, my mind guiding with wisdom, and to lay hold on folly, till I should see what is good for the sons of men which they should do under heaven, the numbered days of their lives." In other words, pleasure was to be aimed at, yet not in that unbridled, unreasoning, brutish manner which had been found to be pernicious, but under the control of wisdom. Possibly this union of pleasure and wisdom might yield that satisfaction which neither alone produced. Therefore he launched into all the refined luxuries which an Oriental prince so keenly enjoys: extensive houses, beautiful gardens and orchards producing every sort of fruit, slaves bought and slaves born on the estate, flocks and herds, silver and gold, musicians, and beautiful women. Yet all this luxury produced no satisfaction; for it was embittered by two thoughts,—one, that his wisdom, after all, has not elevated him into a better position than the fool's; and the other, that his wisdom will die with him, and his successor may very likely be a fool and a spendthrift, upon whom all his amassed treasures will be wasted: "this, too, is vanity and a great evil." The conclusion at which he arrives after this exposure of the failure of three modes of living—by pleasure, by wisdom, and by pleasure controlled by wisdom—is the following: "There is nothing better for man than to eat and drink, and let his soul enjoy pleasure in his labour: even this I saw cometh from God." The ultimate "advantage" which had been sought, then, has no existence; a better course, of action than that of the worldling and the voluptuary has not been discovered, as had been hoped, and, after all, "there is nothing better" than the sensual existence, the pleasures of which are at least real so long as they last. Thus ends the first section.

The second section (chaps. iii. to v.) commences by urging that "there is a fixed time for all things:" that birth and death, and all the acts of life, as weeping and laughing, keeping and casting away, silence and speech, war and peace, are all irrevocably assigned to fixed seasons. If all this, then, is predestined,

what end can the harassing toil of men attain?—it cannot reverse the decrees of fate. Every thing is beautiful and right in its season; and man, if his efforts could alter it, would change the position of things for the worse. This is precisely the way in which, after two thousand years, Mussulman fatalism justifies its indolent *Mashallah*! in the same locality. It will be seen that the second section commences with the same argument as the first; only that there it was founded on the constancy of Nature, here on the predestination of the acts and sufferings of human life. Man, moreover, appreciating the regularity and beauty of the order of the world, can conform to it and find his enjoyment in the pleasures of sense which that holds out to him. But the fatalistic creed must go further. *Every thing* is not so beautiful, for “in the place of justice there was iniquity;” and the faith which was once possible, that “God will judge the righteous and the wicked, for there is a time of judgment with him, for every thing and deed,” is now dead, being contradicted by constant experience, which shows that man and beast, wise and foolish, die equally, and “no one knoweth whether the spirit of man goeth upward, and whether the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth.” Take it, then, which way you will,—whether that the existing order of things, natural and human, is so beautiful that man, if he could influence it, would only spoil it; or that it comprises much wickedness which appears to have immunity, and certainly does not affect the end of life,—on either supposition nothing remains for man, but to make the best of his transitory existence, seizing on the pleasures it offers, regarding them as “his portion,” and careless about the hereafter. But what comfort is there in this for the oppressed, to whom life offers no pleasures? None whatever; for the writer admits that it were better to have died long ago, than to have life under such circumstances. But a large proportion of the misery of human life is produced by jealousy of one toward the other, and by avarice. Against this, in the absence of any Divine moral government, some security may be gained by the strength of partnership: “for if one fall, the other will lift up his fellow; but woe to the solitary one who falleth and hath no fellow to lift him up.” Where the season for every event is predestined, and man’s good or evil deeds will meet no Judgment, and no security is possible against the encroachments of oppression, God cannot be regarded as very near to the needs of the human soul. The thinker may not be conscious of tending towards Atheism, or of having eliminated from his world the only power which gives to man any personal consciousness of a God. To us this is evident; and in time the mode of thought was certain to develop its inherent tendency; but to the thinker him-

self it was not so. Still, his God stands at a distance; the struggles of life against evil fortune and evil men, under which many a noble life succumbs, appear to affect Him not while they last, and to provoke no judgment in the end. What kind of religion is possible towards such a being? Surely one of fear, but not of love; a distant and servile reverence, like that felt for the king under an Oriental despotism, a fear of rousing his anger, and a desire of propitiating his favour; a feeling, therefore, which has its root in self, not an affection going forth to meet a Divine love. This therefore is the religion which Ecclesiastes here enjoins. "To obey is a nearer way to him (God) than to offer the sacrifice of the disobedient;" but "God is in heaven, and thou art upon earth, therefore let thy words be few;" do not trifle with the patience of so distant and august a being, and remain not in his debt a single day, but pay at once any vow that thou mayest have contracted. The case against riches is once more stated: that they produce an appetite for their own increase, are an anxiety and a source of increased expenditure in the holding, and then often take to themselves wings and flee away. What, then, are we to conclude that we ought to do in a world, thus subjected partly to predestination, partly to chance? Surely, as before, that "it is well for man to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good in all his labours which he laboureth;" especially as "the days of his life are not many." Thus ends the second section.

The third section (chap. vii. 1 to viii. 15) shows that true happiness must be unattainable by man, since there are always appetites that will remain unsatisfied by any amount of wealth or length of life: "the soul cannot be satisfied." Besides, man is subject to God, with whose power he cannot contend; and this subjection, not having its root in love, but only in fear, must plainly be to man the spring of discontent, and render perfect happiness unattainable to him, and possible to God alone. From this subject position man can command neither true wisdom, nor absolute happiness, nor perpetuity of enjoyment. What seems to hold out the most reasonable hope of happiness is not that enthusiasm which rushes headlong at its object, be this the gratification of appetite, the conquest of a fortune or a province, or the attainment of wisdom; but the prudent course of action which avoids giving offence, listens patiently to reproof and acquiesces in the existing state of things, rather than repine for the better days that are gone. "A good name" may thus be earned, and the possessor of it live safe in the favour of his contemporaries; but he must not be righteous over much, nor wise over much, else he will be disliked and forsaken; and why should he be? it has been seen before that righteousness and wisdom of them-

selves yield no "advantage" at all. But neither must he be so wicked nor so foolish as to be in danger of provoking the Divine displeasure, and dying before his time. In short, he must aspire after no ideal virtue, observe all the proprieties, and avoid shocking people's feelings. In the same spirit, a humble and careful obedience towards the king is enjoined, "for he doeth whatsoever pleaseth him;" but the sentiment of loyalty towards the king is just as little present as was that of religious devotion towards God. Indeed it is admitted that the king may be a tyrant; in which case the only comfort lies in the thought that no man, not even as king, "is ruler over his spirit to retain the spirit;" consequently his tyranny must end with his life. Although the writer formerly believed that "it shall be well with those who fear God, who truly fear before him; and it shall not be well to the wicked, and, like a shadow, he shall not prolong his existence, because he doth not fear before God," in other words, that life and fortune would be apportioned by God according to the virtue and vice of the various human lives, yet, he says, this belief has been proved erroneous; for "there are righteous men who have wages like that of the wicked, and there are wicked who have wages like that of the righteous." The result, then, is the same as before: "I praised mirth, because there is nothing better for man under the sun than to eat, and drink, and rejoice."

The fourth section (viii. 16 to ix. 10) presents this argument: Man cannot discover any principle in God's dealings with men: the only thing certain for all, righteous and wicked, pure and impure, is death; and the dead can neither know, love, hate, or do any thing at all, "and there is no more any portion for them for ever in all that is done under the sun." If therefore no one course of life insures permanency of happiness, and oblivion awaits all equally in the end, what can we be intended for, but to enjoy the good things of time and sense that are for the moment within our reach? "This is thy portion in life."

The fifth section (ix. 11 to xii. 7) again asserts, that success is not measured out according to merit—"the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" some misfortune is in store for every one; and wisdom, although often proving its practical value, neither insures respect among men, nor is proof against the stronger counterinfluence of folly ("a little folly is more mighty than honourable wisdom"): moreover, folly often climbs into the high places of honour, where her forward speech and her indolence and debauchery ruin the land. In so unreliable a state of things that prudent conduct, recommended before, which abstains from giving offence to the king even in thought, is the safest. And although a time of such insecurity leaves but



little encouragement to the husbandman to sow, yet he is to sow his seed early and late, in the hope that some of it will prosper. The conclusion drawn is the same as before: that so long as the faculty of enjoyment exists, man is to seize all the joys that earth affords; remembering that death will soon overtake him, when none of that enjoyment, which seems to be that whereunto God has called him, will be possible. "For even if a man should live many years, he ought to rejoice in them all, and to remember that there will be many dark days, that all which is coming is vanity." The young man especially, whose faculty of enjoyment is the keenest, is to deny himself nothing: "pursue the ways of thine heart, and the things which are seen by the eyes. . . . Banish therefore sorrow from thy mind, and put away sadness from thy body." Yet he is to remember his Creator through all this pleasure. The injunction sounds incongruous to us; but to the writer, who thinks he has proved pleasure to be the highest end for which God created man, it is obviously not so; and he even adds, "know that, respecting all these, God will bring thee into judgment:" a judgment not respecting moral purity and integrity, but "respecting *all these*"—the pleasures of sense desired and enjoyed by the heart and the eyes. He, then, who most heartily and unreservedly gave himself up to the influence of such pleasure, would be most approved at this bar of judgment. So ends the argument of the book: it is followed by a few verses of epilogue.

The sentiment, that there is nothing better for man than to eat and drink and enjoy the good things of this life, expressed with a peculiar emphasis of conviction in seven distinct places throughout the book, appears by this recurrence to prove itself the key-note of the whole: as such we have exhibited it in the above sketch of the argument of the book, and it would appear to us impossible for any careful and unbiassed reader to miss this fundamental truth. If this be not asserted, we know not what is; for there is no assertion in the book which is made more deliberately, nor expressed in plainer and less varnished language: moreover, in every case it is the legitimate conclusion of an argument which could culminate in nothing else. It may indeed be conceded that the Hebrew language is but little suited to the purposes of philosophical argument, to which it is adapted here and in the book of Job: its conjunctions are few, and but sparingly used, since the tone of voice expresses to the lively Hebrew the relation of each clause to the preceding; and the scholar, who has only the dead letter on paper, often doubts whether the relation is coördinative, adversative, or causative, where the only indication is afforded by the all-expressing or inexpressive particle *vě* (and). A minute scholarship, which

scrupulously regards the arrangement of the sentence and the employment of the tenses, will nevertheless be less frequently in doubt on this point than is commonly supposed.' Still, many assertions occur in the book which one scholar may legitimately regard as substantial expressions of opinion, while another may conceive them to be introduced as mere links in a chain of argument, or possibly as the opinions of an opponent, as if prefaced by the words "although you might suppose that —, yet," &c. An instance of this occurs in chap. iii. verse 17: "I said in my heart, God will judge the righteous and the wicked," which at first sight, and out of its connexion, appears to be a plain expression of the writer's abiding belief. Yet its utter inconsistency with verse 19—"For man is mere chance, and the beast is mere chance"—warns us that we must accept it as meaning "*Although I once thought that there would be a judgment, which would set all things right, yet now I find that man's life is subject to chance only.*" The same thing recurs perhaps still more palpably at viii. 12-14. It is this indistinctness of the language in the discrimination of the two sides of an argument that renders it so peculiarly necessary in Hebrew to read the argument as a whole. By picking out single verses, Ecclesiastes may be made to speak any faith, from the grossest Epicureanism to the deepest faith in a divine judgment based on pure morals, and in a future life. Hence preachers have done far more harm than good with reference to the understanding of the book, especially as they, having the deeper Christian morality at heart, naturally select only the latter kind of verses, into which they also impart more than was really meant by the writer.

If, then, the thesis which the author desires to establish, be what we have represented it, we have next to inquire with what intent is this argument wielded? This question has been variously answered, according as the denial of any thing higher than temporal pleasure has been believed to be the author's ultimate verdict, or a means to the establishment of something ulterior. But the position of the book in the Canon has deplorably biassed scholars whose judgment would otherwise have been free, fearless, and to the point, and tempted them either to spiritualise the sort of pleasure recommended, or to look elsewhere for the real argument. Thus Mr. Ginsburg affirms the design of the book to be:

"To gather together the desponding people of God from the various expediencies to which they have resorted, in consequence of the inexplicable difficulties and perplexities in the moral government of God, into the community of the Lord, by showing them the utter insufficiency of all human efforts to obtain real happiness, which cannot be secured by wisdom, pleasure, industry, wealth, &c., but consists in

the *calm enjoyment of life*, in the resignation to the dealings of Providence, in the service of God, and in the belief in a future state of retribution, when all the mysteries in the present course of the world shall be solved."

"Calm enjoyment of life" sounds highly religious and proper, and may be a polite paraphrase, but is not of the same essence as the self-indulgence recommended by Ecclesiastes in the words, "I praised mirth, because there is nothing better for man under the sun than to eat and drink and rejoice;" and again: "Eat with gladness thy bread, and drink thy wine with cheerful heart; . . . let thy garments be white at all times, and let no perfume be lacking upon thy head: enjoy life with the woman whom thou lovest, all the days of thy vain life which he giveth thee under the sun." Ewald spiritualises the pleasure recommended to a still more extravagant extent, when he makes the writer argue that "there is no other lasting good for man than *serene joy in God*, comprising as it does every thing else." Of Rosenmüller, Heiligenstedt, and others, the same might be said.

Dissatisfied with the mere Epicurean philosophy which lies on the surface, others have supposed that that is merely a means to the establishment of something else. Thus Vaihinger considers that "the design of the preacher is to establish the immortality of the soul, wherein alone the solution of the otherwise inexplicable problems of life is happily to be found; and to encourage us to look forward to a future judgment amid the discrepancies between the moral nature and fate of man." According to this idea, the recommendation of pleasure must be made, not *bonâ fide*, but with the reservation: "Behold, if this life be all, and fates are distributed so capriciously, the best thing we can do will be to enjoy ourselves; but our moral nature teaches us that that is not the best, and thereby witnesses to a future life which will rectify those inequalities." Undoubtedly this is the argument which a man of religious mind, who could sacrifice any thing rather than the truth of his conscience and the justice of God, would build up with these materials: but does Ecclesiastes do so? Surely not; else the assertion about pleasure, which then is only a hypothesis contrary to the fact, and a means to the establishment of an ulterior proposition, would not be presented as a *bonâ fide* recommendation, and a final result (v. 18-20, xi. 8-10); and the proposition to the establishment of which it only leads, would occupy the chief place. Yet so far is the doctrine of a future conscious and active life of the soul from being accepted, that all the passages where the state after death is touched upon tend the other way. Wherever he speaks of death, it is as darkness, and a negation

of both action and enjoyment, whether that implies positive annihilation, or a shadowy wretched existence, like that of the ghosts in the Greek Hades:

"Man is mere chance, and the beast is mere chance, and they are both subject to the same chance; as is the death of one, so is the death of the other, and both have the same spirit; and the advantage of man over the beast is nothing, for both are vanity; both go to the same place, both were made of dust, and both turn into dust again: no one knoweth whether the spirit of man goeth upward, and whether the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth" (iii. 19-21).

The dead know nothing, and neither love nor hate, nor can enjoy any thing good:

"To all the living there is hope, for a living dog is better than a dead lion; since the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not any thing; and there is no more any advantage to them, for their memory ceaseth to be; also their love as well as their hatred and their zeal have long perished, and there is no more any portion for them for ever in all that is done under the sun" (ix. 4-6).

So also we are to enjoy ourselves while we live, as death comes when all enjoyment will be over:

"For even if a man should live many years, he ought to rejoice in them all, and to remember that there will be many dark days, that all which is coming is vanity! Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youthful days; . . . banish, therefore, sorrow from thy mind, and put away sadness from thy body, for youth and manhood are but vanity; and remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the days of evil come, and the years arrive of which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them: before the sun becometh dark," &c.

*i. e.* before thy death arrives; since the whole of the first seven verses of chapter xii. embody a highly-wrought allegory on death.

These passages present no evidence that the writer had elevated himself above the ordinary thought of the Old Testament upon this subject. It was the great want of the Hebrew religion, that it utterly failed to satisfy the affections that are set upon things above—that are bound up in the higher spiritual life, and demand an assurance of freedom from death and decay for the affections, the religious aspirations, and the sense of justice. All the rewards promised by the great legislator relate to temporal good. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee:" and the penalty denounced upon an individual is, to be cut off from among the people; and upon the nation, to be *spued out* by the land given to them for a possession (Lev. xviii.-xx. &c.). And the poets have no more elevated them-

selves to the conception of a conscious and active spiritual life after death than the prose writers. The writer of Psalm xxx., when in danger of death, pleads with God not to suffer him to die, arguing that only in life he can praise God and preach his truth: "What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee, shall it declare thy truth?" And so in Psalm vi. 4: "Save me for thy mercies' sake: for in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?" So Hezekiah, in his thanksgiving for restoration from illness, says, "For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day" (Isaiah xxxviii. 18, 19). Similar expressions are used in Ps. lxxxviii. 10-12, cxv. 17. So Job complains in the depth of his misery (chap. xiv.): "For the tree has hope: if it be cut down, it will sprout again; . . . but man dieth, and wasteth away; man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Waters fail from the sea, and a stream decayeth and drieth up: so a man lieth down and will never rise till the heavens be no more: they will wake not up, nor be stirred out of their sleep. . . . If a man die, shall he live again?" And the sleep enjoyed by the dead in the beautiful passage of the same book (iii. 11-19): "Why died I not from the womb? . . . for now I should have lain still and been quiet: I should have slept and been at rest"—is a cessation of activity, not a commencement of a glorified spiritual life. The whole argument demands this; the words 'sleep,' 'rest,' &c., imply it; and the comparison with the negation of life in a stillborn infant (v. 16) proves it. There can, indeed, be no harm in the Christian comforting his soul with the words, "There the wicked cease from raving: and there the broken down in strength are at rest," and understanding them of a future state, in which fraud and violence will have no place, and the weary and afflicted will have rest from their sorrows: but it is the duty of the commentator to take them in connexion with the argument of the book, and ask simply, What did the writer intend by them? and he will be constrained to admit that the rest, which appears to poor tormented Job as desirable and blissful, is not the life of the Christian's hope, but a continued sleep of unconsciousness. That death was to the Hebrew absolute annihilation, it would perhaps be going too far to affirm; this would not be consistent with the belief in witchcraft, by which the souls of the dead could be wakened out of their sleep, and brought into communication with men on earth (1 Sam. xxviii. 15); nor with the wish which Job expresses in the passage quoted above, that God could "hide him in the grave" till his wrath is over, and then

restore him to life; nor with the words immediately following, in which the very extremity of his earthly misery has driven him to the verge of the Christian's hope, where, after the despairing question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" he exclaims, If that could be true, "then all my days of service would I wait till my release came: when thou calledst, I should answer thee; thou wouldest long for the work of thy hands." The conception therefore evidently was of a sleep for the soul corresponding with the rest of the body in the grave: and action was as little possible to the one as to the other. That the doctrine of a future spiritual life, depending on a previous judgment, was not the general belief of the Old Testament, would also be expected from the fact that it became the characteristic doctrine of one sect—that of the Pharisees—formed at a later period, and denied by another (the Sadducees), although both equally accepted the teachings of the Scriptures.

If this be the way in which this great subject is regarded throughout the Old Testament, we should evidently exercise great critical caution before we venture to believe the teaching of our author to be different from that of his age and nation. And if it were different, the difference would be stated with emphasis, and with some allusion to the falseness of the creed which he rejects. Yet this is not the case; and there are in truth no passages on the other side that can outweigh the force of the main argument, which we have seen assumes that the whole of human life, its happiness and misery, its rewards and punishments, finds its end here. Chap. iii. 21 is correctly translated by Mr. Ginsburg, "No one knoweth *whether* the spirit of man goeth upward, and *whether* the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth:" this passage therefore expressly disclaims all certainty upon the subject. In chap. xii. 7, it is said, "the body returneth to the earth as it was, and the spirit goeth back to God who gave it." The breath, or soul, which makes man a living and an intelligent being, was originally breathed into him by God: the human soul was an emanation from the divine (Gen. ii. 7; Job xxxiii. 4); when, therefore, the separate human existence of this life comes to an end, it naturally returns to God from whom it issued at first. So far, then, from asserting the immortality of the human soul, this passage rather denies it.

The fact is, so it seems to us, that the commentators mentioned above, as well as most others, have believed that the author was inculcating a far more positive system than he affords us any certain indication of. His philosophy is essentially negative and sceptical. The common belief of the Hebrews, we have said, provided no judgment, and no future life after death.



The Divine justice was however believed to be exercised with infallible certainty on this side of the grave, in the distribution of temporal goods. Wealth and happiness are given to the virtuous and upright; poverty and misery reward vice and malice. "Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off? Even as I have seen, they that plough iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same" (Job iv. 7, 8). "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened. The righteous shall never be removed: but the wicked shall not inhabit the earth" (Prov. x. 27, 30). "I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" (Ps. xxxvii. 25). Similar sentiments are expressed in Job v. 3-5, xv. 20-30, xviii. 5-21; Prov. xi. 30, 31, xxiv. 19, 20. A long career of wickedness, though triumphant for a time, is certain to be suddenly stopped and rewarded by a humiliation proportioned to the previous offence. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree: yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found" (Ps. xxxvii. 35, 36; and see also Ps. xlix., lii., lxxiii. 3-20; Job xx. 4-29). And conversely a man upright and religious in all respects may expect a life free from great afflictions or humiliations. As the inadequacy of this conception of the divine government became apparent, the theory first expanded as far as it could. It was conceded that the righteous might suffer, but not for ever; the wicked may be allowed success in his violence and extortion, but retribution will overtake him the more surely before he dies: if no other punishment awaits him, at least his death will be sudden and miserable. Yet even if this compromise were never contradicted by experience, it could not hold its ground; for in allowing that the righteous *may* suffer, that an upright life is no preservative against human ills, it gives up the very principle of apportioning the retribution to the act, without which the old doctrine means nothing. The excuse sometimes made that God hides himself, does not see, or sleeps; that when he reappears, he will set all right (Ps. lxxxix. 46, xlv. 23-6, lxxiii. 20),—is a confession of the proved falsehood of the doctrine. Hence the most powerful intellects necessarily became sceptics; the supposed moral government has no existence, and the mind can discover no other. From this phase of faith the passage would be easy into downright atheism; and it is therefore a most weighty testimony to the strong hold which the belief in a God of infinite power and justice had over the Hebrew mind, that this step was not taken. The book of Job is an argument on the grandest scale, exclusively devoted to this subject; but Job,

who has again and again confuted his friends' assertions that the righteous cannot suffer, and that suffering is to be accepted as a proof of wickedness, though he has no theory of God's dealings with man to set up in the place of the one he pulls down, does not relapse into disbelief of either his power or his justice, but retains his firm faith, and saves the character of God by declaring his dealings inscrutable by man, and the true wisdom, which alone would enable him to understand them, unattainable by him.

The faith of Ecclesiastes is not so clear; yet its author also is withheld from the plunge into atheism which his scepticism as to the moral government of the world would logically require. He also speaks of God's government as inscrutable, not as non-existent: "Man understandeth not the work which God hath made from beginning to end" (iii. 11); "I then saw that man cannot find out all the doing of God which is done under the sun" (viii. 17). We are to fear, that is, revere God: "Fear God, and keep his commandments" (xii. 13; see also vii. 18). And the words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youthful days, and pursue the ways of thine heart, and the things which are seen by the eyes, and know that respecting all these God will bring thee into judgment" (xi. 9); and "God will bring every work to the judgment appointed over every secret thing, whether it be good or evil" (xii. 14), show that he expects some sort of divine judgment upon the deeds done in the body. This, indeed, is surprisingly inconsistent with the writer's system in all its other features, and with the absence of any distinct belief in a future life. For if actions are to be estimated on the commercial principle according as they yield profit or loss,—and our author knows no other,—and if pleasure alone is valuable, then there are no moral distinctions at all; and how, then, is judgment possible? and if no future life is to follow, what is there to be determined by the judgment? Yet the tendency of the general argument is clear, and is not to be upset by a single passage; and we therefore regard the passage (xi. 9) as an interesting instance of a writer who is better than his philosophy; the philosophy has left no room either for virtue or for God, but the man cannot quite give up either. The second passage (xii. 14) must be judged in the same way, if we would not take a bolder course, and pronounce the epilogue (xii. 9-14) as a spurious addition. To this we confess a strong inclination. Whereas the whole of the rest of the book is spoken by Coheleth, or the Preacher, this is an account *of him* in the mouth of another person, apparently an editor. The elaborate panegyric of his works must come from some friendly critic, not from Coheleth himself. The form of

address, "My son" (v. 12), is never used by Coheleth himself, although he frequently addresses the reader in the second person, and might therefore use it, if he regarded himself as instructing a juvenile audience. It is imitated from the book of Proverbs. And verses 13 and 14 are so far from summing up the real argument of the book, which they profess to do, that the suspicion is readily aroused that they have been added by a later hand, in order to claim for the book a more religious tendency than would otherwise be conceded to it.

*Ecclesiastes*, then, although held back by the strength of his Hebrew monotheistic faith from the logical consequences of his philosophy, preaches a melancholy fatalistic and Epicurean doctrine. He measures every thing by an utterly selfish standard. Pleasure, riches, wisdom, are all valued according as they do good to the possessor. The pleasures are those of the senses only; and riches are employed on self-indulgence only, and never to benefit others. Even wisdom is not her own reward (is not "justified of her children," as Jesus said), but only yields "much sadness." "A fate like that of the fool must also meet me, even me, and why am I then wiser? and I said in my heart that this too is vanity" (i. 18, ii. 15). When we consider in what a lofty sense wisdom is employed by the Hebrew writers, we understand the depth of materialism into which a writer must have sunk before he could estimate it by this standard. For the wisdom which is only mentioned to be thus set aside, is not the mere intellectual cleverness of the man of the world, nor the undigested materials of erudition of the pedant, but the purest and loftiest faculty of the soul. The fundamental conception seems to be of that insight into the essential character of all human things, and that conviction of the ultimate triumph of the good and annihilation of the bad, which marks the purest and the profoundest souls. "The fear of God is" only "the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. ix. 10), the foundation upon which alone it can be built; it springs from a reverence for some higher power controlling the caprices of this earthly life. It thus includes within itself, besides the creative force of intellect, the whole domain of conscience and of religion. In perfection it exists in God alone, and is the power that directs his mind in all his dealings with men. In a somewhat later development of the idea, it becomes known as the *Logos* or Word, and is declared by Christians to have become incarnate in Jesus Christ. The most beautiful and splendid praise of wisdom is given in Job xxviii. and Proverbs i. viii. and ix. It is evident that the writer who can estimate this sort of wisdom at its commercial value according as it procures worldly advantage—something intrinsically far inferior to itself—for its possessor, has sunk to a

level at which virtue and vice cease to be. The chief function of wisdom being to distinguish between good and bad, and understand the ultimate issues of each, the rejection of wisdom necessarily brings with it the obliteration of moral distinctions. Moral right and wrong, then, has no place in the philosophy of Ecclesiastes; we are to fear God as a powerful ruler (v. 7, viii. 12, xii. 13), and not to offend him or rouse his anger by levity of demeanour or laxity of promises (v. 1-5); but of offending his moral purity by sin we hear nothing. Had any moral distinctions been acknowledged, different from and higher than the distinctions of pleasure and pain, it would not have been so easy to prove that "all is vanity;" for if the pure conscience and the clear intellect carry with them their own reward, the fact that physical ills do not spare the pure and the wise, would not prove the clinging to virtue and aspiration after wisdom to be folly; and the thesis that it is best after all to secure pleasure, which Ecclesiastes deduces from the absence of any higher or more permanent good, could not be established in the presence of a virtue and a wisdom which are their own reward.

We cannot better conclude these remarks on the design of Ecclesiastes than by quoting from Mr. Ginsburg the views of Ernest Meier, in his *History of the Poetical-National Literature of the Hebrews*, which seem to us just in the main. He says that Coheleth

"thoughtfully seeks to elevate himself above the confusion and misery of his time, and for this purpose has written down in this book, not only the result of his observations, but also the whole process by which he arrived at it. The result, however, is the thought that *all is Vanity*. In other words, the design of Coheleth is to show that there is, in reality, no *summum bonum*. He says:

The whole human life and striving appear to Coheleth fruitless and vain; there is in reality no true highest good for man. Hence, nothing remains for him but to enjoy life as cheerfully as possible, before joyless death terminates all his misery. Two main thoughts underlie the whole of his observations:

1. The human spirit cannot perceive, either in nature or in the moral world, a rational design and final object of development. Every thing moves in a perpetual round; there is nothing abiding in the change of appearances, no satisfactory result, no real good. A righteous moral government of the world is indeed not to be denied, but it is equally certain that man can nowhere perceive it.

2. As man, with all his trouble and skill, can find no absolute object, no truly real good in life, he may at least achieve objects and advantages which have a relative value. The best thing for him, under these circumstances, is not to dive into the inscrutable plan of the divine government of the world, according to which the righteous frequently suffer whilst the wicked prosper. On the contrary, since

man's life is apparently a prey to chance, we must use wisely time and circumstances, enjoy thankfully the pleasures of the fleeting moment which we can seize, but thereby not relinquish our belief in the Divine government of the world, and in a righteous retribution."

De Wette's view is substantially the same:

"The doctrine of retribution on earth, elevated by no hope of a future state, which constitutes its religious principle, had to contend with powerful doubts, which the sad experience of life afforded, and which show themselves already in Proverbs (xxiv. 19), and more plainly in the Psalms (xxxvii. lxxiii.). Now, the more unhappy and hopeless the times became, the more faith and inspiration grew cold, the more powerful these doubts became, and thus they formed themselves at last into the view of life as propounded by Coheleth, which inclines to fatalism, scepticism, and Epicureanism."

If our views concerning the scepticism and materialism of Ecclesiastes are in any degree well founded, then the book certainly becomes a melancholy study. The contemplation of decline, whether in a civil polity or in a religion, is one of the saddest studies that can engage a mind full of sympathies for the best interests of humanity, whether it be the spectacle of a nation forgetting ancient maxims of civil honesty and jealous protection of civic rights, and drifting into unprincipled favouritism, or that of a religion forsaking the moral truths upon which it is based, and losing itself in helpless search after something deeper than morality, and some reward more satisfying than the approval of a good conscience and a pure heart. Yet the study is not one of unmixed melancholy; it ought to yield the most valuable wisdom concerning the character of the system which can thus degenerate; exposing its weak points, which during its career of prosperity were never prominently brought to light. In the present case, moreover, an understanding of the decline of Judaism throws great light upon the rise of Christianity, enabling us to see what the want in the old religion was, which rendered the new one both possible and necessary, and perhaps showing us the differences between the two more clearly than we had conceived them before, and forbidding us to conceive of the new as a kind of enlargement or reënactment of the old, and presenting it to us rather as a new creation resting on a distinct basis.

In the earlier ages of the Mosaic religion, the simple notions that have been described concerning the retribution of the virtuous and the wicked in this world, must have been sufficient to satisfy most minds. The cases that contradicted them were rare. The habits of the people were simple, and their rank nearly equal; the sympathies of the people were enlisted on the side of right and justice; few crimes were possible, except

those of violence to person or property, and those were sure to be dealt with summarily and efficiently. No colossal fortunes were amassed, whether by fraud or by honourable commerce; and the jealousies which they inspire were therefore absent. No division of opinion or variety of practice in religion distracted the nation into different parties animated by mutual hatred. It was a period, not of splendour, nor perhaps of very profound thought, but of prevailing innocence and happiness; life in itself was so enjoyable that thought was chained to the present, and did not naturally turn to consider what might be after it. Wickedness had not yet learnt all the refined arts of deception by which, in a more civilised age, it eludes detection and baffles the judge; it was more open, and punishment more summary. Hence it is that the Mosaic conception of retribution could subsist for long before the faith in it was shaken; but at a later age all these things were changed. Idolatrous and sensual kings elevated their own favourites, and the more strict a man's virtue was, the less likely was he to be allowed to live in peace by those to whom his virtue was a silent reproach. The extension of commerce under Solomon not only introduced arts of refinement and beauty before unknown, but arts of luxury, which could not but enervate, and of fraud and successful deception; and it also accumulated great wealth in a few hands. With all these influences to disturb the course of justice, punishment could no longer be so summary, nor so certain to find out the real offender. The old doctrine respecting the divine retribution no longer, therefore, afforded so conclusive or so happy a solution as in former ages. Moreover, there was now no longer the same outward prosperity to engage men's powers, as in the days of David and Solomon; and so the mind was driven in upon itself to brood over its own action and destiny.

These considerations will serve to introduce a short inquiry into the date of the book. It is evident from what has been said, that we should expect it to belong to a very late time, inasmuch as its peculiar tone of thought is one which we cannot easily reconcile with a period of prosperity such as that of the earlier monarchy, and of which, in fact, we find no trace in the undoubted writings of Solomon. Further examination enables us to go farther. We are told very plainly that the administration of justice was very corrupt: "I saw under the sun, that in the place of justice there was iniquity, and in the place of equity there was iniquity" (iii. 16). The delays of justice were so great as to be a positive encouragement to crime: "Because sentence is not forthwith executed for evil work, the heart of the sons of men is full in them to do evil, and because a sinner doeth evil a hundred years and is perpetuated." And it is confessed (vii. 10)



that "former days were better than these." None of these passages could have been written in the age of Solomon, when the power and brilliancy of the nation reached a pitch never before dreamt of, and in which the impartial justice of the monarch was one of his acknowledged attributes. Moreover we are told (v. 8), "If thou seest oppression of the poor, and perverting of justice and equity in the land, be not alarmed at the matter: for there is a superior watching the superior, and superiors again over them." The gradation of ranks here mentioned suits a great monarchy such as the Persian or the Ptolemaic, and implies a foreign and distant ruler, who can only be reached through a number of intervening officers. Then again, "There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, an outrage as that which proceedeth from a ruler; a great fool is placed in many high positions, and the noble sit in degradation: I have seen servants upon horses, and masters walking on the ground as servants" (x. 5-7): this describes just the conduct that might be expected from a foreign tyrant, whose policy would be to hold the people in subjection by degrading the nobles, their natural leaders, and elevating their own creatures, men of no rank or acknowledged character. In a poetical form a system of spies is described, reminding one of that established by Cyrus in the Persian empire (Xen. Cyr. viii. 2. 10-12): "Do not revile the king even in thy thoughts, and do not revile the prince even in thy bed-chamber: for the bird of the air conveyeth the report, and the winged creature telleth the story." Further, Mr. Ginsburg correctly says:

"The strongest argument, however, against the Solomonic authorship of this book is its vitiated language and style. We do not allude so much to the numerous Aramaic expressions, which have no parallel in any other portion of Scripture of equal size, and which would of itself be sufficient to show that it is the last written work in the canon of the Old Testament, but we refer to the whole complexion of it. We could as easily believe that Chaucer is the author of *Rasselas* as that Solomon wrote *Coeleth*."

Influenced by these arguments, all the best critics assign the book to a much later age than that of Solomon. The picture of society presented in it being that of a foreign tyranny, we are necessarily brought down as low as the time of the Persian rule; and many features are recognised which recall the Persian system, especially the gradation of ranks in the governors of provinces, reminding us of the Persian Satrapies, and the spy-system alluded to above, and the mention of the celebrated parks by their Persian name, *Pardes* (*παράδεισος*). The gradation of ranks, however, cannot be allowed to be a distinctive mark of Persian dominion, inasmuch as it is a necessity of all

great monarchies, and would equally well suit the empires founded by the successors of Alexander. The spy-system having been once established in these countries by the Persians, was not likely to be relinquished by foreign rulers so beset by dangers from within and without as the successors of Alexander; and the word *Pardes*, having once been imported from Persia, of course remained in use in later times also. Hence there is nothing in these three arguments to limit us to so *early* a date as that of the Persian kings. And the chain of argument by which Hitzig contends for a still later date is so ingenious, that we are tempted to present it entire to the consideration of our readers. In viii. 2, it is said, "Obey the king's command, and especially because of the oath of God." This must mean an oath of allegiance. Now such an oath is never mentioned previous to Ptolemy Lagi, whose reign lasts from 301 to 284 B.C. According to Josephus, he imposed such an oath upon the Jews; but the complaint in chap. vii. 10, that "the former days were better than the present" could scarcely be true under Ptolemy Lagi, or under his successor Ptolemy Philadelphus (284 to 247 B.C.), since these kings paid especial attention to the welfare of the outlying provinces,\* and were particularly favourable to the Jews.† Of the next king, Ptolemy Euergetes (247 to 221 B.C.), also, no change of policy is reported; therefore the complaint that the present time is miserable compared with former better days, could not have been uttered earlier than the 4th Ptolemy, surnamed Philopator (221 to 204 B.C.), in whose war with Antiochus, king of Syria, the Jews necessarily suffered greatly; and then the better days of the past may well be those of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Other indications point to the same period. An event of the author's own time is evidently reported in the following passage (ix. 13-15): "Even this wisdom have I seen, and it seemed great to me. There was a little city and few men in it; and a powerful king came against it and besieged it, and built great towers over it. And there was found in it a poor wise man, and he saved the city by his wisdom; and yet no one remembered that poor man." The place mentioned in the above passage may be the little town of Dora, situated on the sea near Mount Carmel, which was besieged by Antiochus the Great, but so far withstood all his attacks that he was glad to make a truce with Ptolemy.‡ We seem therefore to have arrived at the period of the author's lifetime; the actual date of the composition of the book may however with great probability be assigned to the following reign. For in x. 16 it is said: "Woe to thee, O land, when

\* Polyb. v. 34.

† Josephus, *Contra Ap.* i. 22; *Arch.* xii. 2. 2, 3.

‡ Polyb. v. 66.

thy king is a child, and thy princes feast in the morning." Now, although Philopator was young, he could scarcely be called a child, whereas this epithet well suits his successor, Ptolemy Epiphanes. Ptolemy Philopator being a man of very sensual habits, and entirely governed by his mistress Agathoclea, his whole court had become a scene of the worst debauchery, and the government of the provinces was grossly neglected. The accession of a minor, after his death, only aggravated the evil, as Agathoclea and her brother had all the power in their hands, and the worst kind of female influence guided the affairs of the provinces. This state of things might well give rise to expressions such as vii. 26-29, x. 6, 7, 16, 18-20. One or two years after the accession of Ptolemy Epiphanes (204 B.C.), Antiochus took Palestine and Syria from him. In the year 203, whilst this attack was expected, the writer might say with peculiar significance, "Thou knowest not what misfortune there may be upon the land" (xi. 2). This therefore, according to Hitzig's argument, would be the date of the composition of *Ecclesiastes*; nor do we know of any historical argument to oppose to this, and demand the existence of the book at an earlier period.

It remains that we should notice the popular belief in the authorship of this book by Solomon. This has been held to not only by the Jews, but by the Christian Church in every age, not only amongst the uncritical, but even by critics, and against the force of such arguments as we have already brought forward. Yet even for those to whom the style, and the thoughts, and the social condition of a later age were not discernible, or had no convincing power, there were reasons sufficient why Solomon personally could not be the author. It is manifest that the king himself, who makes as well as administers all the laws (for be it remembered we are in the regions of Oriental, not of constitutional monarchy), could not confess to the existence of such gross abuses in their administration, the blame of which would fall back on himself alone. The argument frequently used by the writer of his own case, that it is no use accumulating wealth and power, because after his death it will go to some unknown successor, could scarcely be used by a king who had a son ready to succeed to all his honours. And the assertion put into the mouth of the speaker of his own preëminence in wisdom is so inconsistent with the modesty of all true wisdom, as to forbid us ever again believing in that of Solomon, supposing this passage to have been penned by him. On the other hand, it is evident that, in the position and character of the Preacher, into whose mouth the whole book is put, a certain studied

accordance with those of Solomon must be admitted. He is son of David, and king in Jerusalem; he acquired far greater wisdom than any one who was before him over Jerusalem; he then tried pleasure, and lived in the indulgence of all the refinements of Oriental luxury; amassed silver and gold, and the treasures of kings and kingdoms, and a great number of wives. It is obvious that in no one else do all these characteristics unite, except Solomon. The only possible solution of these apparently conflicting arguments is the supposition that the book was written at a late period by an anonymous author, who, for the argument's sake, personated Solomon. He required a man who had tried both wisdom and pleasure, and might be supposed to know the most of the tendencies of each; and no one was more conspicuous, in the popular conception, in both these characters, than Solomon. Instead, therefore, of giving forth his ideas alone and unrecommended, he imparted life and interest by allowing them to appear as if suggested to the great king of Israel by the various experiences of his life. This was done with as little intention to deceive as is the case with any historical drama, or novel, or imaginary dialogue of our own day. This is evident from the language, which, so far from imitating that of Solomon, is the chief witness in favour of a much later age. In later times, when the language was no longer vernacular, and the delicate distinctions indicative of its different ages were blended in one common antiquity, the fiction that represented Solomon as speaking the argument actually deceived readers; and so *Ecclesiastes* has come down to the present age associated with the *Proverbs*, distinct though they are in language, in style, and in morals, as written by Solomon. Yet, though this belief could subsist unquestioned in an uncritical age, and consequently obtain the sanction of the Fathers and Councils of the Church, as well as of all the ancient Rabbinical authorities, no sooner did a rational system of philological and historical criticism arise, than all the scholars most eminent for intellect as well as philology declared the book to be of a much later age. The list of those who have disputed the Solomonic authorship is headed, singularly enough, as early as the commencement of the twelfth century, by the name of a Jew—the great Rashbam. The next name is that of Luther, who must have arrived at the same conclusion quite independently. The next is Grotius, followed by J. D. Michaelis, Bishop Lowth, Döderlein, Jahn, Adam Clarke, Kaiser, Knobel, Ewald, De Wette, and all the modern Germans, with scarcely an exception, including even the eminently orthodox Hengstenberg. Among the Jews, there are two eminent modern authorities

who have followed the lead of Rashbam—Herzfeld and Luzzato.

The question of canonicity has not now the same interest and vital importance that it once had. Christians no longer look so much to inspired books to teach them physical science, for the acquisition of which they have adequate faculties provided by the Creator, nor moral science, of which their private conscience is the supreme arbiter, before which the book itself must stand or fall. And inspiration is regarded less frequently as an abnormal and exceptional influence, operating only in certain past ages and on certain individuals, who became thereby sharply and obviously distinguished from all the rest of mankind, and whose writings consequently required to be carefully discriminated from uninspired literature. We do not so limit the action of the Divine Spirit; and in proportion as we believe our God to be a Living God, must we conceive of His Spirit as breathing into all hearts that are ready to receive its influence, now and at all times. Hence the possible extension of the truly Christian canon is absolutely indefinite; and, on the other hand, it must be limited, not by the limits assigned to it by tradition and councils, but by the evidence of the presence of that Divine Spirit itself, which, we know, cannot prompt any thing lower than the highest affections and sublimest morality appreciable by man. The discussions recorded in the Talmud on the admission of *Ecclesiastes* into the canon, reported very clearly by Mr. Ginsburg, have, however, an especial interest for us: they show that it was objected to by many of the Rabbis, expressly on the ground that it contained sentiments tending to infidelity; and it was finally admitted only, "because it begins with words of the Law and ends with the words of the Law. It begins with the words of the Law, for it opens with the words, 'What advantage has man in all his labour wherewith he labours under the sun?' . . . It ends with the words of the Law, for it concludes with the words, 'In conclusion, all is heard; fear the Lord, and keep his commandments.'" In other words, these Rabbis judged the book by the religious nature of the contents; and, being satisfied of this, admitted it. But they determined this question by a very superficial and careless style of criticism, which is obviously quite unsatisfactory to modern critics. Instead of trying to penetrate into the spirit and aim of the whole book, and approving or rejecting it according as this is found in or out of accordance with the highest teachings of their religion, they accepted the whole book on the authority of one or two sentences, which might or might not fairly represent the argument. And if, as we have

hinted, the epilogue may be a spurious addition, the whole of this argument falls to the ground; but the fact remains, that a considerable party of the Rabbis objected to the tendency of the book, and would have declared it apocryphal; and that among the Christians

"Cohemoth seems not to have been in great favour with the Fathers of the Church, judging from the general silence which prevails about it in the first, second, and a part of the third, centuries. This is rather ominous, as we should have expected that, from its showing the emptiness of all earthly things, this book would be welcomed by the suffering followers of Christ, who had to lose all for their Master's sake, and to take up their cross and follow him. Whether this silence is owing to the fact that Cohemoth is nowhere quoted in the New Testament, or to the doubts which existed in the minds of some respecting its canonicity, or to some other cause, it is not easy to divine."

Before concluding, we must express our thanks to Mr. Ginsburg for his laborious and learned translation and commentary, from which probably there is not a theologian or a philologist in the country who might not learn much. His studies have peculiarly fitted him for the work, having taken him through a great field of Rabbinical lore nearly unknown to Christian commentators, which throws great light on the ancient, and now obsolete, modes of interpretation by which most of the old, and, through them, some of the modern versions, have been affected. The relation of the various versions to the original and to each other is also elucidated with much care, and especially the origin of Coverdale's English version from the Zurich German one, rather than directly from the Hebrew, is proved. The long introduction, among other things, presents us with a history of the interpretation of the book, both by Jewish and Christian expositors, which, although the author calls it only a sketch, and says that a complete history would of itself form a large folio, gives a very clear and adequate insight into the various modes of interpretation, schools of criticism, and systems of philosophy, according to which the judgment of mankind concerning *Ecclesiastes* has in the various ages been formed. Hebrew, Latin, German, and English commentaries have all been studied, apparently with equal, and certainly with unexampled diligence. The author's own translation (which we have used in all the verses cited in this article) reads easily, and renders the course of the argument discernible, and is therefore an immense improvement upon the Authorised Version, which leaves many passages in hopeless obscurity. It seems to us at the same time (with a few exceptions) sufficiently antique and



Biblical to satisfy most admirers of that version. There are, indeed, one or two eccentricities against which, as Mr. Ginsburg promises to continue his series of commentaries, we should like to protest: especially the departure from the usual English practice of regarding *riches* as a plural word (no doubt on the ground that its final *s* represents the last syllable of the French singular noun *richesse*): "*Riches hath* been hoarded up," &c: though this eccentricity is not carried out consistently, for the very next verse has "*The riches perish* in some unfortunate business." This latter expression, "some unfortunate business," by the way, sounds to us almost comic. When, from the fulness with which Mr. Ginsburg has acquainted himself with the views of other commentators, and the clearness with which he has presented them to his readers, we turn to his own criticisms on difficult passages, and the translation which, after due consideration of others, he ultimately sanctions, we confess to a considerable disappointment. We are surprised to find grammatical peculiarities attributed to the writer, ellipses of words, want of concord in the various members of a sentence, and unheard-of significations of words,—which we should have thought the common sense of any scholar accustomed to trace the various *modi operandi* of language would have declared impossible. Not unfrequently the divergency of the translation from the apparent meaning of the Hebrew led us to suppose that the author was translating from some conjectural emendation of the text, until the note showed us how he found his meaning in the Hebrew. It is with much reluctance that we declare ourselves dissatisfied with the critical faculty of a writer who has proved himself possessed of such vast stores of erudition directly bearing upon the matter in hand. But we are confirmed by finding Hitzig's interpretations in these cases always different from Mr. Ginsburg's, always grammatically credible, and generally after all yielding a better argument. It is indeed a constant surprise to us, how Mr. Ginsburg, writing after Hitzig, and making perpetual use of his commentary, can forsake his renderings, which often appear to carry their truth in their face, for versions of such doubtful possibility as his own sometimes appear. Hitzig's commentary is singularly able, and comprises a great store of historical learning and philological insight in a small compass; although with Mr. Ginsburg's Rabbinical studies he never comes into competition.

## ART. VIII.—MR. MARTIN'S CATULLUS.

*The Poems of Catullus.* Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by Theodore Martin. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

IF, as Dryden says, to be a thorough translator, a man must be a thorough poet, we need not go far to discover why we have so few good translations; if we add what Dryden himself proved, that a man may be a thorough poet without being a thorough translator, we shall have a still fuller explanation of this paucity. And if we further consider that the fact of the translator being himself a poet, while it tells in his favour from one point of view, tells against him from another, we shall perhaps cease to hope that any very great excellence in this department of literature will ever be attained. A writer who is himself possessed of real poetic genius finds it difficult to restrain himself within the limits of another man's thoughts, and is apt to regard the author on whose work he is engaged as a sort of rival, whose expressions and images he unconsciously labours to surpass. Accordingly, the two great evils, to one of which all translations seem liable, are exceedingly obvious, and have long been recognised by the whole educated public. The poet who translates a poet is in danger of giving us a new poem altogether. The writer who, not being a poet himself, translates one, is in danger of reducing him to prose. From one of these two alternatives there seems absolutely no escape; and it remains to be considered whether the impossibility of obtaining really good translations of the classics be a great calamity or a small one.

It must be considered, in the first place, that even if we could get a perfect translation, it would only be a duplicate of something else. It would be no real addition to literature. It would bring no accession of thought or beauty to the aggregate of each which we now possess. If it were possible, then, to find a modern writer, universally recognised as a great poet, who was able so thoroughly to identify himself with Homer or Virgil as to give us this ideal translation, would it not nevertheless be a great waste of his powers to employ them on a work of this description? Undoubtedly the question must be answered by reference to the value we place on translations as works of utility: for abstract literary value they can have none. Now there was a time when the upper classes in this country only read the classics in translations; and in this form read them perhaps more assiduously than we do now. There are constant allusions to this practice in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. Dryden's translations from Ovid

seem at that time to have been chiefly in vogue. Will Honeycomb comes into the club, and tells them of "a swinging fellow, called Polyphemus, who used the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm." The *Art of Love* is often mentioned by the lady correspondents, a book, we suppose, of which not one young lady in twenty at the present day has ever heard the name. Under these circumstances, translations had a certain real use; not enough, in our opinion, to prevent us from regretting that Dryden gave so much time to them. But they had a definite use. The classical literature had fewer rivals then than it has now; and it was absolutely necessary for every one who aspired to the title of an educated man to know something about it. Translations of the classics therefore stood upon somewhat the same footing then as translations from the French do now; that is, they were educationally useful; and formed part, at all events, of the "literature of knowledge," if we deny their right to be ranked with the "literature of power." Now, however, the case is very different; if a man is ignorant of Greek and Latin, he can fall back upon German and Italian. In any society, from the highest to the lowest, an acquaintance with foreign contemporary literature will be found more important than a knowledge of Homer and Horace; at all events, where there is so wide a choice, we can afford to be ignorant of one province of learning; and most men of any taste or intellectual power would prefer ignorance to the deceitful and superficial knowledge which is acquired from translations. We are now of course speaking of pure literature, not of that literature which we read for the sake of facts or opinions. To this of course many men may desire to refer who cannot consult it in the original; and translations of this kind will of course never lose their utility. But the other kind, we think, has lost it. And as, in our eyes at least, utility is the only recommendation of such works, the conclusion follows, that we do not think the difficulty of getting good ones a great literary calamity.

Translations, however, from the Greek and Latin poets into English verse will always possess a great charm for that limited number of men who really love scholarship for its own sake. Such translation is an elegant and ingenious exercise; and we all take an interest in seeing how our favourite passages will look in an English dress. If therefore we retire within that narrow inner circle where a few faithful worshipers still feed the altar of Vesta, and like the pagans of old still cling to a departing faith, we shall discover no lack of appreciation for such labours as those of Mr. Martin. In Catullus, moreover, he had, comparatively speaking, a virgin field of operations. There are altogether very few translations of this poet, and we should be

disposed to say none with which people are at all familiar. There is one into French verse, which we have not read; and there are two into English verse, which we had not read till quite recently. Though both, we think, have been a little underrated by Mr. Martin, neither approaches even such a standard of excellence as we allow to be attainable. He had therefore a fair opportunity of making a version of Catullus which should at once occupy the vacant niche, and hold its own as the standard version of this author against all comers. If, however, he has not quite succeeded in reaching this position, his translation as a whole is still far beyond the best of the three; and it certainly has this advantage, that it is in the most striking poems of Catullus that his own success is most conspicuous.

Catullus, though the fact is curious, seems never to have been one of the more popular classics; but he always had a small band of faithful admirers. We read of a learned Venetian who was so indignant at Martial for having, as he thought, attempted to rival Catullus, that on every anniversary of his birthday he burnt a copy of Martial as a sacrifice to the manes of his favourite. In England he has had numerous admirers and imitators among professed men of letters, and would seem to have been the especial study of Mr. Wilkes, who, having, as the story goes, laid a wager that he would publish a Latin author without a mistake, chose Catullus for the purpose. The enemies of Wilkes were accustomed to say that his fondness for Catullus arose from the similarity which existed between the Roman poet and himself, they being, as it was then considered, brothers in profligacy. This, however, is but an additional proof how little Catullus was understood; for although it would be idle to deny that his life was as immoral as that of the upper classes of Rome usually was at that period, still it was not more so; while in his case it was redeemed by a depth of real feeling which we look for in vain in either Horace, Martial, or Ovid. And this stage of our discussion affords us perhaps as good an opportunity as we shall have for considering the assertion that Catullus is of all the Roman poets the most difficult to translate.

An author may be difficult to translate, owing to any one of three causes: either because it is difficult to understand what he means, or because, when we do understand, it is difficult to express the sentiment with equal point and brevity, or because the sentiment itself is so remote from modern ideas that it is almost hopeless to convey the full force of it. The first of these difficulties is solved of course by adequate scholarship; nor does it appear to us to be at all peculiar to Catullus; on the contrary, we should be inclined to say that there are very few of his poems in which the mere grammatical construction would

afford any difficulty to a reasonably good scholar. Propertius, Lucan, and even Virgil and Ovid, present more difficulties of this kind; and Lucretius, from the nature of his subject, and Martial, from his perpetual recondite allusions, bring their readers to a stoppage far oftener than Catullus. In the second class of difficulties he is not conspicuously prolific. He is terse and pregnant no doubt, but not so much so as to baffle a translator who had a moderate turn for epigram himself. But it is when we come to the third cause that we see the plainest reasons for doubting whether Catullus be so difficult as is supposed.

In those poems of Horace which address themselves to the feelings, it is often very difficult to define what it is that moves us: in his love-songs he just hovers over that border-ground between playfulness and passion which it is absolutely impossible to represent but in his own language; a word out of place may give an entirely false tone to the whole piece. The flavour is so subtle and so delicate, that it evaporates in the process of translation. In his more philosophic odes, he too frequently appeals to sentiments which have practically lost their hold upon the modern world:

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor, nec harum, quas colis, arborum  
Te præter invisam cupressum  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

The melody of this stanza enchants us. But whatever be an Englishman's theoretical belief with regard to a future world, habit has so moulded his mind that he has little real sympathy with the feeling displayed in these lines. It is impossible for us to realise the passion with which a pagan would pronounce them. In all the other poets of Rome, we feel as we read them the same pervading sense of remoteness and unreality, as often as we approach this topic. The fearful uncertainty in which they lived, with regard to the most awful question which affects humanity, threw a cloud across their sunshine and a sadness into their mirth, which we can neither see nor feel. Reason may assert that we are not less uncertain than they were; but imagination rebels against the dictate. For the uncertainty, we must remember, was with them actual and practical, neither neutralised by the influences of childhood, nor banished from their minds by the habitual use of the *language* of faith. For them death had a real sting, and the grave a real victory. This truth alone creates a gulf between us and them which augments the difficulty of translating all such passages as reflect it, to a degree perhaps but seldom recognised. Now it is remarkable how little of the passion of Catullus is derived from this source. He seldom either moralises on life in general, or

hangs gloomily over the dark abyss which awaits its termination. On the other hand, the deep feeling which is a characteristic of his poems is of a nature which is common to all mankind. His earnest love-songs are the outpourings of a man writing under the immediate influence of that passion. There is nothing evanescent or elusive, nothing false or histrionic, in the emotions from which he lifts the veil. It is impossible to mistake their vehemence. They present themselves before us strong, vivid, and real. We can grasp them readily: and they can be reproduced without the same fear of disturbing the exact sentiment which perplexes a translator of Horace. To sum up,—the passion of love, as we see it in Catullus, has more strongly marked features than as we see it in any of his successors, and is consequently to be expressed in another language with the greater facility, while upon those sources of poetic feeling which were peculiar to the pagan world Catullus scarcely draws at all.

Our readers will please to understand that in the foregoing remarks we have been alluding only to what are called the minor poems of Catullus. But the same mental characteristics are visible in his longer ones. That is to say, there is a life and tumult in the "Atys," and a warm, breathing, throbbing passion in the "Julia and Manlius," which is rather romantic than classical. The "Thetis and Peleus" glows with deeper and richer colours than meet us either in Ovid or Claudian, and parts of it approach nearer to the picturesque than any thing which remains of the silver age. In these pieces, however, Catullus is of course describing only the passions of others, and not his own. They do not therefore reveal to us the same recesses of the human heart which are discovered in the Lesbian collection. Unless, indeed, it be not thought fanciful to conjecture that in the "Atys" Catullus had an under-current of allusion to the storm of passion which had once passed over himself. However this may be, Mr. Martin has shown himself much more successful in the translation of those poems which represent only fictitious emotions than in those which portray real ones; and this is all the more singular because, as we have already stated, the minor poems, which express the writer's own feelings, are more in harmony with modern sentiment than the longer ones, which paint those of others.

On the character and life of Catullus, as drawn by Mr. Martin, we have few criticisms to offer. His translator defends him from the charge of being a reckless debauchee, and we think quite justly. But on us this charge had never made a deep impression. The morality of the pagan world was not our morality, and its religion was not our religion. The Greeks and



Romans saw no sin in that intercourse of the sexes which we call illicit. To indulge it to excess was a violation of the laws of ethics. To indulge it to the injury of any third person was just as dishonest or cowardly as to steal a man's purse, or to harm the widow and the orphan. But its immorality as such was not apparent to their minds. But with this reservation there is nothing whatever to show that Catullus deserved the stigma of profligacy. He loved one woman, it is clear, most tenderly; and when she betrayed him, his anguish was not that of a man who had merely lost a temporary paramour, but who felt that his whole capacity for loving had been staked on one venture and lost. The address to Lesbia, beginning *Dicebas quondam*, is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of human love, as well as one of the most touching confessions of human infirmity, with which we are acquainted. Before he knew of her guilt, he says:

"Tum te dilexi: non tantum ut vulgus amicam,  
Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos."

That is, as something which was *his*, as a being dependent on himself for the support and love which every human nature craves. A love of this nature may be unlawful, but it cannot be impure. And though Lesbia for a time seems to have dragged down Catullus with herself into a depth of morbid infatuation, yet we know he struggled violently against it; while the lines we have quoted show of what he was naturally capable. The bitterness with which he afterwards speaks of her is probably in proportion to the agony which she made him suffer: but it must be admitted that in this he sometimes exceeds the limits of chivalry. As to that other terrible blot upon ancient manners which we shrink from recognising, as we would the one vice of a friend or relative, it appears that Catullus was neither worse nor better than his neighbours.

When Catullus first came on town, as our forefathers would have said, he was a young man of good family and fair estate. But it is conjectured by many of the commentators that he greatly reduced his fortune by a life of fashionable pleasure; and the learned Vulpian is of opinion that the reason why he consorted so much with lawyers was, that he was deeply in debt, and always engaged in law business. Expressions are quoted from his verses which have been taken to imply that at one time his acres were mortgaged. And it is supposed that the object with which he visited Bithynia, in the train of the prætor Memmius, was to repair these inroads on his property by the legitimate process of "squeezing" the luckless provincials. Perhaps there is no great amount of evidence to support these

views; but they are in themselves probable enough. "*Quod*," says the above-mentioned scholar, "*genio indulgeret, convivia pararet, puellas a lenone redimeret, nobilium amicitias floreret, in difficultate pecuniaria sæpius erat.*" What more likely? We cannot indulge our genius, whatever that may be, give dinners at our club, have our cottage at St. John's Wood, and frequent the company of dukes for nothing. *Post Silonem Alphius.* That is the recognised sequence, and there is no reason to conclude that it was violated in the case of Catullus. Besides these other expensive pleasures, he had, it seems, his own yacht, to follow out the modern fashion of giving our own equivalent for the classical names of things. So that although we are far from being bound to consider him in the light of a spendthrift, it is pretty probable that he had some wild oats to sow, and that he made temporary acquaintance with most of those well-known figures who accompany the rake's progress. The two events of his life, however, which made the most impression on himself were evidently the treachery of Lesbia and the death of his only brother. He was a young man when he died, not more at least than four or five and thirty. Had he lived, he would perhaps have anticipated the career of Virgil; and would almost certainly have come down to posterity in a different light from that in which we have been used to see him. His early death, however, coupled with what little we know of his private character, invests him with a peculiar kind of interest which he might have wanted had he lived longer and written more. At present, as we look back upon him, the ideal picture seems nearly complete. He was young, brilliant, generous, and passionate,—all, in fact, which a poet should be. His satire was but the recoil of a confiding nature from associates whom he found to be unworthy. His pecuniary necessities never betrayed him into flattery of the great and powerful. He spoke his mind about the worthless favourites of Cæsar; and Cæsar, we are glad to know, had the magnanimity to appreciate the poet's independence, and to show no resentment at the sarcasm. We should, however, be glad to know with more certainty what it was that armed his pen against the Dictator. Mamurra, the favourite on whom Cæsar had lavished the wealth of provinces, was doubtless a just object of indignation. But Catullus, with all his high qualities, had scarcely yet soared into that region of purity which gave him any right to assume the airs of a Cato. If he only did it because Cæsar had offended him, it was a piece of foolish impertinence; and if he did it because Mamurra had offended him, it was utterly unworthy of him to take offence at a creature like Mamurra. However, he might have done it simply to show his independence; and as

that is a solution of the case more befitting the friend of Pollio, Calvus, and Cicero, we are willing to believe it was the true one.

Mr. Martin's observations on the merit of Catullus as an author suggest some additional criticism, though in the main we agree with all he says. The following passage from the "Introduction" contains, on the whole, so just a summary of the various merits of Catullus that we quote it entire.

"But it is not merely as the fervent amorist and brilliant writer of *vers de société*, the Moore or Præd of the latter days of the Republic, that Catullus claims our admiration. In his longer and weightier poems he stands alone and unsurpassed. The 'Atys' is by all but universal consent admitted to be the finest poem in Roman literature, as unquestionably it is unique in subject and treatment. Whether copied from the Greek or not, Catullus has impressed upon it the stamp of his own genius. In passion and pathos and picturesque vigour, as well as in marvellous power and variety of diction and rhythmical cadence, it must always rank among the few unapproachable masterworks of genius. His poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, again, is scarcely less admirable. From first to last it maintains a high level of imaginative power. The opening picture of the Nereids peering up in wonder at the adventurous Argonauts, who were the first to break the solitude of their ocean haunts, takes us at once into the clearest and brightest region of poetical romance, and there the poet keeps us to the close, passing before us picture after picture of the most admirable beauty, and swaying us at his will upon the waves of passion or of pathos. In this poem Catullus shows himself as great a master of the full-toned and stately hexameter, as in his smaller poems he had proved his command of the lighter forms of verse. He paved the way for the more smooth and stately measures of Virgil, whose admiration for his powers is shown in the fact that he did not disdain to borrow from him both in idea and in expression. In quite another strain, but of equal excellence, is the poem on the marriage of Julia and Manlius, which paints a larger and more vivid series of pictures than were ever presented within the same space in any language. And in these pictures what life, what grouping, what variety, what atmosphere, what colour! As we read we seem to see the figures of a Flaxman pass before us, steeped in the warm hues of a Titian or Paul Veronese. For exquisite beauty of expression, too, this poem cannot be surpassed. Of no Latin poem can it be said more truly than of this, that it has 'lutes in the lines.'"

It is not quite clear what degree of praise Mr. Martin intends to bestow upon the Catullian hexameter by the words which he has here used. But it is in fact no more to be compared with Virgil's than the heroics of Hall and Donne with those of Dryden and Pope. There is a lack both of finish and of variety in Catullus; nor had he completed the adaptation of that metre to the Latin language. His want of finish is shown, as it is

in all his other metres, by weak terminations of sentences, periods, and by too many harsh elisions. His want of variety is perhaps more apparent to an ear trained in the niceties of Latin versification than to one less carefully educated. But we should think almost any body capable of appreciating the music of the hexameter at all would find the monotonous repetition of one particular rhythm soon pall upon them. We mean that Catullus is far too fond of allowing the two last feet of a line to be formed of two separate words, such as *purpura fuco, indicat arte, litore Dix, visere credit*, all which examples have been taken out of seven consecutive lines. And even where this practice is departed from, the same effect is produced by such endings as *classe tuetur, vincta papillas, dente politum*: whereas the chief beauty of the hexameter consists in its having no break whatever of this kind from the first foot to the last. There is, however, one particular kind of *cæsura* which Catullus introduces at intervals with great effect. *Indomitos in corde gerens Ariadna furores; Spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas*, are instances of the species which is always majestic and sonorous. Lastly, the hexameter could not be said to be completely naturalised in Rome till the spondaic endings were extirpated, and especially the quadrasyllabic forms of them which Catullus did most affect. In the Greek hexameter, with its rare flexibility and rapidity, spondaic terminations often afford a welcome pause. But in the Latin one they have, so to speak, a wooden appearance, which the fine taste of Virgil seems to have detected at once.

It is now, however, time that we began to examine Mr. Martin's own translations of the poet. We have already alluded to the great inequality of merit which is observable in his pieces. The three best are the "Epithalamium of Julia and Manlius," the "Atys," and the "Marriage of Thetis and Peleus." The worst are the Lesbian poems. Between these two comes a numerous class, in which Mr. Martin's success is very various, being greatest in the light and humorous, and smallest in the melancholy productions of his author. Mr. Martin is evidently most at home where there is most motion and rapidity, whether these effects proceed from passion or from gaiety. The deep aching anguish, discernible enough in some of Catullus's poems, does not seem to come home to him; and he misses more points in his translation of these than he does any where else. But the characteristic we have mentioned is best attested perhaps by the difference between the two epithalamiums. The famous "Carmen Nuptiale," perhaps the best known of all Catullus's poems, is comparatively serene and composed; a sort of solemn tenderness, irradiated by exquisite grace and beauty, is its chief

distinction. It has none of the tumult, none of the dancing buoyant spirit, which swells like the song of the lark through the "Julia and Manlius;" and, as the latter is one of Mr. Martin's most admirable, so the "Carmen Nuptiale" is one of his least striking translations. Our readers shall now judge for themselves.

*Puellæ.*

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,  
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber :  
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ :  
 Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavêre puellæ :  
 Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.  
 Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,  
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.  
 Hymen o Hymenæe ! Hymen, ades, o Hymenæe !

*Juvenes.*

Ut vidua in nudo vitis quæ nascitur arvo,  
 Nunquam se extollit, nunquam mitem educa uvam ;  
 Sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus,  
 Jam jam contingit summum radice flagellum :  
 Hanc nulli agricolæ, nulli accoluere juveni :  
 At si forte eadem est ulmo conjuncta marito,  
 Multi illam agricolæ, multi accoluere juveni :  
 Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit :  
 Cum par connubium maturo tempore adepta est,  
 Cara viro magis, et minus est invisâ parenti."

Now for Mr. Martin :

*Maidens.*

"As in a garden grows some floweret fair,  
 Safe from the flocks, safe from the ploughman's share,  
 Nursed by the sun, by gentle breezes fann'd,  
 Fed by the showers, admired on every hand,  
 There as it coyly blossoms in the shade,  
 Desired by many a youth, by many a maid ;  
 But pluck that flower, its witchery is o'er,  
 And neither youth nor maid desires it more.  
 So is the virgin prized, endeared as much,  
 Whilst yet unsullied by a lover's touch ;  
 But if she lose her chaste and virgin flower,  
 Her beauty's bloom is blighted in an hour :  
 To youths no more, no more to maidens dear.  
 Oh, Hymen Hymenæus, be thou near !

*Youths.*

As grows a widow'd vine in open fields,  
 It hangs its head, no mellow clusters yields ;  
 So droops the fragile stem, its topmost shoot  
 With nerveless tendril hangs about its root ;  
 That vine no husbandman nor rustic swain  
 Hath cared to tend or cultivate or train ;  
 But if by happier chance that selfsame vine  
 Around a husband elm its tendrils twine,

Then many a husbandman and rustic swain  
 Its shoots will tend and cultivate and train.  
 Even such the virgin, and unprized as much,  
 That fades, untended by a lover's touch,  
 But when, in fulness of her maiden pride,  
 Some fitting mate has won her for his bride,  
 She's loved as never she was loved before,  
 And parents bless her, and are stern no more."

The diffuseness of the translation is, on the whole, the chief objection to it. And, by the by, the excuse for diffuseness which Mr. Martin, following the example of Dryden, has made in his preface, we hold to be untenable. Both translators quote the language of a third, namely Denham, who says in his preface to the second book of the *Æneid*, "Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art were defective (but I rather suspect myself); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them." The worst of this is, that the addition of our own impressions may often weaken the force, or destroy the distinctness of the poet's. Both effects are produced in the translation we have given above. Catullus does not say that the flower "blossoms in the shade;" and if he did, there would be some incongruity in the *multi pueri*, and *multæ puellæ*. The words "septus" and "secretus" only give us to understand that the flower is more protected than that which grows by the wayside, as a girl in the upper classes is not exposed to exactly the same perils as beset a milliner or a dairy-maid. In the second place, Catullus does not say, "her beauty's bloom is withered in an hour." For such is not the case; nor would it point the moral which Catullus is enforcing, to say that she is no longer desired because she is no longer fair.

But if from the "*Carmen Nuptiale*," of which intensity, and not vehemence, is the essence, we turn to the "*Julia and Manlius*," we scarcely know which to admire most, Mr. Martin or Catullus. We wish we had space enough to quote it all, but must content ourselves with some short specimens.

"IN NUPTIAS JULIÆ ET MANLIJ.

Collis o Heliconei  
 Cultor, Uranixæ genus,  
 Qui rapis teneram ad virum  
 Virginem, o Hymenæe Hymen!  
 Hymen o Hymenæe!

Cinge tempora floribus  
 Suaveolentis amaraci:  
 Flammeum cape: lætus huc  
 Huc veni, niveo gerens  
 Luteum pede soccum:



Excitusque hilari die,  
 Nuptialia concinens  
 Voce carmina tinnula,  
 Pelle humum pedibus ; manu  
     Pineam quate tædam.

Namque Julia Manlio,  
 Qualis Idalium colens  
 Venit ad Phrygium Venus  
 Judicem, bona cum bonâ  
     Nubit alite virgo ;

Floridis velut enitens  
 Myrtus Asia ramulis,  
 Quos Hamadryades Dææ  
 Ludicrum sibi roscido  
     Nutriunt humore.

Quare age, huc aditum ferens  
 Perge linquere Thespiæ  
 Rupis Aonios specus,  
 Lympha quos super irrigat  
     Frigerans Aganippe :

Ac domum dominam voca,  
 Conjugis cupidam novi,  
 Mentem amore revinciens,  
 Ut tenax hedera huc et huc  
     Arborem implicat errans."

"Urania's son, whose home is on  
 The heights of skyey Helicon,  
 Who the virgin in her bloom  
 Bringest to her lusty groom,  
 Hymen, hear, thou lovers' friend,  
 Hear, and hither blithely wend !

Flowers around these brows of thine  
 Of sweet marjoram entwine ;  
 Bring the scarf with hue of flame,  
 Type and veil of maiden shame ;  
 Come, and on thy snowy feet  
 Let the saffron sandals meet !

In this day, when all rejoice,  
 Laugh, and, with thy silvery voice  
 Carolling the nuptial song,  
 Dance with jocund feet along,  
 And aloft within thy hand  
 Wave the blazing pine-tree brand !

Julia doth with Manlius wed ;  
 Omens blest surround their bed :  
 Good she is, and fair, and bright  
 As the Queen of Ida's height,  
 Venus, when the prize to claim  
 To the Phrygian judge she came.

As the fragrant myrtle, found  
 Flourishing on Asian ground,

Thick with blossoms overspread,  
By the Hamadryads fed  
For their sport with honey-dew,  
All so sweet is she to view.

Hither, then, thyself betake,  
And a little while forsake  
The Aonian grottoes hid  
Thespia's rocky wolds amid,  
Wash'd in many a plashy pool  
By Aganippe's waters cool.

And call the lady home with soul  
Submissive to her lord's control;  
Around her heart love's tendrils bind,  
Until, like clasping ivy twined  
Around a stately tree, they hold  
It mazed in meshes manifold."

"*Claustra pandite januæ :*  
*Virgo adest. Vide'n', ut faces*  
*Splendidas quatiunt comas ?*  
*Sed moraris ; abit dies :*  
*Prodeas, nova nupta.*

*Tardat ingenuus pudor,*  
*Quæ tamen magis audiens*  
*Flet, quod ire necesse sit.*  
*Sed moraris ; abit dies :*  
*Prodeas, nova nupta.*

*Flere desine. Non tibi, Au-*  
*runculeia, periculum est,*  
*Nequa femina pulchrior*  
*Clarum ab Oceano diem*  
*Viderit venientem.*

*Talis in vario solet*  
*Divitis domini hortulo*  
*Stare flos hyacinthinus.*  
*Sed moraris ; abit dies :*  
*Prodeas, nova nupta.*

*Prodeas, nova nupta, sis,*  
*(Jam videtur) et audias*  
*Nostra verba. Vide'n' ? faces*  
*Aureas quatiunt comas.*  
*Prodeas, nova nupta."*

"And now, ye gates, your wings unfold !  
The virgin draweth nigh. Behold  
The torches, how upon the air  
They shake abroad their gleaming hair !  
Come, bride, come forth ! No more delay !  
The day is hurrying fast away !

But lost in shame and maiden fears  
She stirs not,—weeping, as she hears  
The friends that to her tears reply,  
Thou must advance, the hour is nigh !

Come, bride, come forth! No more delay,  
The day is hurrying fast away!

Dry up thy tears! For well I trow,  
No woman lovelier than thou,  
Aurunculeia, shall behold  
The day all panoplied in gold  
And rosy light uplift his head  
Above the shimmering ocean's bed!

As in some rich man's garden-plot,  
With flowers of every hue inwrought,  
Stands peerless forth with drooping brow  
The hyacinth, so standest thou!  
Come, bride, come forth! No more delay!  
The day is hurrying fast away!

Come forth, fair bride! Delay no more!  
Come forth, and hear the hymn we pour  
To Hymen, mighty God, for thee!  
Come forth, sweet bride! The torches, see,  
Are waving high their golden hair!  
Then come in all thy beauty rare!"

We think it will be admitted by all persons capable of appreciating the original, that Mr. Martin has here fully caught its spirit, and that he has achieved that most difficult of all tasks, namely, the translation of a classic author which shall charm as much as if it were not a translation.

Mr. Martin, we are sure, would neither expect that we should say as much of the "Atys," nor believe us if we did. But we do not think it at all likely that his version of this extraordinary poem will be surpassed in our time. He tells us in his notes that Mr. Tennyson has written a poem on Boadicea in the regular Galliambic metre, and implies that only from a poet who has mastered the secret of this metre can a proper translation of the "Atys" be expected. We commend Mr. Martin's modesty; but we must say we very much doubt whether any nearer approach to the Galliambic than he has himself achieved is likely to be acceptable to English ears. His own verses, while sufficiently close to the original, possess singular fire and fluency, and have more of the classic, and less of the modern air about them, than any thing in the volume.

In the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis" Mr. Martin is still very good, but errs, as in the "Carmen Nuptiale," on the side of diffuseness. Before, however, noticing these points, we must call attention to one very comical effect which the translator has produced in his translation of the description of Ariadne. The Latin is

"Immemor at juvenis fugiens pellit vada remis,  
Irrita ventosæ linquens promissa procellæ:  
Quem procul ex algâ mœstis Minoïs ocellis,

Saxea ut effigies bacchantis prospicit Evæ,  
 Prospicit, et magnis curarum fluctuat undis,  
 Non flavo retinens subtilem vertice mitram,  
 Non contexta levi velatum pectus amictu,  
 Non tereti strophio luctantes vineta papillas;  
 Omnia quæ toto delapsa e corpore passim  
 Ipsius ante pedes fluctus salis alludebant."

A beautiful picture indeed! and on the whole very elegantly rendered, though the rendering is not free from the fault already mentioned, for which Mr. Martin finds his warrant in the language of Mr. Denham.

"Unheedful of her anguish he the while  
 Behind him leaves the still receding isle,  
 Smiting the billows with his oars, and casts  
 His broken pledges to the ocean blasts.  
 With woe-struck gaze across the waters lone,  
 Like some distracted Mænad carved in stone,  
 The maiden eyes him from afar, and she  
 Heaves with her griefs as with a surging sea.  
 Down dropp'd the fillet from her golden hair,  
 Dropp'd the light vest that veil'd her bosom fair.  
 The filmy cincture dropp'd, that strove to bind  
 Her orb'd breasts, which would not be confined;  
 And, as they fell around her feet of snow,  
 The salt waves caught and flung them to and fro."

Mr. Martin's expressions are here certainly "fuller" than his author's; though doubtless they are such as his author's language is calculated to "suggest." But what we meant especially to point out, is the obvious grammatical meaning of the two lines before the last. Catullus says that all Ariadne's clothes fell round her to the ground. Mr. Martin says that her breasts did so.

In that portion of the poem which is called the Lament of Ariadne, there are many interpolations of the kind which Mr. Denham pleads for, and many little variations from the original, which, however trifling by themselves, together combine to give the impression of a decidedly free translation. *Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est* is expanded into

"But let her in an evil hour resign her maiden trust,  
 And yield the blossom of her youth to sate his selfish lust."

No doubt what Catullus says fairly suggests what Mr. Martin says. But it is just this free adoption of "suggestions" which makes Pope's Homer what it is, and which constitutes the special fault of that school which, in Mr. Martin's opinion, has now been superseded by a better one.

Again, in the same passage, *candida vestigia* are not "weary feet;" and a little farther on *levia brachia* are not "tender arms," but smooth and polished like ivory. Before quitting

this poem, however, we must do Mr. Martin the justice to quote his translation of a very beautiful simile, which is indeed nearly perfect:

"Quæ postquam cupide spectando Thessala pubes  
Expleta est, sanctis cepit decedere Divis.  
Hic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino  
Horrificans Zephyrus proclivas incitat undas,  
Aurorâ exoriente, vagi sub lumina solis ;  
Quæ tarde primum elementi flamine pulsæ  
Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachinni :  
Post, vento crescente, magis magis increbescunt,  
Purpureâque procul nantes a luce refulgent."

"Then, tired with wondering, homewards 'gan repair,  
And left the guests divine to enter there.  
As when at early dawn the western breeze  
Into a ripple breaks the slumbering seas,  
Which gently stirr'd, move slowly on at first,  
And into gurglings low of laughter burst ;  
Anon, as fresher blows the rising blast,  
The waves crowd onwards faster and more fast,  
Floating away till they are lost to sight  
Beneath the glow of the emurpled light."

The only expression we don't quite like in this is the "gurglings low of laughter," which almost leads us to suspect that Mr. Martin mistook "cachinni" for the genitive case. But otherwise the version is admirable.

We now arrive at that division of the poems which are in a more peculiar manner the expression of Catullus's own feelings. And here we are compelled to say that Mr. Martin has proved unequal to his task. We allude more particularly, of course, to the poems addressed to Lesbia. And, first of all, let us see what Mr. Martin himself says of these poems in his preface.

"Catullus had one great preservative against vulgar debauchery. He was capable of loving, and he had loved, deeply. There is no more vivid record in literature of an over-mastering passion than the series of his poems of which Lesbia is the theme. These are scattered at random through the rest of his verses. But, when viewed as a whole, they present so striking a picture of the fluctuations of feeling which must always arise where a generous and ardent nature devotes itself to one that is inherently profligate and inconstant, that it has been thought desirable to bring them together in the following translation, in what may be surmised to have been the order in which they were written. The conflict of the poet's emotions is depicted in these poems with all the truth and beauty of genius inspired by passion."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Catullus towards Lesbia in more precise and appropriate language. Who the lady was is a matter of little moment, especially as we are not now concerned with the actual details of the poet's

life. We may safely assume that she was young and beautiful, and that she had at one time given her affections to Catullus. It seems that she was a married woman; for we agree with Mr. Martin that it is impossible to explain otherwise the piece commencing *Lesbia mi, presente viro*. But what we especially wish our readers to remember is, that she was what we should now call a "lady," and not one of those professed Hetærae to whom Horace and other gay Romans are so constantly alluding. It is grievous to know that she ever sank to such degradation as it seems probable that she did; but while she was the mistress of Catullus we are to suppose that she was still outwardly decorous, and surrounded with all the elegancies and refinements of a wealthy Roman matron. We have a certain number of verses addressed to her by Catullus while he still believed that, though false to her husband, she was faithful to himself: some in which he implies that, though he had detected her in one or two gallantries, he had still hopes of her reformation; and others which proclaim that his eyes were at length fully opened to her worthlessness, though he could not dislodge his passion from the stronghold which it had established in his heart. It is among this last division of his love-poems that we find bursts of feeling drawn from such a depth as no other poet of the ancient world ever reached. These are Mr. Martin's failures.

There are three of these poems which are more especially touching, and from these we select some extracts.

"AD SEIPSUM.

Miser Catulle desinas ineptire,  
Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.  
Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,  
Cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat  
Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla."

"Catullus, let the wanton go!  
No longer play the fool, but deem  
For ever lost what thou must know  
Is fled for ever like a dream!

Oh, life was once a heaven to thee!  
Her eyes beam'd at thy coming then—  
The maid beloved, as none shall be  
Of all her sex beloved again."

Now, taking the two first lines of the second stanza, it is difficult to see exactly what Mr. Martin means. There is nothing in the original of "her eyes beam'd at thy coming then." Mr. Martin cannot mean to make the one line *Fulsere*



*quondam candidi tibi soles* do duty for the two separate ideas; according to one of which *soles* will be Lesbia's eyes, and according to the other the natural light of heaven! We give up this point in despair. But assuming this line to be represented in the translation exclusively by the English "Oh, life was once a heaven to thee," how utterly poor and tame the translation is! Catullus was thinking of the time (*quondam*, alas!) when all nature seemed to him pervaded by a new atmosphere, when something brighter and more beautiful than common floated round him in the air, glistened in the sunshine, and played over the landscape. This is the "purple light of love"—these are the days when to all men "The earth, and every common sight,"

"Apparelled in celestial light, did seem  
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Had Mr. Martin translated the line in question quite literally, he would certainly have gone nearer to the mark. We are bold enough to think that the following lines, however prosaic, give the feelings of Catullus more clearly than Mr. Martin's:

"Catullus, lay this folly by;  
And what thou see'st is flown let fly.  
What joy, of old, the sunlight shed,  
When thou, where'er thy lady led,  
Did'st haunt her presence, who to thee  
Was dear as never girl shall be!"

The next quotation is from another piece addressed *Ad seipsum*, begging the gods to release him from the pangs of his miserable passion.

"O Dî, si vostrum est misereri, aut siquibus unquam  
Extremâ jam ipsâ in morte tulistis opem;  
Me miserum adspicite; et, si vitam puriter egi,  
Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,  
Quæ mihi subrepens imos, ut torpor, in artus,  
Expulit ex omni pectore lætitiâs.  
Non jam illud quero, contra ut me diligat illa,  
Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:  
Ipse valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.  
O Dî, reddite mî hoc pro pietate meâ."

"Oh, ye great gods! if you can pity feel,  
If e'er to dying wretch your aid was given,  
See me in agony before you kneel,  
To beg this curse may from me far be driven,

Which creeps in drowsy horror through each vein—  
Leaves me no thought from bitter anguish free;  
I do not ask, she may be kind again,  
No, nor be chaste, for that may never be!

I ask for peace of mind—a spirit clear  
 From the dark taint that now upon it rests.  
 Give then, O give, ye gods, this boon so dear  
 To one who ever hath revered your 'hests !"

In the second stanza "drowsy horror" is a very bad translation of the word "torpor," which is intended to express either the numbing sensation which accompanies certain kinds of grief, or else the utter listlessness and indifference to life which it sometimes generates. In the third line the word "kind" is hardly strong enough. And in the next stanza the force of *Ipse valere opto*, "'Tis for myself I ask," is very inadequately rendered. Catullus has ceased to feel any interest in Lesbia's welfare. His love is reduced to an insane passion for her person. This is the *pestis* and *perniciēs* which still clings to him, like the poisoned robe of Hercules. He simply asks now to be relieved of this. "*Ipse valere opto*"—"She may then go to the deuce, however and whenever she will."

But the worst example is to come :

"Dicebas quondam, solum te nōsse Catullum,  
 Lesbia ; nec, præ me, velle tenere Jovem.  
 Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut volgus amicam,  
 Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.  
 Nunc te cognovi. Quare, etsi impensius uror,  
 Multo mī tamen es vilior et levior.  
 Quī potis est ? inquis. Quod amantem injuria talis  
 Cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus."

The profound pathos of these lines is indeed most touching ; but the point lies in the last two :

"quod amantem injuria talis  
 Cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus."

Mr. Martin has not done justice to any part of this little poem ; but he has clearly mistaken the whole pith and marrow of the last couplet ; *e.g.*

"You ask, how this can be ? Then hear !  
 Such wrongs as mine the heart may chill,  
 But charms so prized must still be dear,  
 And haunt the fancy fondly still."

There is nothing in the Latin about fancy. Catullus's meaning is far more real, far more coarse, if you like, than Mr. Martin supposes. He means this, that the discovery of a woman's infidelity, while it destroys that pure and affectionate regard which partakes of the nature almost of parental love, actually for a time stimulates the sensual appetite. Whether this assertion be true as a fact it is not for us to say, but it is clearly what Catullus meant. And it is one of the most characteristic con-

fessions in the whole body of his poetry; for it plainly shows that love with him was no mere sentimental pastime, but a searching and consuming passion; and it is in this fact that he differs so much from all the other Roman elegists, with the exception, possibly, of Propertius, who now and then writes as if Cynthia had been to him nearly as much as Lesbia was to Catullus.

We must not conclude our article without a word of praise for the translations of a lighter and gayer character. The *Phaselus* is very nicely done. But there is one piece in particular, on "Varus's Mistress," which is rendered with singular felicity and archness. There is no necessity to give the Latin in full; we can assure our readers that the version is sufficiently literal.

"A little showy thing; when first  
Her airs and graces on me burst,  
I was disposed to think her witty,  
Perhaps, too, tolerably pretty.

She rattled on, from grave to gay,  
O'er all the topics of the day.  
Bithynia 'mongst the rest was named.  
'Come, now, do tell me,' she exclaimed,  
'What sort of country is it? How  
Are matters moving there just now?  
Is gold so rife there as they say;  
And how much did you pocket, eh?'

I to her questions made reply,  
What was the fact—that neither I,  
Nor yet the prætor, nor his suite,  
Had in that province luck to meet  
With any thing, that, do our best,  
Could add one feather to our nest.  
Our chances, too, were much decreased,  
The prætor being such a beast,  
And caring not one doit, not he,  
For any of his company.

'But surely you, at least,' she cried,  
'Secured sufficient to provide  
A gang of bearers for your litter;  
For they,' she added, with a titter,  
'Grow there, as every body knows.'

Unwilling that she should suppose  
I was not rather well to do,  
'Why, yes,' said I, 'that's very true.  
Bad as things were, it did not fare  
With me so execrably there,  
But I contrived to purchase eight  
Tall fellows for that precious freight.'  
The fact is, neither here nor there  
Had I a single knave, to bear  
My truckle bed, that ancient wreck,  
Suspended on his brawny neck.

On this cried she, with odious leer,  
 'Oh, do, Catullus, there's a dear,  
 Do lend me them. I'm longing so  
 To the Serapian shrine to go !'  
 'Stay, stay !' said I. 'How could I make,  
 God bless me, such a strange mistake ?  
 They're not exactly mine to lend.  
 I did not buy them ; but a friend,  
 Young Cinna, my especial chum,  
 Young Caius Cinna purchased some.  
 But whether they be mine or his,  
 Of not the least importance is.  
 The difference is but in the name ;  
 I use the fellows all the same.  
 But, madam, suffer me to state,  
 You're plaguily importunate,  
 To press one so extremely hard,  
 He cannot speak but by the card.' "

There is only one expression here which we dislike, but that is a most unlucky one, and goes near to spoil what would otherwise be a little gem. We mean the line

" On this cried she, with odious leer,"

Now the *scortillum* was a pretty girl, *nec illepidum nec inre-nustum*. This odious leer is a pure invention of Mr. Martin's. The Latin is, *ut decuit cinædiorem*, "as is the way with women of her class;" or in English slang, "'twas like her impudence." It is a thousand pities that Mr. Martin has made this mistake; for, with this exception, his rendering is one of the very best things of the kind we have ever met with.

We have now concluded our critique of Mr. Martin, and in the course of it have exhausted every thing that we had to say upon Catullus. Our judgment of the Roman is, that of all the Latin poets he is at once the least conventional and the most profound. There is more in common between him and the poets of modern life than there is in any other of the ancients, excepting perhaps Homer; while for knowledge of the human heart, and experience of strong passion, it is not perhaps too much to say that no one classic author can compare with him. Of his translator we have no hesitation in saying that he has beaten all his predecessors. But he is still some distance from that standard to which translators of Catullus should aspire. There is nearly one half of his author with which he has little or no sympathy. Of the picturesque, the graceful, and the gay, he is a thorough master. Of passion, where its effects or its aspects have to be celebrated or described, he is a competent painter. But where the workings of passion in the human heart have to be reproduced, he is unquestionably less happy. In the passion

of the "Atys," we must remember, there is nothing subtle or profound. His emotions are all of the most obvious nature. The contrast between his drunken frenzy and his waking remorse, is described in a grand storm of poetry. But the poem is so far out of the region of common humanity, that no special human sympathies are required to appreciate it; nor, if we accept it as a philosophical allegory, is its character in this respect changed. Our judgment, therefore, is not affected by Mr. Martin's success in the "Atys;" and our verdict still is, that however true a poet this gentleman himself may be, he has not got the key of that *fons lacrymarum* which lies deep down in the poetry of Catullus.

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ART. IX.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharnccliffe. Third edition, with Additions and Corrections derived from the original Manuscripts, illustrative Notes, and a new Memoir. By W. Moy Thomas. In two volumes. London: Henry Bohn.

NOTHING is so transitory as second-class fame. The name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is hardly now known to the great mass of ordinary English readers. A generation has arisen which has had time to forget her. Yet only a few years since, an allusion to the "Lady Mary" would have been easily understood by every well-informed person; young ladies were enjoined to form their style upon hers; and no one could have anticipated that her letters would seem in 1862 as different from what a lady of rank would then write or publish as if they had been written in the times of paganism. The very change, however, of popular taste and popular morality gives these letters now a kind of interest. The farther and the more rapidly we have drifted from where we once lay, the more do we wish to learn what kind of port it was. We venture, therefore, to recommend the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as an instructive and profitable study, not indeed to the youngest of young ladies, but to those maturer persons of either sex "who have taken all knowledge to be their province," and who have commenced their readings in "universality" by an assiduous perusal of Parisian fiction.

It is, we admit, true that these letters are not at the present day very agreeable reading. What our grandfathers and

grandmothers thought of them it is not so easy to say. But it now seems clear that Lady Mary was that most miserable of miserable beings, an ambitious and wasted woman; that she brought a very cultivated intellect into a very cultivated society; that she gave to that society what it was most anxious to receive, and received from it all which it had to bestow;—and yet that this all was to her as nothing. The high intellectual world of England has never been so compact, so visible in a certain sense, so enjoyable, as it was in her time. She had a mind to understand it, beauty to adorn it, and wit to amuse it; but she chose to pass great part of her life in exile, and returned at last to die at home among a new generation, whose name she hardly knew, and to whom she herself was but a spectacle and a wonder.

Lady Mary Pierrepont—for that was by birth her name—belonged to a family which had a traditional reputation for ability and cultivation. The *Memoirs of Lucy Hutchinson*—(almost the only legacy that remains to us from the first generation of refined Puritans, the only book, at any rate, which effectually brings home to us how different they were in taste and in temper from their more vulgar and feeble successors)—contains a curious panegyric on wise William Pierrepont, to whom the Parliamentary party resorted as an oracle of judgment, and whom Cromwell himself, if tradition may be trusted, at times condescended to consult and court. He did not, however, transmit much of his discretion to his grandson, Lady Mary's father. This nobleman, for he inherited from an elder branch of the family both the marquissate of Dorchester and the dukedom of Kingston, was a mere man "about town," as the homely phrase then went, who passed a long life of fashionable idleness interspersed with political intrigue, and who signalled his old age by marrying a young beauty of fewer years than his youngest daughter, who, as he very likely knew, cared nothing for him and much for another person. He had the "grand air," however, and he expected his children when he visited them, to kneel down immediately and ask his blessing, which, if his character was what is said, must have been *very* valuable. The only attention he ever (that we know of) bestowed upon Lady Mary was a sort of theatrical outrage, pleasant enough to her at the time, but scarcely in accordance with the educational theories in which we now believe. He was a member of the Kit-Cat, a great Whig club, the Brooks's of Queen Anne's time, which, like Brooks's, appears not to have been purely political, but to have found time for occasional relaxation and for somewhat unbusiness-like discussions. They held annually a formal



meeting to arrange the female toasts for that year; and we are told that a whim seized her father to nominate Lady Mary, "then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. 'Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified; there is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs, of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast." Perhaps some young ladies of more than eight years old would not much object to have lived in those times. Fathers may be wiser now than they were then, but they rarely make themselves so thoroughly agreeable to their children.

This stimulating education would leave a weak and vain girl still more vain and weak; but it had not that effect on Lady Mary. Vain she probably was, and her father's boastfulness perhaps made her vainer; but her vanity took an intellectual turn. She read vaguely and widely; she managed to acquire some knowledge—how much is not clear—of Greek and Latin, and certainly learned with sufficient thoroughness French and Italian. She used to say that she had the worst education in the world, and that it was only by the "help of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labour" that she had acquired her remarkable attainments. Her father certainly seems to have been capable of any degree of inattention and neglect; but we should not perhaps credit too entirely all the legends which an old lady recounted to her grandchildren of the intellectual difficulties of her youth.

She seems to have been encouraged by her grandmother,

one of the celebrated Evelyn family, whose memory is thus enigmatically but still expressively enshrined in the diary of the author of *Sylva*. "Under this date," we are informed, "of the 2d of July 1649, he records a day spent at Godstone, where Sir John" (this lady's father) "was on a visit with his daughter;" and he adds, "Mem. The prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts's daughter, since married to Mr. W. Pierrepont." The lady who was thus formidable in her youth deigned in her old age to write frequently, as we should now say,—to open a "regular commerce" of letters, as was said in that age,—with Lady Mary when quite a girl, which she always believed to have been beneficial to her, and probably believed rightly; for she was intelligent enough to comprehend what was said to her, and the old lady had watched many changes in many things.

Her greatest intellectual guide, at least so in after-life she used to relate, was Mr. Wortley, whom she afterwards married. "When I was young," she said, "I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library; and so got that language, whilst every body else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances." She perused, however, some fiction also; for she possessed, till her death, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote*, a ponderous series of novels in folio, in one of which she had written, in her fairest youthful hand, the names and characteristic qualities of "the beautiful Diana, the volatile Clemene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on, forming two columns."

Of Mr. Wortley it is not difficult, from the materials before us, to decipher his character; he was a slow man, with a taste for quick companions. Swift's diary to Stella mentions, an evening spent over a bottle of old wine with Mr. Wortley and Mr. Addison. Mr. Wortley was a rigid Whig, and Swift's transition to Toryism soon broke short that friendship. But with Addison he maintained an intimacy which lasted during their joint lives, and survived the marriages of both. With Steele likewise he was upon the closest terms, is said to have written some papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and the second volume of the former is certainly dedicated to him in affectionate and respectful terms.

Notwithstanding, however, these conspicuous testimonials to high ability, Mr. Wortley was an orderly and dull person.

Every letter received by him from his wife during five-and-twenty years of absence, was found, at his death, carefully indorsed with the date of its arrival and with a *synopsis* of its contents. "He represented," we are told, "at various times, Huntingdon, Westminster, and Peterborough in Parliament, and appears to have been a member of that class who win respectful attention by sober and business-like qualities; and his name is constantly found in the drier and more formal part of the politics of the time." He answered to the description given more recently of a similar person: "Is not," it was asked, "Sir John — a very methodical person?" "Certainly he is," was the reply, "he files his invitations to dinner." The Wortley papers, according to the descriptions of those who have inspected them, seem to contain the accumulations of similar documents during many years. He hoarded money, however, to more purpose, for he died one of the richest commoners in England; and a considerable part of the now marvellous wealth of the Bute family seems at first to have been derived from him.

Whatever good qualities Addison and Steele discovered in Mr. Wortley, they were certainly not those of a good writer. We have from his pen and from that of Lady Mary a description of the state of English politics during the three first years of George III., and any one who wishes to understand how much readability depends upon good writing would do well to compare the two. Lady Mary's is a clear and bright description of all the superficial circumstances of the time; Mr. Wortley's is equally superficial, often unintelligible and always lumbering, and scarcely succeeds in telling us more than that the writer was wholly unsuccessful in all which he tried to do. As to Mr. Wortley's contributions to the periodicals of his time, we may suspect that the jottings preserved at Loudon are all which he ever wrote of them, and that the style and arrangement were supplied by more skilful writers. Even a county member might furnish headings for the *Saturday Review*. He might say: "Trent British vessel — Americans always intrusive — Support Government — Kill all that is necessary."

What Lady Mary discovered in Mr. Wortley it is easier to say and shorter, for he was very handsome. If his portrait can be trusted, there was a placid and business-like repose about him, which might easily be attractive to a rather excitable and wild young lady, especially when combined with imposing features and a quiet sweet expression. He attended to *her* also. When she was a girl of fourteen, he met her at a party, and evinced his admiration. And a little while later, it is not difficult to fancy that a literary young lady might be much pleased with a good-

looking gentleman not uncomfortably older than herself, yet having a place in the world, and well known to the literary men of the age. He was acquainted with the classics too, or was supposed to be so; and whether it was a consequence of or a preliminary to their affections, Lady Mary wished to know the classics also.

Bishop Burnet was so kind as to superintend the singular studies—for such they were clearly thought—of this aristocratic young lady; and the translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, which he revised, is printed in this edition of her works. But even so grave an undertaking could not wholly withdraw her from more congenial pursuits. She commenced a correspondence with Miss Wortley, Mr. Wortley's unmarried sister, which still remains, though Miss Wortley's letters are hardly to be called hers, for her brother composed, and she merely copied them. The correspondence is scarcely in the sort of English or in the tone which young ladies, we understand, now use.

"It is as impossible," says Miss Wortley, "for my dearest Lady Mary to utter thought that can seem dull as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a fault that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you can assume, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, that you tax with dulness (perhaps because they were writ when you was not in a right humour, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed), are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy."

To which the reply is:

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would choose to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races [at] Thoresby without seeing, or even wishing to see, one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and

yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo."

After some time Miss Wortley unfortunately died, and there was an obvious difficulty in continuing the correspondence without the aid of an appropriate sisterly screen. Mr. Wortley seems to have been tranquil and condescending; perhaps he thought placid tactics would be most effective, for Lady Mary was not so calm. He sent her some *Tatlers*, and received, by way of thanks, the following tolerably encouraging letter:

"*To Mr. Wortley Montagu.*

"I am surprised at one of the *Tatlers* you send me; is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to condemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet farther; was I to choose of two thousand pounds a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; [it] takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings that ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show; at the same time I know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must re-

solve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humour you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have spoke so plainly as I have done; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world; and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not all.

"I don't enjoin you to burn this letter. I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever writ to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You must never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind; my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken."

Mr. Wortley, however, still grumbled. He seems to have expected a young lady to do something even more decisive than ask him to marry her. He continued to hesitate and pause. The lady in the comedy says, "What right has a man to intend unless he states his intentions?" and Lady Mary's biographers are entirely of that opinion. They think her exceedingly ill-used, and Mr. Wortley exceedingly to blame. And so it may have been; certainly a love-correspondence is rarely found where activity and intrepidity on the lady's side so much contrasts with quiescence and timidity on the gentleman's. If, however, we could summon him before us, probably Mr. Wortley would have something to answer on his own behalf. It is tolerably plain that he thought Lady Mary too excitable. "Certainly," he doubtless reasoned, "she is a handsome young lady, and very witty; but beauty and wit are dangerous as well as attractive. Vivacity is delightful; but my esteemed friend Mr. Addison has observed that excessive quickness of parts is not unfrequently the cause of extreme rapidity in action. Lady Mary makes love to me before marriage, and I like it; but may she not make love also to some one else after marriage, and then I shall not like it." Accordingly he writes to her timorously as to her love of pleasure, her love of romantic reading, her occasional toleration of younger gentlemen and quicker admirers. At last, however, he proposed; and as far as the lady was concerned, there was no objection.

We might have expected, from a superficial view of the



facts, that there would have been no difficulty either on the side of her father. Mr. Wortley died one of the richest commoners in England; was of the first standing in society, of good family, and he had apparently, therefore, money to settle and station to offer to his bride. And he did offer both. He was ready to settle an ample sum on Lady Mary, both as his wife and as his widow, and was anxious that, if they married, they should live in a manner suitable to her rank and his prospects. But nevertheless there was a difficulty. The *Tatler* had recently favoured its readers with dissertations upon social ethics not altogether dissimilar to those with which the *Saturday Review* frequently instructs its readers. One of these dissertations contained an elaborate exposure of the folly of settling your estate upon your unborn children. The arguments were of a sort very easily imaginable. "Why," it was said, "should you give away that which you have to a person whom you do not know; whom you may never see; whom you may not like when you do see; who may be undutiful, unpleasant, or idiotic? Why, too, should each generation surrender its due control over the next? When the family estate is settled, men of the world know that the father's control is gone, for disinterested filial affection is an unfrequent though doubtless possible virtue; but so long as *property* is in suspense, all expectants will be attentive to those who have it in their power to give or not to give it." These arguments had converted Mr. Wortley, who is said even to have contributed notes for the article, and they seem to have converted Lady Mary also. She was to have her money, and the most plain-spoken young ladies do not commonly care to argue much about the future provision for their possible children; the subject is always delicate and a little frightful, and, on the whole, must be left to themselves. But Lord Dorchester, her father, felt it his duty to be firm. It is an old saying, that "you never know where a man's conscience may turn up," and the advent of ethical feeling was in this case even unusually beyond calculation. Lord Dorchester had never been an anxious father, and was not now going to be a liberal father. He had never cared much about Lady Mary, except in so far as he could himself gain *éclat* by exhibiting her youthful beauty, and he was not now at her marriage about to do at all more than was necessary and decent in his station. It was not therefore apparently probable that he would be irritatingly obstinate respecting the income of his daughter's children. He was so, however. He deemed it a duty to see that "*his* grandchild never should be a beggar," and, for what reason does not so clearly appear, wished that his

eldest male grandchild should be immensely richer than all his other grandchildren. The old feudal aristocrat, often in modern Europe so curiously disguised in the indifferent exterior of a careless man of the world, was, as became him, dictatorial and unalterable upon the duty of founding a family. Though he did not care much for his daughter, he cared much for the position of his daughter's eldest son. He had probably stumbled on the fundamental truth that "girls were girls and boys were boys," and was disinclined to disregard the rule of primogeniture by which he had obtained his marquissate, and from which he expected a dukedom.

Mr. Wortley, however, was through life a man, if eminent in nothing else, eminent at least in obstinacy. He would not give up the doctrine of the *Tatler* even to obtain Lady Mary. The match was accordingly abandoned, and Lord Dorchester looked out for and found another gentleman whom he proposed to make his son-in-law; for he believed, according to the old morality, "that it was the duty of the parents to find a husband for a daughter, and that when he was found, it was the daughter's duty to marry him." It was as wrong in her to attempt to choose as in him to neglect to seek. Lady Mary was, however, by no means disposed to accept this passive theory of female obligation. She *had* sought and chosen; and to her choice she intended to adhere. The conduct of Mr. Wortley would have offended some ladies, but it rather augmented her admiration. She had exactly that sort of irritable intellect which sets an undue value on new theories of society and morality, and is pleased when others do so too. She thought Mr. Wortley was quite right not to "defraud himself for a possible infant," and admired his constancy and firmness. She determined to risk a step, as she herself said, unjustifiable to her own relatives, but which she nevertheless believed that she could justify to herself. She decided on eloping with Mr. Wortley.

Before, however, taking this audacious leap, she looked a little. Though she did not object to the sacrifice of the customary inheritance of her contingent son, she by no means approved of sacrificing the settlement which Mr. Wortley had undertaken at a prior period of the negotiation to make upon herself. And according to common sense she was undoubtedly judicious. She was going from her father, and foregoing the money which he had promised her; and therefore it was not reasonable that, by going to her lover, she should forfeit also the money which *he* had promised her. And there is nothing offensive in her mode of expression. "'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect any thing;

but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear, if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it." But true and rational as all this seems, perhaps it is still truer and still more rational to say, that if a woman has not sufficient confidence in her lover to elope with him without a previous promise of a good settlement, she had better not elope with him at all. After all, if he declines to make the stipulated settlement, the lady will have either to return to her friends or to marry without it, and she would have the full choice between these satisfactory alternatives, even if she asked no previous promise from her lover. At any rate, the intrusion of coarse money among the refined materials of romance is, in this case, even more curious and remarkable than usual.

After some unsuccessful attempts, Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley did elope and did marry, and, after a certain interval, of course, Lord Dorchester received them, notwithstanding their contempt of his authority, into some sort of favour and countenance. They had probably saved him money by their irregularity, and economical frailties are rarely judged severely by men of fashion who are benefited by them. Lady Mary, however, was long a little mistrusted by her own relations, and never seems to have acquired much family influence; but her marriage was not her only peculiarity, or the only one which impartial relations might dislike.

The pair appear to have been for a little while tolerably happy. Lady Mary was excitable, and wanted letters when absent, and attention when present: Mr. Wortley was heavy and slow; could not write letters when away, and seemed torpid in her society when at home. Still these are common troubles. Common, too, is the matrimonial correspondence upon baby's deficiency in health, and on Mrs. Behn's opinion that "the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children." It seems an odd end to a deferential perusal of Latin authors in girlhood, and to a spirited elopement with the preceptor in after years; but the transition is only part of the usual irony of human life.

The world, both social and political, into which Lady Mary was introduced by her marriage was singularly calculated to awaken the faculties, to stimulate the intellect, to sharpen the

wit, and to harden the heart of an intelligent, witty, and hard-headed woman. The world of London—even the higher world—is now too large to be easily seen, or to be pithily described. The elements are so many, their position is so confused, the display of their mutual counteraction is so involved, that many years must pass away before even a very clever woman can thoroughly comprehend it all. She will cease to be young and handsome long ere she does comprehend it. And when she at last understands it, it does not seem a fit subject for concise and summary wit. Its evident complexity refuses to be condensed into pithy sayings and brilliant *bon-mots*. It has fallen into the hands of philosophers, with less brains perhaps than the satirists of our fathers, but with more anxiety to tell the whole truth, more toleration for the many-sidedness of the world, with less of sharp conciseness, but, perhaps, with more of useful completeness. As are the books, so are the readers. People do not wish to read satire nowadays. The epigrams even of Pope would fall dull and dead upon this serious and investigating time. The folly of the last age affected levity; the folly of this, as we all know, encases itself in ponderous volumes which defy refutation, in elaborate arguments which prove nothing, in theories which confuse the uninstructed, and which irritate the well-informed. The folly of a hundred years since was at least the folly of Vivien, but ours is the folly of Merlin:

“You read the book, my pretty Vivien,  
And none can read the text, not even I,  
And none can read the comments but myself—  
Oh, the results are simple!”

Perhaps people did not know then as much as they know now: indisputably they knew nothing like so much in a superficial way *about* so many things; but they knew far more correctly where their knowledge began and where it stopped; what they thought and why they thought it: they had readier illustrations and more summary phrases; they could say at once what it *came to*, and to what action it should lead.

The London of 1700 was an aristocratic world, which lived to itself, which displayed the virtues and developed the vices of an aristocracy which was under little fear of external control or check; which had emancipated itself from the control of the crown; which had not fallen under the control of the *bourgeoisie*; which saw its own life, and saw that, according to its own maxims, it was good. Public opinion now rules, and it is an opinion which constrains the conduct, and narrows the experience, and dwarfs the violence, and *minimises* the frankness of the highest classes, while it diminishes their vices, supports

their conscience, and precludes their grossness. There was nothing like this in the last century, especially in the early part of it. The aristocracy came to town from their remote estates,—where they were uncontrolled by any opinion or by any equal society, and where the eccentricities and personalities of each character were fostered and exaggerated,—to a London which was like a large county town, in which every body of rank knew every body of rank, where the eccentricities of each rural potentate came into picturesque collision with the eccentricities of other rural potentates, where the most minute allusions to the peculiarities and the career of the principal persons were instantly understood, where squibs were on every table, and where satire was in the air. No finer field of social observation could be found for an intelligent and witty woman. Lady Mary understood it at once.

Nor was the political life of the last century so unfavourable to the influence and so opposed to the characteristic comprehension of women as our present life. We are now ruled by political discussion and by a popular assembly, by leading articles, and by the House of Commons. But women can scarcely ever compose leaders, and no woman sits in our representative chamber. The whole tide of abstract discussion which fills our mouths and deafens our ears, the whole complex accumulation of facts and figures to which we refer every thing, and which we apply to every thing, is quite unfemale. A lady has an insight into what she sees; but how will this help her with the case of the *Trent*, with the proper structure of a representative chamber, with Indian finance or parliamentary reform? Women are clever, but cleverness of itself is nothing at present. A sharp Irish writer described himself “as bothered intirely by the want of preliminary information;” women are in the same difficulty now. Their nature may hereafter change, as some sanguine advocates suggest. But the visible species certainly have not the intellectual providence to acquire the vast stores of dry information which alone can enable them to judge adequately of our present controversies. We are ruled by a machinery of oratory and discussion, in which women have no share, and which they hardly comprehend: we are engaged on subjects which need an arduous learning, to which they have no pretensions.

In the last century much of this was very different. The Court still counted for much in English politics. The House of Commons was the strongest power in the State machine, but it was not so immeasurably the strongest power as now. It was absolutely supreme within its sphere, but that sphere was limited. It could absolutely control the money, and thereby the policy

of the State. Whether there should be peace or war, excise or no excise, it could and did despotically determine. It was supreme in its choice of *measures*. But, on the other hand, it had only a secondary influence in the choice of *persons*. Who the Prime Minister was to be, was a question not only theoretically determinable, but in fact determined by the Sovereign. The House of Commons could despotically impose two conditions: first, that the Prime Minister should be a man of sufficient natural ability, and sufficient parliamentary experience, to conduct the business of his age; secondly, that he should adopt the policy which the nation wished. But, subject to a conformity with these prerequisites, the selection of the King was nearly uncontrolled. Sir Robert Walpole was the greatest master of parliamentary tactics and political business in his generation; he was a statesman of wide views and consummate dexterity; but these intellectual gifts, even joined to immense parliamentary experience, were not alone sufficient to make him and to keep him Prime Minister of England. He also maintained, during two reigns, a complete system of court-strategy. During the reign of George II. he kept a *queen-watcher*. Lord Hervey, one of the cleverest men in England, the keenest observer, perhaps, in England, was induced, by very dexterous management, to remain at court during many years—to observe the queen, to hint to the queen, to remove wrong impressions from the queen, to confirm the Walpolese predilections of the queen, to report every incident to Sir Robert. The records of politics tell us few stranger tales than that it should have been necessary for the Sir Robert Peel of the age to hire a subordinate as safe as Eldon, and as witty as Canning, for the sole purpose of managing a clever German woman, to whom the selection of a Prime Minister was practically intrusted. Nor was this the only court-campaign which Sir Robert had to conduct, or in which he was successful. Lady Mary, who hated him much, has satirically described the foundation upon which his court-favour rested during the reign of George I.

“The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity to the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, &c. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry, would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement; he had a very



handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London ; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbour in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the queen died.

Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives ; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth their while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependents, a serviceable relation wherever it was in his power, and followed the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behaviour without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest ; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States, not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers), happened then to be at the Hague, and was civilly received at Lord Townshend's, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality, and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the queen changed her ministry ; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and playfellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the king's treasury thirty years with the utmost fidelity and economy ; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff the secretary was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing ; and had got his share in the king's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing ; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the king, as the only proper person for the important post of Secretary of State ; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might possibly have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother R. Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate."

And it is indisputable that Lord Townshend, who thought he was a very great statesman, and who began as the patron of

Sir Robert Walpole, nevertheless was only his Court-agent—the manager on his behalf of the king and of the king's mistresses.

We need not point out at length, for the passage we have cited of itself indicates how well suited this sort of politics is to the comprehension and to the pen of a keen-sighted and witty woman.

Nor was the Court the principal improver of the London society of the age. The House of Commons was then a part of society. This separate, isolated, aristocratic world, of which we have spoken, had an almost undisputed command of both Houses in the Legislature. The letter of the constitution did not give it them, and no law appointed that it should be so. But the aristocratic class were by far the most educated, by far the most respected, by far the most *eligible* part of the nation. Even in the boroughs, where there was universal suffrage, or something near it, they were the favourites. Accordingly, they gave the tone to the House of Commons; they required the small community of members who did not belong to their order to conform as far as they could to their usages, and to guide themselves by their code of morality and of taste. In the main the House of Commons obeyed these injunctions, and it was repaid by being incorporated within the aristocratic world: it became not only the council of the nation, but the debating-club of fashion. That which was "received" modified the recipient. The remains of the aristocratic society, wherever we find them, are penetrated not only with an aristocratic but with a political spirit. They breathe a sort of atmosphere of politics. In the London of the present day, the vast miscellaneous *bourgeois* London, we all know that this is not so. "In the country," said a splenetic observer, "people talk politics; at London dinners you talk nothing; between two pillars of crinoline you eat and are resigned." A hundred and fifty years ago, as far as our rather ample materials inform us, people in London talked politics just as they now talk politics in Worcestershire; and being on the spot, and cooped up with politicians in a small social world, their talk was commonly better. They knew the people of whom they spoke, even if they did not know the subjects with which they were concerned.

No element is better fitted to counteract the characteristic evil of an aristocratic society. The defect of such societies in all times has been frivolity. All talk has tended to become gossip; it has ceased to deal with important subjects, and has devoted itself entirely to unimportant incidents. Whether the Duc de — has more or less prevailed with the Marquise de — is a sort of common form into which any details may

be fitted, and any names inserted. The frivolities of gallantry—never very important save to some woman who has long been dead—fill the records of all aristocracies who lived under a despotism, who had no political authority, no daily political cares. The aristocracy of England in the last century were, at any rate, exempt from *this* reproach. There is in the records of it not only an intellectuality, which would prove little, for every clever describer, by the subtleties of his language and the arrangement of his composition, gives a sort of intellectuality even to matters which have no pretension to it in themselves, but likewise a pervading medium of political discussion. The very language in which they are written is the language of political business. Horace Walpole was certainly by nature no politician and no orator; yet no discerning critic can read a page of his voluminous remains without feeling that the writer has through life lived with politicians and talked with politicians. A keen observant mind, not naturally political, but capable of comprehending and viewing any subject which was brought before it, has chanced to have this particular subject—politics—presented to it for a lifetime; and all its delineations, all its efforts, all its thoughts, reflect it, and are coloured by it. In all the records of the eighteenth century the tonic of business is seen to combat the relaxing effect of habitual luxury.

This element, too, is favourable to a clever woman. The more you can put before such a person, the greater she will be; the less her world, the less she is. If you place the most keensighted lady in the midst of the pure futilities and unmitigated flirtations of an aristocracy, she will sink to the level of those elements, and will scarcely seem to wish for any thing more, or to be competent for any thing higher. But if she is placed in an intellectual atmosphere, in which political or other important subjects are currently passing, you will probably find that she can talk better upon them than you can, without your being able to explain whence she derived either her information or her talent.

The subjects, too, which were discussed in the political society of the last age were not so inscrutable to women as our present subjects; and even when there were great difficulties, they were more on a level with men in the discussion of them than they now are. It was no disgrace to be destitute of preliminary information at a time in which there were no accumulated stores from which such information could be derived. A lightening element of female influence is therefore to be found through much of the politics of the eighteenth century.

Lady Mary entered easily into all this world, both social and political. She had beauty for the fashionable, satire for the witty, knowledge for the learned, and intelligence for the politician. She was not too refined to shrink from what we now consider the coarseness of that time. Many of her verses themselves are scarcely adapted for our decorous pages. Perhaps the following give no unfair idea of her ordinary state of mind :

“TOWN ECLOGUES.

ROXANA ; OR, THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Roxana, from the court retiring late,  
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. James's gate.  
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,  
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd ;  
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear ;  
She in these gentle sounds express'd her care.  
‘ Was it for this that I these roses wear ?  
For this new-set the jewels for my hair ?  
Ah ! Princess ! with what zeal have I pursued !  
Almost forgot the duty of a prude.  
Thinking I never could attend too soon,  
I've miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.  
For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?  
My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.  
I sacrific'd both modesty and ease,  
Left operas and went to filthy plays ;  
Double-entendres shock my tender ear ;  
Yet even this for thee I choose to bear.  
In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,  
And every joy of life before me lay,  
By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,  
The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd :  
Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe  
Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily prayer.  
‘ Alas ! how chang'd—with the same sermon-mien  
That once I pray'd, the *What d'ye call 't* I've seen.  
Ah ! cruel Princess, for thy sake I've lost  
That reputation which so dear had cost :  
I, who avoided every public place,  
When bloom and beauty bade me show my face,  
Now near thee constant every night abide  
With never-failing duty by thy side ;  
Myself and daughters standing on a row,  
To all the foreigners a goodly show !  
Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
And merchants' wives close by the chair been seen,  
Had not I amply filled the empty space,  
And saved your highness from the dire disgrace.  
‘ Yet Coquetilla's artifice prevails,  
When all my merit and my duty fails ;  
That Coquetilla, whose deluding airs  
Corrupt our virgins, still our youth ensnares ;  
So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
Scarce visited before your highness came :

Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you choose,  
 When zeal and fame and virtue you refuse.  
 Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train  
 Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain!  
 Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,  
 And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs!  
 Let Iris leave her paint and own her age,  
 And grave Suffolka wed a giddy page!  
 A greater miracle is daily view'd,  
 A virtuous Princess with a court so lewd.  
 'I know thee, court! with all thy treach'rous wiles,  
 Thy false caresses and undoing smiles!  
 Ah! Princess, learn'd in all the courtly arts,  
 To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts!  
 'Large lovely bribes are the great statesman's aim;  
 And the neglected patriot follows fame.  
 The Prince is ogled; some the king pursue;  
 But your Roxana only follows you.  
 Despis'd Roxana, cease, and try to find  
 Some other, since the Princess proves unkind:  
 Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,  
 If not a greater, a more firm support.'

There was every kind of rumour as to Lady Mary's own conduct, and we have no means of saying whether any of these rumours were true. There is no evidence against her which is worthy of the name. So far as can be proved, she was simply a gay, witty, bold-spoken, handsome woman, who made many enemies by unscrupulous speech, and many friends by unscrupulous flirtation. We may believe, but we cannot prove, that she found her husband tedious, and was dissatisfied that his slow, methodical, *borné* mind made so little progress in the political world, and understood so little of what really passed there. Unquestionably she must have much preferred talking to Lord Hervey to talking with Mr. Montagu. But we must not credit the idle scandals of a hundred years since, because they may have been true, or because they appear not inconsistent with the characters of those to whom they relate. There were legends against every attractive and fashionable woman in that age, and most of the legends were doubtless exaggerations and inventions. We cannot know the truth of such matters now, and it would hardly be worth searching into if we could; but the important fact is certain, Lady Mary lived in a world in which the worst rumours were greedily told and often believed about her and others; and the moral refinement of a woman must always be impaired by such a contact.

Lady Mary was so unfortunate as to incur the partial dislike of one of the great recorders of that age, and the bitter hostility of the other. She was no favourite with Horace Walpole, and the bitter enemy of Pope. The first is easily explic-

able. Horace Walpole never loved his father, but recompensed himself by hating his father's enemies. No one connected with the opposition to Sir Robert is spared by his son if there be a fair opportunity for unfavourable insinuation. Mr. Wortley was the very man for a grave mistake. He made the very worst which could be made in that age. He joined the party of constitutional exiles on the Opposition bench, who had no real objection to the policy of Sir Robert Walpole; who, when they had a chance, adopted that policy themselves; who were discontented because they had no power, and he had all the power. Probably too, being a man eminently respectable, Mr. Montagu was frightened at Sir Robert's unscrupulous talk and not very scrupulous actions. At any rate, he opposed Sir Robert; and thence many a little observation of Horace Walpole's against Lady Mary.

Why Pope and Lady Mary quarrelled is a question on which much discussion has been expended, and on which a judicious German professor might even now compose an interesting and exhaustive monograph. A curt English critic will be more apt to ask, "Why they should *not* have quarrelled?" We know that Pope quarrelled with almost every one; we know that Lady Mary quarrelled or half quarrelled with most of her acquaintances. Why, then, should they not have quarrelled with one another?

It is certain that they were very intimate at one time; for Pope wrote to her some of the most pompous letters of compliment in the language. And the more intimate they were to begin with, the more sure they were to be enemies in the end. Human nature will not endure that sort of proximity. An irritable vain poet, who always fancies that people are trying to hurt him, whom no argument could convince that every one is not perpetually thinking about him, cannot long be friendly with a witty woman of unscrupulous tongue, who spares no one, who could sacrifice a good friend for a bad *bon-mot*, who thinks of the person whom she is addressing, not of those about whom she is speaking. The natural relation of the two is that of victim and torturer, and no other will long continue. There appear also to have been some money matters (of all things in the world) between the two. Lady Mary was intrusted by Pope with some money to use in speculation during the highly fashionable panic which derives its name from the South-Sea Bubble,—and as of course it was lost, Pope was very angry. Another story goes, that Pope made serious love to Lady Mary, and that she laughed at him; upon which a very personal, and not always very correct, controversy has arisen as to the probability or improbability of Pope's exciting a lady's



feelings. Lord Byron took part in it with his usual acuteness and incisiveness, and did not leave the discussion more decent than he found it. Pope doubtless was deformed, and had not the large red health that uncivilised women admire; yet a clever lady might have taken a fancy to him, for the little creature knew what he was saying. There is, however, no evidence that Lady Mary did so. We only know that there was a sudden coolness or quarrel between them, and that it was the beginning of a long and bitter hatred.

In their own times Pope's sensitive disposition probably gave Lady Mary a great advantage. Her tongue perhaps gave him more pain than his pen gave her. But in later times she has fared the worse. What between Pope's sarcasms and Horace Walpole's anecdotes, Lady Mary's reputation has suffered very considerably. As we have said, her offences are *non proven*; there is no evidence to convict her; but she is likely to be condemned upon the general doctrine that a person who is accused of much is probably guilty of something.

During many years, Lady Mary continued to live a distinguished fashionable and social life, with a single remarkable break. This interval was her journey to Constantinople. The powers that then were, thought fit to send Mr. Wortley as ambassador to Constantinople, and his wife accompanied him. During that visit she kept a journal, and wrote sundry real letters, out of which, after her return, she composed a series of unreal letters as to all she saw and did in Turkey, and on the journey there and back, which were published, and which are still amusing, if not always select, reading. The Sultan was not then the "dying man;" he was the "Grand Turk." He was not simply a potentate to be counted with, but a power to be feared. The appearance of a Turkish army on the Danube had in that age much the same effect as the appearance of a Russian army now. It was an object of terror and dread. A mission at Constantinople was not then a *bureau* for interference in Turkey; but a serious office for transacting business with a great European power. A European ambassador at Constantinople now presses on the Government there impracticable reforms; he then asked for useful aid. Lady Mary was evidently impressed by the power of the country in which she sojourned; and we observe in her letters evident traces of the notion, that the Turk was the dread of Christendom,—which is singular now, when the Turk is its *protégé*.

Lady Mary had another advantage too. Many sorts of books make steady progress; a scientific treatise published now is sure to be fuller and better than one on the same subject written long ago. But with books of travels in a stationary

country the presumption is the contrary. In that case the old book is probably the better book. The first traveller writes out a plain straightforward description of the most striking objects with which he meets; he believes that his readers know nothing of the country of which he is writing, for till he visited it he probably knew nothing himself; and, if he is sensible, he describes simply and clearly all which most impresses him. He has no motive for not dwelling upon the principal things, and most likely will do so, as they are probably the most conspicuous. The second traveller is not so fortunate. He is always in terror of the traveller who went before. He fears the criticism,—“this is all very well, *but* we knew the whole of it before. No. 1 said that at page 103.” In consequence, he is timid. He picks and skips. He fancies that you are acquainted with all which is great and important, and he dwells, for your good and to your pain, upon that which is small and unimportant. For ordinary readers no result can be more fatal. They perhaps never read,—they certainly do not remember any thing upon the subject. The curious *minutiae*, so elaborately set forth, are quite useless, for they have not the general framework in which to store them. Not knowing much of the first traveller's work, that of the second is a supplement to a treatise with which they are unacquainted. In consequence, they do not read it. Lady Mary made good use of her position in the front of the herd of tourists. She told us what she saw in Turkey,—all the best of what she saw, and all the most remarkable things,—and told it very well.

Nor was this work the only fruit of her Turkish travels; she brought home the notion of inoculation. Like most improvers, she was roughly spoken to. Medical men were angry because the practice was not in their books, and conservative men were cross at the agony of a new idea. Religious people considered it wicked to have a disease which Providence did not think fit to send you; and simple people “did not like to make themselves ill of their own accord.” She triumphed, however, over all obstacles; inoculation, being really found to lengthen life and save complexions, before long became general.

One of the first patients upon whom Lady Mary tried the novelty was her own son, and many considerate people thought it “worthy of observation” that he turned out a scamp. When he ran away from school, the mark of inoculation, then rare, was used to describe him, and after he was recovered, he never did any thing which was good. His case seems to have been the common one in which nature (as we speak) requites herself for the strongheadedness of several generations by the weakness of one. His father's and his mother's family had been rather

able for some generations; the latter remarkably so. But this boy had always a sort of practical imbecility. He was not stupid, but he never did any thing right. He exemplified another curious trait of nature's practice. Mr. Montagu was obstinate, though sensible; Lady Mary was flighty, though clever. Nature combined the defects. Young Edward Montagu was both obstinate and flighty. The only pleasure he can ever have given his parents was the pleasure of *feeling* their own wisdom. He showed that they were right before marriage in not settling the paternal property upon him, for he ran through every shilling he possessed. He was not sensible enough to keep his property, and just not fool enough for the law to take it from him.

After her return from Constantinople, Lady Mary continued to lead the same half-gay and half-literary life as before; but at last she did not like it. Various ingenious inquirers into antiquated minutiae have endeavoured, without success, to discover reasons of detail which might explain her dissatisfaction. They have suggested that some irregular love-affair was unprosperous, and hinted that she and her husband were not on good terms. The love-affair, however, when looked for, cannot be found; and though she and her husband would appear to have been but distantly related, they never had any great quarrel which we know of. Neither seems to have been fitted to give the other much pleasure, and each had the fault of which the other was most impatient. Before marriage Lady Mary had charmed Mr. Montagu, but she had also frightened him; after marriage she frightened, but did not charm him. He was formal and composed; she was flighty and *outrée*. "What *will* she do next?" was doubtless the poor man's daily feeling; and "will he ever do any thing?" was probably also hers. Torpid business, which is always going on, but which never seems to come to any thing, is simply aggravating to a clever woman. Even the least impatient lady can hardly endure a perpetual process for which there is little visible and nothing theatrical to show; and Lady Mary was by no means the least impatient. But there was no abrupt quarrel between the two; and a husband and wife who have lived together more than twenty years can generally manage to continue to live together during a second twenty years. These reasons of detail are scarcely the reasons for Lady Mary's wishing to break away from the life to which she had so long been used. Yet there was clearly some reason, for Lady Mary went abroad, and stayed there during many years.

We believe that the cause was not special and peculiar to the case, but general, and due to the invariable principles

of human nature, at all times and every where. If historical experience proves any thing, it proves that the earth is not adapted for a life of mere intellectual pleasure. The life of a brute on earth, though bad, is possible. It is not even difficult to many persons to destroy the higher part of their nature by a continual excess in sensual pleasure. It is even more easy and possible to dull all the soul and most of the mind by a vapid accumulation of torpid comfort. Many of the middle classes spend their whole lives in a constant series of petty pleasures, and an undeviating pursuit of small material objects. The gross pursuit of pleasure, and the tiresome pursuit of petty comfort, are quite suitable to such "a being as man in such a world as the present one." What is not possible is, to combine the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of comfort with the characteristic pleasures of a strong mind. If you wish for luxury, you must not nourish the inquisitive instinct. The great problems of human life are in the air; they are without us in the life we see, within us in the life we feel. A quick intellect feels them in a moment. It says, "Why am I here? What is pleasure, that I desire it? What is comfort, that I seek it? What are carpets and tables? What is the lust of the eye? What is the pride of life, that they should satisfy me? I was not made for such things. I hate them, because I have liked them; I loathe them, because it seems that there is nothing else for me." An impatient woman's intellect comes to this point in a moment; it says, "Society is good, but I have seen society. What is the use of talking, or hearing *bon-mots*? I have done with both till I am tired of doing either. I have laughed till I have no wish to laugh again, and made others laugh till I have hated them for being such fools. As for instruction, I have seen the men of genius of my time; and they tell me nothing,—nothing of what I want to know. They are choked with intellectual frivolities. They cannot say 'whence I came, and whither I go.' What do they know of themselves? It is not from literary people that we can learn any thing; more likely, they will copy, or try to copy, the manners of lords, and make ugly love, in bad imitation of those who despise them." Lady Mary felt this, as we believe. She had seen all the world of England, and it did not *satisfy*. She turned abroad, not in pursuit of definite good, nor from fear of particular evil, but from a vague wish for some great change—from a wish to escape from a life which harassed the soul, but did not calm it; which awakened the intellect without answering its questions.

She lived abroad for more than twenty years, at Avignon and Venice and elsewhere; and, during that absence, she wrote the letters which compose the greater part of her works.

And there is no denying that they are good letters. The art of note-writing may become classical,—it is for the present age to provide models of that sort of composition,—but letters have perished. Nobody but a bore now takes pains enough to make them pleasant; and the only result of a bore's pains is to make them unpleasant. The correspondence of the present day is a continual labour without any visible achievement. The dying penny-a-liner said, with emphasis, "That which I have written has perished." We might all say so of the mass of petty letters we write. They are a heap of small atoms, each with some interest individually, but with no interest as a whole; all the items concern us, but they all add up to nothing. In the last century, cultivated people who sat down to write a letter took pains to have something to say, and took pains to say it. The postage was perhaps ninepence; and it would be impudent to make a correspondent pay ninepence for nothing. Still more impudent was it, *after* having made him pay ninepence, to give him the additional pain of making out what was half expressed. People, too, wrote to one another then, not unfrequently, who had long been separated, and who required much explanation and many details to make the life of each intelligible to the other. The correspondence of the nineteenth century is like a series of telegrams with amplified headings. There is not more than one idea; and that idea comes soon, and is soon over. The best correspondence of the last age is rather like a good light article,—in which the points are studiously made,—in which the effort to make them is studiously concealed,—in which a series of selected circumstances is set forth,—in which you feel, but are not told, that the principle of the writer's selection was to make his composition pleasant.

In letter-writing of this kind Lady Mary was very skilful. She has the highest merit of letter-writing,—she is concise without being affected. Fluency, which a great orator pronounced to be the curse of orators, is at least equally the curse of writers. There are many people, many ladies especially, who can write letters at any length, in any number, and at any time. We may be quite sure that the letters so written are not good letters. Composition of any sort implies consideration; you must see where you are going before you can go straight, or can pick your steps as you go. On the other hand, too much consideration is unfavourable to the ease of letter-writing, and perhaps of all writing. A letter too much studied wants flow; it is a museum of hoarded sentences. Each sentence sounds effective; but the whole composition wants vitality. It was written with the memory instead of

the mind ; and every reader feels the effect, though only the critical reader can detect the cause. Lady Mary understood all this. She said what she had to say in words that were always graphic and always sufficiently good, but she avoided curious felicity. Her expressions seem choice, but not chosen.

At the end of her life Lady Mary pointed a subordinate but not a useless moral. The masters of mundane ethics "observe, that you should stay in the world, or stay out of the world." Lady Mary did neither. She went out, and tried to return. Horace Walpole thus describes the result: "Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her art, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, and no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

'*Insanam vatem aspicies.*'

It would have been a stranger prophecy now even than it was then." There is a description of what the favourite of society becomes after leaving it for years, and after indulging eccentricities for years! There is a commentary on the blunder of exposing yourself in your old age to young people, to whom you have always been a tradition and a name! Horace Walpole doubtless painted up a few trivialities a little. But one of the traits is true. Lady Mary lived before the age in which people waste half their lives in washing the whole of their persons.

Lady Mary did not live long after her return to England. Horace Walpole's letter is written on the 2d February 1809, and she died on the 21st August in the same year. Her husband had died just before her return, and perhaps, after so many years, she would not have returned unless he had done so. *Requiescat in pace*, for she quarrelled all her life.

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# ART. X.—THE PROVINCE AND METHODS OF HISTORICAL STUDY.

*The Study of History.* Two Lectures delivered by Goldwin Smith, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker. 1861.

*The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History: an Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1860.

*A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.* By John Stuart Mill. London: John W. Parker.

WHETHER the cause of Historical Study has gained or lost most by the prominence which it has lately attained among the subjects of public discussion, may appear doubtful to any impartial reader of the two works whose titles stand at the head of this Article, and of the searching criticisms to which they have respectively been subjected. Controversy is no doubt the crucible of truth; but the moral features which are evolved during the fiery process are not always the most attractive, nor in themselves do they promise the most ultimate success. Theology has incurred such ill odour from the proverbial features of such discussion in its case, that we could have wished that History might have escaped the evils of a similar association. But it is too late to bewail what is now an inevitable fact. For some time, at any rate, those who approach the study of history in a serious and contemplative mood must submit to the unpleasant catechisings of conflicting schools and rival dogmatists,—must either voluntarily display one or other of the party badges, or be gratuitously labelled at the caprice of either side. However praiseworthy and free from faction may be the intentions of the inquirer into the truth of the matter, he will find it henceforth a difficult, if not impossible, task to pursue his end with unswerving and single aim, and not to be diverted from the simple quest of truth by the temptation of crushing an adversary on some outlying point of his defences, or of ridiculing some exaggeration in the form of the argument, instead of endeavouring to penetrate to, appreciate, and assimilate the underlying thought or feeling. This discussion of the province and methods of historical study has perhaps arisen at a rather unfavourable epoch for calm reasoning, and the immediate interests of truth. The special dogmas associated with the name of one who is worshiped by the adherents of what is called the

scientific school of history, and abhorred by the disciples of the antagonistic, and, as we may call it, the *biographical* and *moral* school, M. Comte, the great apostle of "Positivism" (a truly barbarous term); the controversy on the origin of species, which, beginning with the *Vestiges of Creation*, has been revived with increased intensity on the occasion of Mr. Darwin's clever book; the circle of metaphysical controversies of which Mr. Mansel has become the centre; those to which Mr. Buckle's volumes have given rise; and not least, the frenzy of religious zeal which has been evoked by the celebrated *Essays and Reviews*,—have all in their several degrees, and of course still more in their combined and aggregate effects, envenomed the spirits of our deepest and most influential thinkers, and infected with the evil contagion all abstract discussions, even on scarcely cognate subjects. But History, or at any rate the form which the controversy as to its methods has taken, approaches too closely to the subjects of these mental perturbations not to be drawn into the vortex, and almost lost in the depths of the turbid waters. The memories of academical feuds, the animosities of literary cliques, and the peculiarities of individual character, are scarcely needed to aggravate a tone of discussion which more general causes have so painfully fostered. In any remarks, then, which we have to make on this subject, we feel some diffidence as to our own power of escaping entirely from this abyss of angry recriminations into the more peaceful stream of logical reasoning; but if we cannot help being to some extent controversial, we will endeavour to be as little personal as possible, and as free from misapprehension of opposing statements as human infirmity will permit.

It is with a view to escape as much as we can from the personalities of the controversy which Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Goldwin Smith's Lectures have provoked, and to confine ourselves to the strict points of debate between them and their opponents, that we have preferred as our representative of the opposite school of historical study the calm and impersonal pages of Mr. Mill to the extremely able but extremely controversial expositions of the *Westminster* critics of the two Professors. For illustrations and amplifications of the argument these criticisms possess their value; but it is one of the defects of controversial writing, that it is unsystematic, and sometimes self-contradictory and vague. The argument of Mr. Mill is both more clearly and consistently enunciated, and more equably and undogmatically maintained; and his exposition has the additional advantage of embodying such parts of M. Comte's views as really bear on the point, without throwing us back into the whole region of the "Positive" philosophy.

Our first step in approaching this controversy is to see what

are its real issues, so as to confine our remarks strictly within the true limits. It might seem an easy task to ascertain this in the present case; but as soon as we make the attempt, we find ourselves in great danger of immediate divergence from our object. The questions asked are, How should history be studied, written, and taught? and with what purpose? One school answers that it should be studied, written, and taught *scientifically*, by the historical observation of the coexistence and succession of the phenomena of society, and by establishing their connexion with some of the laws of human nature as their ultimate causes, with the purpose of thus eliciting laws of social progress which may be our guide in the art of politics as well as our landmarks in the study of historical facts, and our test of their being worthy or unworthy of the particular attention of thoughtful students. The other school answers that history should be studied, written, and taught *morally*, with special reference to the struggles and catastrophes of individual life, or of nations *biographically*, and looked at with reference to individual agencies, and with the purpose of exhibiting the constant working of the eternal laws of right and wrong. Here at once is introduced the controversial and antagonistic element. It is said by the school of the two Professors, that in endeavouring to embrace history within her province, science is arrogating to herself something wholly alien to her own department of knowledge; and that, although the historical student may be greatly benefited by the habits of arrangement and distribution to be learned in the school of science, and though this tentative claim on the part of scientific men is easily to be explained, if not excused, by the arrogant denial of their legitimate authority in such matters as geology, there can be no exact science of history, because human will, and not mere matter, is the subject of historical study; which is too inconstant and impulsive in its character to be a possible basis of a philosophy of regular and inevitable sequences. On the other hand, the delineator of individual character is told in so many words to narrate his interesting stories, as dramatically as he likes, to audiences of sympathising and congenial calibre; but not to suppose that in doing so he is fulfilling the purposes of historical study, much less founding a school of history. It is true that the personal application in the last case is not to be found in the calm pages of Mr. Mill, but some such estimate of the comparative value of these methods of study is implied throughout his argument, and his more eager disciples have not been slow to give to this estimate a more pointed meaning.

But although there is a real issue between the two schools, the form in which it appears in the title to Mr. Kingsley's

volume, and in much of the reasoning on that side, is not the true one. There seems to be a fallacy lurking in the minds of advocates of the "moral" school as to the term "exact science." They seem to consider (virtually if not avowedly) that the greater or less *exactness* of a science depends on the greater or less rigidity and fixedness of the natural law itself on which it is based, and not on the extent to which our power of observing and expounding it can be carried. The law itself may exist beyond all doubt; and yet, as in the case of atmospheric changes referred to by Mr. Mill, it may be so imperfectly appreciated, that nothing which can be properly called a science can be *as yet* deduced from our observations of its effects; or, again, as in the case of astronomy, the laws, from their greater simplicity, or the larger amount of attention that the phenomena have received, may have been so much mastered by human comprehension as to entitle the science to the epithet of *exact*. But this is a wholly distinct though cognate question from that in which the existence is asserted of some essential element in the subject-matter incompatible with the *possibility* of its becoming the basis of any scientific deduction. Mr. Mill, as usual, is very careful in separating these two ideas. The *inexactness* of social science in its present stage of investigation is always admitted by him. To use his own words:

"All phenomena of society are phenomena of human nature, generated by the action of outward circumstances upon masses of human beings; and if, therefore, the phenomena of human thought, feeling, and action are subject to fixed laws, the phenomena of society cannot but conform to fixed laws, the consequences of the preceding. There is, indeed, no hope that these laws, though our knowledge of them were as certain and as complete as it is in astronomy, would enable us to predict the history of society, like that of the celestial appearances, for thousands of years to come. But the difference of certainty is not in the laws themselves; it is in the data to which those laws are to be applied. In astronomy the causes influencing the result are few and change little, and that little according to known laws; we can ascertain what they are now, and thence determine what they will be at any epoch of a distant future. The data, therefore, in astronomy, are as certain as the laws themselves. The circumstances, on the contrary, which influence the condition and progress of society are innumerable, and perpetually changing; and though they all change in obedience to causes, and therefore to laws, the multitude of the causes is so great as to defy our limited powers of calculation; not to say that the impossibility of applying precise numbers to facts of such a description would set an impassable limit to the possibility of calculating them beforehand, even if the powers of the human intellect were otherwise adequate to the task. But, as we before remarked, an amount of knowledge quite insufficient for prediction may be most valuable for guid-

ance. The science of society would have attained a very high point of perfection, if it enabled us in any given condition of social affairs,—in the condition, for instance, of Europe or any European country at the present time,—to understand by what causes it had, in any and every particular, been made what it was; whether it was tending to any and to what changes; what effects each feature of its existing state was likely to produce on the future; and by what means any of those effects might be prevented, modified, or accelerated, or a different class of effects superinduced. There is nothing chimerical in the hope that general laws, sufficient to enable us to answer these various questions for any country or time with the individual circumstances of which we are well acquainted, do really admit of being ascertained; and, moreover, that the other branches of human knowledge, which this understanding presupposes, are so far advanced that the time is ripe for its accomplishment. Such is the object of the Social Science.”

We must therefore keep quite distinct in our minds these two points, how far the science of the laws of society is correct enough to assume any practical form, and whether there can, from the essential properties of human nature itself, be any such science. Much discussion and many recriminations in the present controversy would have been avoided if the two ideas, however blended in the course of the argument, had been recognised as in themselves distinct.

It is the inevitable result of a bias in favour of one particular view of any question, that much is passed over, or touched upon so lightly and vaguely as to render it a difficult task to avoid misapprehending the opinion of the controversialist on such points. On the whole, however, we conclude we shall not be doing injustice even to Mr. Kingsley, and with still less probability to Mr. Goldwin Smith, in assuming that they both admit the existence of some general providential guidance of the course of human affairs; and that their difference on this point from the scientific school arises from their belief in the impossibility of these laws of Providence being brought within the compass of systematic science. A portion, indeed, of their language, especially of Mr. Kingsley's, seems to limit the operation of divine law to the choice between right and wrong in the mind of the individual, and at times even to adopt the idea of a struggle on the part of the human will against some mysterious powers of nature, endeavouring to render themselves supreme, in the shape of inevitable laws. Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to have been scared from the consideration of the working of divine Providence in the history of the world by a dread of hasty and narrow interpretations of the divine intentions. His reverential feelings combine with his philosophical to withdraw him from any thing which may seem like

a "playing with Providence." His Cambridge ally similarly sinks the doctrine of "God in History" into a subordinate position, through his excessive desire to vindicate the primary and effective influence of human will. In this they both seem to us to have abandoned the ground on which the argument of their opponents can be most satisfactorily encountered,—viz. the peculiar character of the divine government in its relations to human volition, as distinguished from its operation in the laws of material nature. For although the scientific school admit, in words at least, the freedom of individual will, and take refuge for the basis of their science in the alleged fact of the preponderance in a lengthened space of time, and in a continued mutual action of large masses of individual wills, of the more general features and the more habitually influential impulses of human nature, they push their deduction no further back than the constitution of human nature, and leave the operation of a superintending divine will as a thing to be taken for granted without any limitation or definition of its distinctive character.

The reason of this abstinence is sufficiently explained by Mr. Kingsley's *Westminster* reviewer. "Now the word law," he observes, "is, as we have said, *used by the scientific world* to denote a uniformity observed in the course of nature. That in its original application it had direct reference to the will of a Creator, has nothing to do with the question. *It has long been employed without any such reference.* There are probably few astronomers who doubt that the planets are set in motion by an Almighty will. *But such a supposition is not taken into account in astronomical calculations.* . . . Some believe that law exists *οὐκ ἄνεν Θεοῦ*; some do not; *but all choose, for scientific purposes, to divest it of that association.*" This scientific practice of resting on secondary causes is, no doubt, when applied to the laws of material nature, inoffensive and practically convenient, though it has given rise to much thoughtless language, deifying or defying the secondary cause, from which scientific pursuits have incurred much unwarranted odium. But when, in accordance with this scientific usage, we stop at the secondary cause in the case of the divine government of the world of thinking men, we beg the whole question at once, and assume that the divine providence operates in no other ways beyond those which can be deduced from the constitution of human nature, and that it may therefore be left out of the question, so far as our reasoning as to the course of human events is concerned. The same result is virtually arrived at by the "moral" school of history. It is thus that Mr. Goldwin Smith states and meets an objection. "But again they say, 'You may as well get over this apparent



contradiction in life and history between free-will and certain science, for you must get over the apparent contradiction in life and history between free-will and the certain omniscience of the Creator, which comprehends human actions, and which you acknowledge as part of your religious faith.' No doubt this, though an *argumentum ad hominem*, is perfectly relevant, because the objection it meets is one in the minds of those to whom it is addressed; and I think it has been justly observed, that it cannot be answered by distinguishing between fore-knowledge and after-knowledge, because its force lies in the certainty which is common to all knowledge, not in the relation of time between the knowledge and the thing known. The real answer seems to be this, that the words omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence, though positive in form, are negative in meaning. They mean only that we know not the bounds of the knowledge, power, or presence of God. What we do know, if we know any thing, is that his presence is not such as to annihilate or absorb our separate being, nor his knowledge or power such as to overrule or render nugatory our free-will." Thus, then, although God may be present in the government of the world, our perception of his presence or operations is resolved into a purely negative one as respects human volition; and an ultimate personal cause of the course of human affairs is as much left out of our reasoning as is the first cause in processes of the scientific school. In both we are thrown back on human nature itself as the *ultima ratio* of our theory of history.

The retort of Mr. Goldwin Smith's reviewer is an obvious one. "This, we must say, seems to us rather like evasion.\* . . . Is Providence, then (which is omniscience and omnipotence combined), negative in meaning? Does the whole mean that men are not sure what He knows or does not know? They cannot say but that He knows this or that. But how . . . does it meet the argument, which is this. 'What you are about to do, free as you are, is certain. It must be certain. It must be certain, because it is known to God. For to him all things are known.' And then comes the answer, 'No; when we say all things are known to him, we mean we do not know the bounds of his knowledge—we do not know in what sense He knows it.' This is the way in which the question, 'Does He know the thing you are about to do?' is answered. We might reply in his own words: 'A rooted contradiction in our minds is not to be removed merely by denying us the use of the term in which the contradiction is expressed.' . . . The dilemma is strictly inextricable. No sophistry can solve it. If man is absolutely free to choose, and this absolute freedom

\* Here, as elsewhere, we have omitted all the unnecessary personalities.

makes any certain prevision impossible, God himself cannot know what he will choose . . . . No refining about the meaning of omniscience will alter the matter. . . . After all, there is nothing like putting this argument in a concrete form, where metaphysical riddles are impossible. You say, God knows what will take place a thousand years hence, that he knows it all certainly, that he knows it all minutely. If he does not, if you doubt it for an instant, if you only mean negatively that he does, then what do you mean by Providence? Providence has a positive meaning, that He has actually foreseen and provided for the smallest incident. *Then it follows that the world's future to him at least is certain. If so, the freedom of man's will to choose is compatible with a predetermined result.* In other words, our consciousness of the freedom of the will can offer no objection to a science of human society which it does not offer to the foundation of theology." We need hardly observe, that the concluding sentence of this, as it appears to us, in other respects unanswerable argument, involves the confusion, to which we have already adverted, between the fact of *certainty in itself* and our own means of arriving at such a systematic knowledge of it in its laws as to form the basis of a science of human society.

On the whole, however, we may conclude that there is nothing incompatible with the *theory* of the one school in the idea admitted, nominally at least, by the other, of the action of a Divine Person as the ultimate cause of the origin and government of the universe of mind and matter equally. The next question, therefore, is, what is the nature of this government in these respective domains? In the world of matter the divine operation is traced in certain constant sequences of cause and effect, to which the name of laws is given, and many of which have been so reduced by human observation and comparison within the compass of a few intelligible and harmonious principles as to afford safe bases for sciences more or less exact. Here again, however, it is necessary to observe that there is no other *necessity* in the occurrence of these sequences than the fact that the divine will has, so far as we are able to observe it, chosen to operate in a certain manner. To speak, therefore, of fighting against and conquering the laws of nature, if it is any thing but mere rhetoric, is tantamount to a declaration that we will not recognise the expressions of the divine will. Passing from this to the universe of mind, we meet at once with an essential difference in the subject of our consideration. God in his wisdom has chosen to breathe into man at his creation a power of thought and volition, and a sentiment of right or wrong, connected with, if not derived from, the consciousness of a power of choice, passive or active, between different alterna-

tives of thought and action presented to him during his life. God has also, however, endowed man with various qualities and capabilities of mind, and certain moral *tendencies*, at least, connected with his original mental and physical organisation. He has placed him also in contact with outward circumstances, in which not merely the material world, but the character and volitions of his fellow-men, exercise an important and powerful influence. Such having been the constitution of man according to God's own deliberate design, we must necessarily anticipate, in his providential government of human affairs, modes of operation in harmony with and adapted to this design. To suppose that God would annihilate the free-will of man as soon as He had bestowed upon him the consciousness of having a choice, is at once a very unnecessary and highly improbable supposition. But because God does not annihilate the human will, it by no means follows that this is abandoned to itself, or left without the operation of divine influence and guidance. It implies a fallacy in the meaning given to the word "will" to say that because the moral influence of others affects the ultimate decision of a man's will, therefore he is not a free agent; or that because the constraining influence of others, or the overwhelming force of circumstances, leads his will passive, or nullifies its efforts or desires, therefore his power of wishing (the only criterion in the case of suspended action) is taken away, so as to release him from a consciousness of accountability as far as that wish is concerned. Although, therefore, the first impulse of man may be frequently overruled either by divine influence or external causes, human or material, the power of free volition cannot be said in either case to be annihilated, so as to remove altogether the idea of moral responsibility, unless we attribute to this divine influence that entire absorption of the human will in itself which we have seen to be clearly at variance with the divine will in the constitution of the human mind. But the joint operation of the divine and human spirit is not merely the result of metaphysical deduction; it is also the express doctrine of the Christian Revelation; it is in thorough harmony with the divine character as the parent of men; it is the greatest tribute that could be paid to the dignity of the human mind; and it enables us to regard with trust and hope the overruling of our wishes and efforts by external circumstances, through the confidence inspired that these also, as well as ourselves, are in their several ways coöperating to the completion of an omnipotent and omniscient design. The extent, nature, and limits of this divine influence thus communing with the mind of man are of course beyond the reach of our comprehension. Fanaticism may distort it into a pretext or authority for almost any outrageous conduct; just as a narrow conception of the dignity of

human nature may deny its existence altogether. But its presence is deeply imprinted in the secret consciousness of most men, not to speak of its being what we should expect in any providential government of the world. Strange indeed would it be if He who holds the planets in their courses should stand apart from man, leaving him to the result of his unaided human volitions.

We may be sure, also, that the limits of this divine coöperation, whether greater or less in particular cases, have express reference to the moral education of the human conscience and the development of the human mind, and therefore must imply the possibility of resistance to, and disregard of, the divine promptings. In this sense to "grieve the Holy Spirit of God" is no mere idle form of words, but expresses this conflict in the soul of the human will against its Divine Monitor. Nor, on the other hand, does this power of resisting the divine suggestions by any means imply a corresponding power in the individual man over the general course of human affairs. For all that we know, his very volition in opposition to God's Spirit may be made the means of rendering the influence of that Spirit irresistible in the mind of another man, by whom the effects of the rebellious volition may be combated or counteracted in their first stage. And as with individuals, so it would seem to be in a corresponding degree with the aggregates of individuals, which we call nations. To them, as to individuals, may the proffer be made of becoming the agents of the divine purposes in the government of the world, and they, like individuals, may in the assertion of their aggregate will embrace or reject the divine coöperation, and be accepted or cast aside as "the people of God." But though the agencies may vary, and no doubt do vary, with the varying volitions of men or nations, the ends of the divine government are above and beyond these instrumental changes; and while man is educating himself in the world, he constitutes, in the plenitude of his free-will, only a subordinate link in the immeasurable chain of the divine purposes.

With these views of the relation of the divine government of mankind to the free-will of man, we may proceed, as our next step, to a consideration of the relations of the human will to that organisation of man which is generally spoken of under the terms "laws of the human mind," or "human character." Some of the advocates of the scientific school seem disposed to deny to the human will any independent existence, and to consider it merely as the necessary result of the action of external motives on the faculties and qualities of the mind. It is by this extreme school of necessarians that most of the angry polemics of the great Free-Will and Necessity controversy have been excited, and that the extreme theory of the Free-Will school has been

provoked into existence. But, as might be expected, Mr. Mill is too acute not to perceive the untenableness of this line of argument. He believes, indeed, that the will originally springs from our natural character; but he also maintains that when moulded by our experience it may in its turn modify our natural character, and gain a conscious existence as a separate and controlling motive of action. This, he argues, when frequently repeated, constitutes a distinct "habit of willing," "commonly called a purpose; and among the causes of our volitions, and of the actions which flow from them, must be reckoned not only likings and aversions, but also purposes. It is only when our purposes have become independent of the feelings of pain or pleasure from which they originally took their rise that we are said to have a confirmed character. 'A character,' says Novalis, 'is a completely fashioned will;' and the will, once so fashioned, may be steady and constant, when the passive susceptibilities of pleasure and pain are greatly weakened, or materially changed." With this reservation as to the origin of human volition, Mr. Mill admits its separate influence in explicit terms. "We are certain," he says, "that, in the case of our volitions, there is not this mysterious restraint. We know that we are not compelled, as by a magical spell, to obey any particular motive. We feel that if we wished to prove that we have the power of resisting the motive, we could do so (that wish being, it needs scarcely be observed, a *new antecedent*), as it would be humiliating to our pride and paralysing to our desire of excellence if we thought otherwise." "The term Necessity," he observes, "applied to the will, only means, that the given cause will be followed by the effect, subject to all possibilities of counteraction by other causes." A man "has, to a certain extent, a power to alter his character. Its being, in the ultimate resort, formed for him, is not inconsistent with its being, in part, formed by him, as one of the intermediate agents. His character is formed by his circumstances (including among these his particular organisation); but his own desire to mould it in a particular way is one of these circumstances, and by no means one of the least influential." "And indeed, if we examine closely, we shall find that this feeling of our being able to modify our own character, *if we wish*, is itself the feeling of moral freedom which we are conscious of. A person feels morally free who feels that his habits or his temptations are not his masters, but he theirs: who even in yielding to them knows that he could resist; that were he, for any reason, desirous of altogether throwing them off, there would not be required for that purpose a stronger desire than he knows himself to be capable of feeling."

We thus see that, for all *practical* purposes, Mr. Mill admits,

as an important or controlling antecedent of human action, the distinct existence of the human will, whatever may be his theory as to its original formation. It is not at this stage of the argument, therefore, that the real issue is to be found between his school and that of the two Professors; and, from the admissions which we have quoted from his pages, it will be seen that a great deal of argument and declamation has been wasted on an hypothesis which he would at once disclaim. It is when we come to the proposition set forth in Mr. Mill's next chapter, "that there is, or may be, a science of human nature," that we first begin to see the real issue between the two schools, and the theory which we ourselves, with our previous view of the co-operation of divine influences, should consider the true one in reference to this Science of Social Development in the events of History.

Mr. Mill, then, states his views thus:

"The phenomena with which this science is conversant being the thoughts, feelings, and actions of human beings, it would have attained the ideal perfection of a science if it enabled us to foretell how an individual would think, feel, or act, throughout life with the same certainty with which astronomy enables us to predict the places and the occultations of the heavenly bodies. It needs scarcely be stated that nothing approaching to this can be done. The actions of individuals could not be predicted with scientific accuracy, were it only because we cannot foresee the whole of the circumstances in which those individuals will be placed. But further, even in any given combination of present circumstances, no assertion which is both precise and universally true can be made respecting the manner in which human beings will think, feel, or act. This is not, however, because every person's modes of thinking, feeling, and acting, do not depend upon causes; nor can we doubt that, if in the case of any individual our data could be complete, we even now know enough of the ultimate laws by which mental phenomena are determined to enable us to predict with tolerable certainty, if not with perfect precision, what under any given set of circumstances his conduct or sentiments would be. But the impressions and actions of human beings are not solely the result of their present circumstances, but the joint result of these circumstances and of the characters of the individuals: and the agencies which determine human character are so numerous and diversified (nothing which has happened to the person throughout life being without its portion of influence), that in the aggregate they are never in any two cases exactly similar. Hence, even if our science of human nature were theoretically perfect, that is, if we could calculate any character as we can calculate the orbit of any planet, from given data, still, as the data are never all given, nor ever precisely alike in different cases, we could neither make infallible predictions, nor lay down universal propositions.

Inasmuch, however, as many of those effects which it is of most importance to render amenable to human foresight and control are



determined, like the tides, in an incomparably greater degree by general causes than by all partial causes taken together, depending in the main on those circumstances and those qualities which are common to all mankind, or common at least to large bodies of them, and only in a small degree on the idiosyncrasies of organisation or the peculiar history of individuals,—it is evidently possible, with regard to all such effects, to make predictions which will *almost* always be verified, and general propositions which are almost always true. And whenever it is sufficient to know how the great majority of the human race, or of some nation or class of persons, will think, feel, and act, these propositions are equivalent to universal ones. For the purposes of political and social science this is sufficient. An approximate generalisation is *practically, in social inquiries*, equivalent to an exact one; *that which is only probable, when asserted of human beings taken individually, being certain, when affirmed of the character and collective conduct of masses.*"

We now see the issue between the schools. In the argument we have just stated, Mr. Mill virtually implies that the human will, which he allows to be the determining motive of human action, although only imperfectly within our cognisance in the case of individuals—though even there, he says, a moral certainty may be acquired by intimate friends—may, when large masses of individuals are looked at, fall under "general propositions which are almost always true," and which, as respects the great mass of mankind, are therefore "equivalent to universal ones," forming the basis of "predictions which will almost always be verified." In fact, no distinction is made by him, in estimating possible data for determining human action, between the "will" of a man and the "character" of a man. And yet, as we have seen, in his preceding chapter he admits the independent action of the will, however originally formed, and the possibility of its acting in opposition to the natural and ascertainable character, in obedience to some possibly unaccountable impulse. If natural character alone were concerned, we might indeed say that the idiosyncrasies of a few might be neglected in regarding the general characteristics of the mass at any time. But to suppose that what may be safely predicated of character at rest, either in individuals or masses, can be in the latter case predicated at all certainly of character in action under the varying influence of will, is to limit the existence of will independently of, and in modification of, character, to an extent which reduces that power on which the improvement of character, and all the higher impulses of our nature, are admitted to depend, to the rank of an exceptional and, for general effects, uninfluential idiosyncrasy. In fact, with an *inconstant* element such as that of the human will existing in *all men*, however feeble in its ope-

ration in some, it is a vague and barren speculation to reason back from observed results, however general, as if to fixed causes in human nature, which might become the basis of fixed scientific laws of human *action*. In the case of individuals, observation only enables us to arrive at the most at a plausible guess, based on *one* approximately constant motive and certain given external circumstances; in the case of our observation of the action of masses we get results derived from an aggregate of approximately but imperfectly constant motives (the natural characters of the individuals making up the mass), an aggregate of external circumstances infinitely varied, and acting and reacting to an infinite extent, and an aggregate (if the word is not here a palpable misnomer) of inconstants—in the various human wills, more or less active and influential over character and over the choice of action. Our power of appreciating the last-named motive, at any rate, must diminish rapidly instead of increasing with the accumulation into masses. And thus it is on one approximately fixed cause of action, our *stagnant* characters, that we are to found a general science of human action!

Our observations may, indeed, suffice for the purposes of such a science as political economy. Mr. Mill's own exposition of this science will show how different and how much more modest are its pretensions:

"There is one large class of social phenomena in which the immediately determining causes are principally those which act through the desire of wealth, and in which the psychological law mainly concerned is the familiar one, that a greater gain is preferred to a smaller. . . . Political economy concerns itself only with such of the phenomena of the social state as take place in consequence of the pursuit of wealth. It makes entire abstraction of every other human passion or motive; except those which may be regarded as perpetually antagonistic principles to the desire of wealth, namely, aversion to labour, and desire of the present enjoyment of costly indulgences. These it takes, to a certain extent, into its calculations, because these do not merely, like our other desires, occasionally conflict with the pursuit of wealth, but accompany it always as a drag or impediment, and are therefore inseparably mixed up in the consideration of it. Political economy considers mankind as occupied solely in acquiring and consuming wealth; and aims at showing what is the course of action into which mankind, living in a state of society, would be impelled, if that motive, except in the degree in which it is checked by the two perpetual counter-motives above adverted to, were absolute ruler of all their actions. . . . There is perhaps no action of a man's life in which he is neither under the immediate nor under the remote influence of any impulse but the mere desire of wealth. There are many parts of human conduct of which wealth is not even the principal object, and to these political economy does not pretend that its conclusions are applicable. But there

are also certain departments of human affairs, in which the acquisition of wealth is the main and acknowledged end. It is only of these that political economy takes notice. . . . The political economist inquires what are the actions which would be produced by this desire, if within the departments in question it were unimpeded by any other. . . . This approximation has then to be corrected by making proper allowance for the effects of any impulses of a different description which can be shown to interfere with the result in any particular case."

The pretensions of political economy as a science, therefore, have no resemblance to those of the science of society applied to actual events; and we may dismiss from our present argument that part of the controversy in which the claims of the former science have been evoked and canvassed. Its definition, however, as thus set forth by one of its standard authorities, affords a useful contrast, and enables us to point out the essential difference between the consideration of classes of predominant motives of human nature, in this separate and provisional form, together with the deduction of their natural and usual consequences, in various supposed states of circumstance, and the claim to be able to supply a similar set of safe consequences for the endless possibilities of the circumstances of actual life. In the latter case we confound phases of human feeling with universal sequences of events—an abstract and limited feature of human nature, observed and considered in itself, and without reference to any actual set of circumstances ("abstract circumstance," in fact) with the same feature exemplified in the concrete of a specific set of real occurrences. The former process may amount to a philosophy of certain aspects of human nature, and supply an element of varying value in the calculation of probabilities; but it is very far indeed from amounting to a science of human actions, or, in other words, to a science of human society.

But if the existence of this inconstant antecedent, the human will, even regarding it as wholly unaffected in its operation by any but outward circumstances, and admitting, for the occasion, its alleged parentage in character and experience, is sufficient to undermine the basis of any *science* of human actions, much more will this be the case when the operation of the divine influence, on which we have already treated, has also to be taken into account. In the face of this possibility, of what avail are the most comprehensive generalisations of human science? Whence are we to draw the materials for a science of these secret communings between God and man, on which much of the more important impulses of human action may often depend? How are we also to deal with the endless varieties of situation, and the endless complications and unexpected influences of external circumstances? Here indeed, climate, country, the opportuni-

ties and disabilities of human life, the endless modifications of events connected with contemporaneous action, find their proper and most important place in our argument. Not, indeed, that we are to rest here, for in this last consideration the *possibilities* of a science of events might follow us *theoretically*, and reduce our argument to one of a greater or less knowledge of facts. There is a higher consideration, which regards all these external circumstances as only agencies of the omniscient plan of divine providence, and therefore, *looked at with respect to their operation*, as the subjects of study, and not of specific anticipations. A great and practical man,—himself as independent in his thought and actions as is consistent with any deep sympathy with surrounding circumstances,—Oliver Cromwell, has set forth the result of his observation of the philosophy of events, in words which the advocates of a science of human occurrences would do well to consider deeply: "You very well know," said the Lord-General in the year 1653 to his "Little Parliament," "it pleased God, much about the midst of this war, to winnow (if I may so say) the forces of this nation, and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. *By what ways and means that was brought about*, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of it. Indeed, there are stories that do recite those transactions, and give you narratives of matters of fact: *but those things, wherein the life and power of them lay, those strange windings and turnings of Providence, those very great appearances of God in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men*, that he might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men (neither versed in military affairs nor having much natural propensity to them), simply by their owning a principle of godliness and religion,—which so soon as it came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account, *how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means* (for that we shall ever own),—is very well known to you. What the several successes and issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither, though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as considering the works of God, and the operations of his hands, is a principal part of our duty, and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith for that which is behind. And among other ends which these marvellous dispensations have been given us for, that's a principal end, which ought to be minded by us." And this, let it be remembered, was the judgment of one who had not only studied the book of practical life in this religious spirit, but had read the history of the past centuries on a plan

which should give weight to his opinion in the eyes of the adherents of the scientific school. "Recreate yourself," he wrote to his son Richard, "with Sir Walter Raleigh's history; *it's a body of history, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story.*"

It is indeed the divine government of the course of human affairs which is the real subject-matter of any true philosophy of history, and it stands to reason that it should be so. The omniscience of God, which alone can contemplate in one view all the possibilities of human volition, and all the combinations and relations of outward circumstances, and which alone can possess a certainty as to the event, and the bearing and significance of that event in every case, must be the only basis of a theory of the course of human occurrences; and his divine purpose and providence must be the only true "laws" by which the history of human progress is regulated, and in which it is comprehended. If, then, there be any "science" of society, it must be tantamount to the purpose and plan of Divine Providence in the administration of the world; it must be strictly a "divine science," which lies hid with God himself; and we can no more deduce a human science of the course of social progress from our imperfect and uninstructed observation of the "correlation of events," or any other indications of features of the divine plan in the history of the past, than we can (which is the same thing in other words) venture to predict the exact means and the precise succession of steps which his divine will may have chosen for the accomplishment of its preordained ends.

This, then, as it appears to us, is the true solution of the controversy on the province of historical study; and within this theory, if we mistake not, may be gathered up all the arguments and facts which are of any weight in the statements of the conflicting schools of history. The study of history may be an art in respect to the discovery and arrangement of facts; it may be a philosophy in the consideration of their mutual relations and comparative significance, and in an hypothetical estimate of their meaning as indications of the divine purpose, and their probable bearing on the observed tendencies of social progress. More than this it cannot and ought not to aspire to. It is scarcely necessary to point out that each school of history has laid hold of one-half of this legitimate province, and has not only depreciated the other, but has stretched the province of its own half far beyond its true limits. The "biographical" or "moral" school of history has recognised and developed the art of history, but has reduced the philosophy of history to a philosophy of individual men. The scientific school has recognised a philosophy of historical events, and has done good service by its

enlarged ideas of treating the aspects of history and the tendencies of human progress; but it has mistaken the proper boundaries of its philosophical speculations in the ignorance of man and the foresight and providence of God, and has cramped its powers of observation, and narrowed its philosophy, by a factitious set of rules, with the mockery of scientific precision, and the delusion of a scientific nomenclature. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the alleged "Statics" and "Dynamics" of social progress should have excited some ridicule, and have been the cause of not a little misapprehension. As we have already said, the school has done good service, and some of its observations of human society are grounded in reason and probability, and will be found essential elements in any truly philosophical study of history. But the effect of its crystallisation in an artificial and delusive *code of laws* has naturally been to divert its attention from what we suppose it would call the disturbing and unanticipated causes of human events, through an overweening confidence in the inevitable prevalence of certain observed influences, without regard to their possible meaning or importance in the plan of Divine Providence, or to the extent and the occasions of their employment. Acknowledging the modifying and postponing power of these incalculable interventions, they do not recognise in them their possible significance as primary and independent causes of human progress, compared with which their favourite laws of social dynamics may be, after all, of little importance, or merely temporary and superseded attitudes of the world of men. The tendency, then, of this school is to sink historical facts in historical *à priori* canons of progress, and glance but slightly at individual character with its varied phenomena, and its incalculably important sequences; and to disregard and overlook the little facts of human life and national biography, in which the turning-points of Divine Providence may, after all, chiefly consist. They are, therefore, even more defective in the art of history than their opponents are in its philosophy. The recognition of a truer theory may lead to more important practical results in both respects. The study of history is the study of the relations of human actions and external circumstances, in the records of the development of the providential government of the world; but it is also as much, and as essentially in its theory, as well in its practical utility, the study of individual life, and the "circumstantial story" of the world.

In speaking of the province of historical study, we have necessarily, to some extent, indicated our conception of its methods. But there are a few points in the application of the theory which we have laid down which may seem to require more special remark, and which may serve to elucidate and complete our



argument. Of these (and we select for illustration those which have been brought under more especial discussion in the present controversy) the functions and comparative importance of what are called "great men" have been a frequent subject of inquiry and debate. Let us hear Mr. Kingsley on this point.

"Look again at the disturbing power, not merely of the general reason of the many, but of the genius of the few. I am not sure, but that the one fact, that genius is occasionally present in the world, is not enough to prevent our ever discovering any regular sequence in human progress, past or future.

Let me explain myself. In addition to the infinite variety of individual characters continually born (in itself a cause of perpetual disturbance), man alone of all species has the faculty of producing, from time to time, individuals immeasurably superior to the average in some point or other, whom we call men of genius. Like Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, human nature gives millions of orderly respectable commonplace results, which any statistician can classify, and enables hasty philosophers to say—It always has gone on thus; it must go on thus always; when behold, after many millions of orderly results, there turns up a seemingly disorderly, a certainly unexpected, result, and the law seems broken (being really superseded by some deeper law) for that once, and perhaps never again for centuries. Even so it is with man, and the physiological laws which determine the earthly appearance of men. Laws there are, doubt it not; but they are beyond us: and let our induction be as wide as it may, they will baffle it; and great nature, just as we fancy we have found out her secret, will smile in our faces as she brings into the world a man, the like of whom we have never seen, and cannot explain, define, classify—in one word, a genius. Such do, as a fact, become leaders of men into quite new and unexpected paths, and for good or evil leave their stamp upon whole generations and races. Notorious as this may be, it is just, I think, what most modern theories of human progress ignore. They take the actions and the tendencies of the average many, and from them construct their scheme: a method not perhaps quite safe were they dealing with plants or animals; but what if it be the very peculiarity of this fantastic and altogether unique creature called man, not only that he develops, from time to time, these exceptional individuals, but that they are the most important individuals of all? that his course is decided for him not by the average many, but by the extraordinary few; that one Mahommed, one Luther, one Bacon, one Napoleon, shall change the thoughts and habits of millions?—So that instead of saying that the history of mankind is the history of its masses, it would be much more true to say, that the history of mankind is the history of its great men; and that a true philosophy of history ought to declare the laws—call them physical, spiritual, biological, or what we choose—by which great minds have been produced into the world, as necessary results, each in his place and time.

That would be a science indeed; how far we are as yet from any

such, you know as well as I. As yet, the appearance of great minds is as inexplicable to us as if they had dropped among us from another planet. Who will tell us why they have arisen when they did, and why they did what they did, and nothing else?"

The use of the term "science" here is, it must be confessed, rather loose and confusing; but we conclude that the general doctrine intended to be set forth is simply an extension of the author's leading proposition in the earlier portion of his lecture. "Without doubt history obeys, and always has obeyed, in the long-run, certain laws. But those laws assert themselves, and are to be discovered, not in things, but in persons,—in the actions of human beings; and just in proportion as we understand human beings shall we understand the laws which they have obeyed, or which have avenged themselves on their disobedience." By "laws" Mr. Kingsley seems to mean simply the moral laws of right and wrong—the working of which in human individuals he considers the proper province of history. It is somewhat puzzling, however, to find him, after making this study of the human character the proper method for the historical student, and after implying that it is chiefly in the great men of the world that the history of its destinies is to be found, declaring a little farther on, with reference to Luther, "We can only learn causes through their effects; we can only learn the laws which produced Luther *by learning Luther himself*, by analysing his whole character, by gauging all his powers; and *that*—unless the less can comprehend the greater—we cannot do, unless we are more than Luther himself. I repeat it. *None can comprehend a man unless he be greater than that man.* He must be not merely equal to him, because none can see in another elements of character which he has not already seen in himself; he must be greater, because to comprehend him thoroughly he must be able to judge the man's failings as well as his excellences; to see not only why he did what he did, but why he did not do more; in a word, he must be nearer than his object is to the ideal man." So that the function of the historian would seem to be denied to him the very moment after it has been allotted to him. However these statements may be reconciled, we find ourselves at issue with Mr. Kingsley on both. We see in great men no disturbing power which, with its own mysterious and unaccountable impulse, breaks through the natural course of events, and turns and moulds them according to its own caprice. Nor do we regard the world of "things" around as mere puppets in the hands of these originating and shaping spirits. Nor, again, do we believe that the characters of these great men are inscrutable to their inferiors in intellect and moral qualities. We see in great men the more palpably influ-

ential *individual* agents of the Divine Providence, the most distinctly marked of the *personal* elements in the great plot of human affairs. But, side by side with them, we see other equally important agencies of the Divine Purpose, coöperating with them, overruling or postponing their influence on events, and no doubt, in their turn, awaiting and yielding to certain of these individual impulses. A great man may be the first motive impulse that we can discover of a movement occurring centuries after his death, and when his connexion with it and his very memory may have sunk into obscurity. As we say, he may have "lived before his time," and his ideas may have been "premature,"—yet this original impulse may never have been destroyed, though the absence of circumstances necessary to its assuming the character of a social movement may have postponed its perceptible action until the form in which it ultimately appears, when events fall within its immediate control, differs in most essential points of intensity, breadth, and avowed objects from the original conception. Or again, a great man may be born, as it is said, "opportunist,"—"the man and the hour,"—at some crisis which demands or permits an immediate social solution. He may be summoned to ride the whirlwind, and to assert the influence of his personal will, and he may have the proud self-satisfaction of inaugurating a new social epoch. That his individual character and individual will must exercise a large influence on the particular conditions of the resulting state of things is incontrovertible, and the extent to which his personal character is imprinted on it is no unimportant fact in the consideration of the question. But it by no means follows that this man,—the favourite great man of historians of a certain school,—whose strong will is seen in more immediate contact with events, is really the chief impelling cause of the movement over which he has presided. It may be, and frequently, we believe, is, the fact that his being in a position to make his influence over the age sensibly felt arises from his having been born at a remoter distance of time from the first forgotten and almost invisible impulse, and in the fulness of that growth of circumstance and feeling, which has been quietly maturing itself during the seemingly inert centuries which have intervened, and only requires the impulse of a second great mind to force it into definite action, and to determine for it, in accordance with his genius or character, the outward shape which it is to assume. The chances, then, in this case are against the greater originality and independence of this immediate personal agent.

Mr. Kingsley himself says, with some truth, though a little exaggeration: "The men who, in the long-run, have governed

the world have been those who understood the human heart; and therefore it is to this day the statesman who keeps the reins in his hand, and not the mere student. He is a man of the world; he knows how to manage his fellow-men; and therefore he can get much done which the mere student, much less the mere trader or economist, could not get done; simply because his fellow-men would probably not listen to him, and certainly outwit him. Of course, in proportion to the depth, width, soundness of his conception of human nature, will be the greatness and wholesomeness of his power. He may appeal to the meanest or to the loftiest natures. He may be a fox or an eagle; a Borgia or a Hildebrand; a Talleyrand or a Napoleon; a Mary Stuart or an Elizabeth: but however base, however noble, the power which he exercises is the same in essence. He makes History because he understands men." And if knowledge of his fellow-men gives the power of the statesman, it must be so also with the great man who is the immediate agent of great events. And if he knows and can enter into the feelings of the men of his age, he must be not merely a student of, but in a greater or less degree a sympathiser or affected sympathiser with, the predominant or growing feeling of the age. He may possess this feeling with greater breadth and superior discernment, but unless he does possess it to some extent—if he is merely a wayward agent of his own individual fancies—his work, if not abortive, will be at least ephemeral, and, in a larger point of view, insignificant. The material in which he works must be capable of receiving the impress of his shaping hand, and he must know enough of its nature to direct his efforts accordingly. It is thus that a knowledge of the feelings of the average men of the age, and of the various influences, physical and external, as well as moral and spiritual, which make up the substantial groundwork of the age—is quite as essential as the special history of great men themselves; and it is only by studying these additional elements of action that we can arrive at an estimate of the *distinctive* features of the presiding mind, and the real extent of the influence which it has exercised over the event. This influence, as we have intimated, may be very great. A great man may not merely see the means towards the desired end much more clearly than his contemporaries, and may possess the concentrated and unshaken will to go through with his purpose in a far higher degree than they; but his mind may give to the movement a course so characteristic of the peculiarities of his own genius, or so identified with the varying emergencies of his own personal position, that to some observers he may seem to have created that movement, and to be its essential vital power, so that his life or his success is the sole guarantee for its con-

tinuance, or for any lasting results from it at all. We may then be led to conclude that the course of events has been thwarted by an accidental and unprovided for catastrophe. "Accidents," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "mere accidents,—the bullet which struck Gustavus on the field of Lutzen, the chance by which the Russian Lancers missed Napoleon in the churchyard of Eylau, the chance which stopped Louis XVI. in his flight at Varennes, and carried him back to the guillotine,—*turn the course of history* as well as of life, and baffle to that extent all law, all tendency, all prevision." In such cases—surely the last two are scarcely worthy of Mr. Goldwin Smith's insight into the relative importance of facts—we see just enough in the actual events to correct our previous estimate of the import and significance of the movement on which we are commenting; and, as the Professor truly says, to show us the futility of all *prevision*, and, so far, of scientific system. If Gustavus had lived, the preponderance of the Swedish nation in the affairs of Europe would seem to have been assured, and the downfall of the ascendancy over the mind of Germany of the great Roman Catholic House of Austria might have been expected to have completed the work begun by Luther, and to have brought the contest between Protestantism and the Papacy to a decisive issue. But for the genius of Gustavus, on the other hand, the scattered and ill-organised Protestant feeling of Germany, and the still more widely-spread antipathy to the bigoted incubus of Austrian influence, might have smouldered on for another century, never quite extinguished, but still without the energetic will of genius to fan their aspirations into a powerful flame. Here is a double hypothetical mission for Gustavus. The battle of Lutzen decided that the establishment of a Protestant ascendancy in Germany was not his allotted work, though it was probably his own peculiar aim and darling ambition. Nor, again, did this premature death give time for the immediate concentration of Protestant Germany into a consolidated power. It left still remaining many sources of disunion, and many *chances* for the reestablishment of an Austrian ascendancy. But that *ascendancy*—in the sense in which it had up to that time existed—was really, and as it proved finally, overthrown; and this was the great work of Gustavus over which the fatal shot at Lutzen had no control. That end was achieved to which his genius paved the way, although the completion of the work was left to the hands of a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Cromwell, and a Louis XIV., combined in the practical effect of their several departments of labour, but each with his own separate and personal views beside and beyond that idea. And although the disunion of Germany still invited, and was an important element in, the

ambitious projects of France (which, as we have seen, had their appropriate work); it was in consequence of this downfall of the Austrian monopoly of power that the House of Brandenburg was enabled to convert its Electorate into a Royalty, and to become the great counterpoise to the reviving power of Catholic Austria, and, it is to be hoped, ultimately one great agent in the final emancipation—civil and religious—of the important German nationalities.

But the personal element in the great man of action may, no doubt, also, when his work is accomplished, form a constituent part of the spirit of the age. It may be of essential and permanent value, a true contribution of genius to the cause of social progress. It may also be partially or wholly unessential and transient. The careful historical student will discriminate between these, and not conclude at once, because we meet all the transient characteristic in connexion with the peculiar work of some great man, that therefore there has been *no* permanent effect on society, which, without such a peculiar cast of mind in him, would not have been. Mr. Kingsley has dwelt with emphasis on the difference between Luther and the average Augustinian monks and German men of the period, as the cardinal point in the Reformation. His critic replies: "We are perfectly ready to admit that Luther's genius and character may have to some unknown extent reacted upon and coloured the Reformation in Germany, and that if any other man had headed the movement, the dates might have stood somewhat differently in our chronological tables. We do *not* think that in any case they would have belonged to the seventeenth century, or that the scene would have lain in Paris or Rome." Surely there is some narrowness of dogmatism here on both sides. Another than Luther *might have* carried through the work of the Reformation, though in a somewhat different course, and in a possibly less high-handed and intensified, but broader and more accommodating spirit; and yet these very characteristics of Luther may have been no mean agencies, not only in the matter of unessential dates, but in the more important point of a difference of *age* and the corresponding development of attendant circumstances. The assertions respecting the seventeenth century and Paris and Rome, if they mean any thing but that the observed course of Providence is the best, seem to us characteristic results of too implicit self-abandonment to the requirements of imaginary canons. The relative proportions of the effects due to the genius of the great man and the feelings of the age, must, indeed, after all, be often matter of conjecture, though, in our opinion, always a subject of considerable interest. But our uncertainty will not, we should say, arise from any incapacity



on our part to understand the character and motives of the great men of any age, in consequence of our enormous intellectual or moral inferiority. It implies very different grades of intellect to be able to judge how a thing ought to be done prospectively, and to judge whether it has been well done retrospectively. Accomplished acts carry with them their own philosophic commentary on the wisdom of the actors, which commentary may be patent to the understanding of a very inferior man; and the continual rise in the average level of human thought and culture, not to speak of the experience of the intervening years, may itself raise, at the interval of a century, the little men of one age to a capacity of appreciating and even judging the great men of the preceding.

We look, then, at great men as more or less comprehensible, even if not in the secret recesses of their hearts and in their communings with a higher power, at least in their actual effects on the spirit of their age and of the succeeding age. We look upon them as specially gifted either with original instincts or more energetic will, for fulfilling some of the providential purposes of God. We believe them to be sensibly effective influences on the course of events, but we do not believe them to be necessarily the essential or sole *modus operandi* to the ultimate results. We believe that they may refuse or abuse the trust placed in their hands, and be degraded from being primary instruments of Providence to lower functions in the progress of the world. They may be involuntary agents, contending, for their own personal and selfish ends, against the right, and they may nevertheless be overruled, even in their most congenial successes, to the ends of that very right. They may work at the interval of centuries from the practical embodiment of their impulses, and yet may be the true ruling spirits of an unborn age. They are not mere unimportant accidents in the chain of unswerving laws, but neither have they entirely in their hands the destinies of a great social movement. The man whom their strong will crushes in the competition of practical life may be the parent of a great future to the world, compared with which, or as a subordinate part of which, the movement with which the conquering will is identified may sink into insignificance. We cannot too soon learn the truth that the history of great men is not any thing like coextensive with the history of the great movements in the world's history, and that while paying our tribute of due attention to their characters and actions, we have no grounds for raising them into the position of master spirits of the world, or for paying that homage to the force of a strong human will which is the more appropriate due of the quieter and less prominently successful agents of the Divine Will.

The spirit of what we have said respecting Gustavus Adolphus and Luther applies also to our view of the other great names which have been summoned up and claimed as witnesses on both sides of the argument—Charlemagne, Mahomet, and Napoleon Bonaparte. And much of the argument applicable to these instances of great men applies also to the kindred subject of great and decisive battles of the world, on the significance of which so much has been said with truth, but respecting which, as with respect to great men, we cannot but think there has been some exaggeration. Physical conflicts of men, like strong and active human wills, are only too prominent to the eyes of every observer, and strike consequently on the senses of all men with greater force and precision than those underlying forces of human feeling which have given them half their strength, and which might not improbably have been able to supply other agencies, had those failed, as potent and as decisive. We believe that Marathon and Salamis *were* outward indications of the plan of Divine Providence with respect to the comparative importance of the work of the great Persian and Greek nations in the world's history. But we do not believe that Greece could not have produced a second Marathon, or its equivalent in a constant protest against the undisputed ascendancy necessary to qualify Persia for the leadership of civilisation, if, indeed, Greece really possessed the inherent qualities fitting her for that great office.

We thus naturally pass to another great question of historical study, The special function of races and nations. How does this stand with respect to the theories of the "biographical" and "scientific" schools? Mr. Goldwin Smith has stated, with his usual simple and true eloquence, the moral difficulty attending the problem:

"There are nations which have lived and perished half civilised and in a low moral state, as we may be sure was the case with Egypt, and have played but a humble part, though they have played a part, in the history of the world. There are races which have become extinct, or have been reduced to a mere remnant, and whose only work it has been to act as pioneers for more gifted races, or even to serve as the whetstone for their valour and enterprise in the conflict of primitive tribes. There are other races, such as the Negro races of Africa, which have remained to the present time, without progress or apparent capability of progress, waiting to be taken up into the general movement by their brethren who are more advanced, when, in the course of Providence, the age of military enterprise is past, and that of religious and philanthropic enterprise is come. They wait, perhaps, not in vain; but, in the interim, do not myriads live and die in a state little above that of brutes?

The question then is, Can we find any hypothesis in accordance with the facts of history which will reconcile the general course of history to our sense of justice?"

Mr. Goldwin Smith himself, disdaining very properly the shelter of Butler's argument from the analogy of other created things, rests his solution in "a rational faith which consists in trusting, where our knowledge fails, to the goodness and wisdom, which, so far as our knowledge extends, are found worthy of our trust." But if the school of historical study of which Mr. Kingsley far more than Mr. Goldwin Smith is the representative, be the true one, how much is the difficulty in this case aggravated! In accordance with their theory, at least, we should look upon history as the platform on which God's moral justice and the triumph of the eternal laws of right and wrong are set forth for our improvement and encouragement. But who can look on these races and nationalities, doomed and abortive, *considered in themselves alone*, in this light? The mind sickens and turns away from the heartless analysis. It is only when considered as the chosen and appropriate instruments in the general plan of an all-wise and all-good presiding Providence, that we can regard the phenomena of their tragic destiny with complacent trust. It is then only that we can approach their story once more, and endeavour to read, in their incomplete or uneventful careers, some marks of a divine purpose corresponding with the more regular, and, as we call them, successful developments elsewhere of race and nation. The scientific methods of inquiry may here be of some use; but who would be satisfied with resting in the cold phraseology of an explanation grounded on scientific canons?

Another point, of which some more particular notice may seem to be called for, is, The progress of the world in the succession of ages. Here it is that the scientific school seek the foundations of their laws; and here, if any where, the truth and import of their historical inductions must be tested and judged. Mr. Mill, after stating that the "empirical laws of society," as he calls them, are of two kinds, "uniformities of coexistence" and "uniformities of succession," fully admits that "the empirical laws which are most readily obtained by generalisation from history" only amount to "certain general tendencies which may be perceived in society: a progressive increase of some social elements and diminution of others, or a gradual change in the general character of certain elements. It is easily seen, for instance, that as society advances, mental tend more and more to prevail over bodily qualities, and masses over individuals; that the occupation of all that portion of mankind who are not

under external restraint is at first chiefly military; but society becomes more and more engrossed with productive pursuits, and the military spirit gradually gives way to the industrial; to which many other similar truths might easily be added. But," he continues, "these and all such results are still at too great a distance from the elementary laws of human nature on which they depend,—too many links intervene, and the concurrence of causes at each link is far too complicated,—to enable these propositions to be presented as direct corollaries from those elementary principles. They have, therefore, in the minds of most inquirers, remained in the state of empirical laws, *applicable only within the bounds of actual observation; without any means of determining their real limits, and of judging whether the changes which have hitherto been in progress are destined to continue indefinitely, or to terminate, or even to be reversed.*" To obtain "better empirical laws," he maintains that it is necessary "to consider not only the progressive changes of the different elements, but *the contemporaneous condition of each*; and thus obtain empirically the law of correspondence not merely between the simultaneous states, but between the simultaneous changes of these elements. *This law of correspondence it is which, after being duly verified à priori, will become the real scientific derivative law of the development of humanity and human affairs.*" To facilitate this process of observation and comparison, he endeavours to lay hold of some element in "social man" which is "preëminent over all others as the prime agent of the social movement. . . . We could then take the progress of that one element as the central chain, to each successive link of which the corresponding link of all the other progressions being appended, the succession of the parts would by this alone be presented in a kind of spontaneous order, far more nearly approaching to the real order of their filiation than could be obtained by any other merely empirical process." Such a central and prime social element he finds in "*the state of the speculative faculties of mankind*; including the nature of the speculative beliefs which by any means they have arrived at, concerning themselves and the world by which they are surrounded." The evidence of this preëminence he considers to lie, both with reference to the principles of human nature, in the inherent relation of every feature of society to the existing stage of intellectual development in that society, and historically, in the fact that a change in their knowledge or in their prevalent beliefs has preceded every known considerable change in the condition of any portion of mankind. He contends, therefore, that we are justified in laying it down that "the order of human progression in all respects will be a corollary deducible from the order of progression in the intellec-

tual convictions of mankind, that is, from the law of the successive transformations of religion and science. The question remains, whether this law can be determined; at first from history, as an empirical law, then converted into a scientific theorem by deducing it *à priori* from the principles of human nature." Mr. Mill concedes that to obtain this result "it is necessary to take into consideration *the whole of past time*, from the first recorded condition of the human race; and it is probable that *all the terms of the series already past were indispensable to the operation*; that the memorable phenomena of the last generation, and even those of the present, were necessary to manifest the law; and that consequently the science of history has only become possible in our own time." This investigation Mr. Mill nevertheless states to have been systematically attempted up to the present time by M. Comte, and, as he considers, with success; and he then propounds the well-known formulary of the "Positive Philosophy"—that "speculation has on every subject of human inquiry three successive stages: in the first of which it tends to explain the phenomena by supernatural agencies; in the second, by metaphysical abstractions; and in the third or final state, confines itself to ascertaining their laws of succession and similitude." Whether these results be true or not, Mr. Mill concludes that we have, at any rate, found the method by which "an indefinite number of the derivative laws both of social order and of social progress may in time be ascertained. By the aid of these," he imagines, "we may hereafter succeed, not only in looking far forward into the future history of the human race, but in determining what artificial means may be used, and to what extent, to accelerate the natural progress in so far as it is beneficial; to compensate for whatever may be its inherent inconveniences or disadvantages, and to guard against the dangers or accidents to which our species is exposed from the necessary incidents of its progression. Such practical instructions, founded on the highest branch of speculative sociology, will form the noblest and most beneficial portion of the political art."

We have given the essentials of Mr. Mill's argument as much *in extenso* as possible, in order to prevent any misapprehension as to the actual theory of the scientific school, of which he is the ablest advocate. The first thing which will strike many minds respecting that system is the narrowness of its basis, which becomes more marked at every step in this approach to the exactness of a "science," and the corresponding loss of enlarged conceptions of the machinery of human events, and of the resources of human nature and the purposes of Divine Providence. The next point of criticism which will suggest itself is, that the theory before us places the materials

for our comprehension of the plan of human progress *entirely in the past and present*, and ignores or treats, as a mere corollary from these, the vast capabilities and possibilities of the unknown future, which, with its explanatory lights on what was obscure or misconceived in the past, and its correction of what is hastily predicted of the present, may be the essential complement not merely of our chain of deductions, which are drawn from that past and present, but also of the very premises on which our exact theories of progress have been based. Both these errors, as they appear to us, springing naturally from that practice in this school of virtually ignoring the effects of a possible change of conditions in the case of any individual action, to which we have before more particularly adverted, are to be seen in every stage of this elimination by Mr. Mill of the law of correspondences. They are seen even in the unprophetic propositions of his imperfect empirical laws. The affirmations respecting the growing preponderance of mental over bodily qualities, and of commercial over military, are in any case somewhat rash, considering the fluctuating and alternating features of history in both respects; and they are narrow in a philosophical point of view, in being presented to us in a concrete form, without any ulterior reference to that analysis of the constituent elements of character implied in the terms "mental" and "bodily" qualities, "military" or "commercial" spirit. The essential elements of either alternative, expressing the real fact conveyed in its asserted predominance at any time, may be reproduced in the other case with only unessential variations of form; and this philosophy of mental progress may resolve itself simply into a change of costume, in obedience to the law of adaptation to circumstances; so that the order of succession of the forms may be reversed in the course of future events, without any necessary contrast of progress or degeneration. The proposition as to essential and contemporaneous states of human acquirement and feeling is subject to the same limitations. It really implies a completeness and self-containment in every stage and condition of society which is quite opposed to the truth. We constantly find the greatest ignorance and deficiencies on some points side by side with the greatest practical development on others. *A priori*, and judging from their connexion in our own experience, we should have judged it impossible that such results could have been obtained in the one case without implying the existence of qualifications which would have necessarily brought with them similar results in the other case also. But facts are against us, and we see, on reflection, that we have ignored the postponing or paralyzing



effects of outward circumstances and human motives on this harmony of contemporary achievements. Of course the connexion *may* exist, and the relation *may* be a true one in some particular case; but even where the difference appears most clear, there is some degree of dogmatism in its positive assumption, and, as a basis for a generalisation applicable to other cases, it will be nearly always fallacious. "It is clear," admirably observes Mr. Goldwin Smith, "that the history of the race, or at least of the principal portion of it, exhibits a course of moral, intellectual, and material progress, and that this progress is natural, being caused by the action of desires and faculties implanted in the nature of man. It is natural, but it is not like any progress caused by a necessary law. It is a progress of effort, having all the marks of effort as clearly as the life of a man struggling and stumbling towards wisdom and virtue, and it is as being a progress of effort, not a necessary development, that its incidents, revealed in history, engage our interest and teach our hearts." Its only necessity, indeed, and its only rule of development, lie in the foreknowledge and purpose of God. Its antecedents are not to be found in the regularity of systematic relations, so as to afford the elements of a complete theory, within the boundaries of any age or of all past ages. They lie scattered up and down through the centuries that have been and that which is; they will not fall into any continuous sequence, or afford the basis of any general theory, because, probably, the largest number of them have yet to be gathered from the page of the unknown future. Here and there we may detect a few connected links, which may give us the materials for a philosophy of observation. Here and there they may suggest a probable purpose, and an explanation of what in itself is a difficulty. In the present stage of their results we may trace the advance of civilisation and the progress of man, and generalise, within certain limits, from observed tendencies. But the step from this to a scientific induction is barred by the limits between the past and the future, and by the inscrutable ways of Providence. The elements of such a science are not to be found collectively in any age, in any stage of human progress, in any country, in any race; and the essential coexistencies of coördinate causes lie far apart in the distant regions of the past and the future. Backward and forward flow the waves of human thought and feeling; what one age gains, the next loses; the faults of each are the index of the excellences of the other. Great effort seems as if wasted; great results as if purposeless; action premature; suffering alike undeserved and superfluous. Every where there is incompleteness, incongruity, and inexactness. But nearly

every where also are marks of fitness, adaptation of circumstances and method. We cannot account for the former. We cannot always see or explain the latter. But if the one negatives a *science* of human progress, the latter is sufficient to give us a philosophy of history. If we see that nothing is inevitably simultaneous or consistent with any thing else, we are also able to see where it is so simultaneous and consistent, and to deduce probabilities and discover indications of the working of a connected and consistent plan. As Mr. Goldwin Smith well puts it: "A science of history can rest on nothing short of *causation*; a philosophy of history rests on *connexion*; such as we know, and in every process and word of life assume, that there is between the action and its motive, between motives and circumstances, between the conduct of men and the effect produced upon their character, between historic antecedents and their results." It is in our imperfect use of the imperfect materials which lie within our reach that *our* philosophy of progress must consist. It is in the history of all futurity alone that the broken, irregular, and suspended results of our imperfect observations can be reconciled and resolved into the purpose and plan of Divine Providence. We cannot supply the place of this by any presumptions drawn from the restless, complex, and uncertain phenomena of the development of human belief, far less by any dogmatic canons drawn from an imperfect and partial observation of certain sequences and from a supposed necessary succession of the phases of faith, speculation, and rational comparison. These propositions are unworthy of the name of philosophical until subjected to an analysis of their elemental ideas; and as soon as this is effected (as in the case of the imperfect empirical laws), they cease to possess in themselves that inseparable cohesion which is essential to their scientific relevancy.

The brooding speculatist of the West, be his age what it may, the inert Oriental sensualist, and the wild or gloomy fanatic of either East or West,—may alike own the spell of Fatalism. The bigot, whose every notion of religion resolves itself into a fetish worship of observances and ceremonialism, and who refuses to Reason her most obvious province, follows the identical trains of thought, and gives evidence of an identical intellectual and emotional organisation with "Nature's Sceptic,"—the man who *cannot* believe at all. On the other hand, the man who has passed through every stage of scepticism, disowning, one by one, every religious dogma which early associations had wedded to his mind, and resting in nothing till it had been subjected to the searching ordeal of a cultivated and unfriendly criticism, may exhibit in every one of his phases of faith the same devotional spirit which lends beauty and strength

to Christian saints and martyrs, and which glows in the simple instincts of a little child. The rigid comparer of results may adjust himself into an equilibrium of "rational faith," or may overbalance into a wild fanaticism, or a fantastic system of philosophy. A man may think before he feels, or feel before he thinks; and he may compare results before he has experienced causes. There is no uniformity of sequence in the processes either in man or nations. A young nation may be rushing into unbelief. An old country may be growing gray in faith. Belief and scepticism may alternate, and seem to effectuate no fixed and invariable step in either direction. One age may speculate; the next may worship; the next may follow either or every phase of thought or feeling, or may be in an equipoise of indifference to all.

But, after what we have already said, affecting the very foundations of this scientific theory, we need not enlarge further on that form of it which is known as the "Positive Philosophy," a thorough discussion of which would carry us into the wide question of the relations and boundaries of Faith and Knowledge. We prefer turning to the last point on which we shall claim the attention of our readers,—the objections of Mr. Goldwin Smith to what he calls "the habit of tracing special acts of Providence in History:"

"This sometimes goes the length of making history one vast act of special Providence, and turning it into a puppet-play, which, our hearts suggest, might have been played with other puppets less sensible of pain and misery than Man. Surely it is perilous work to be reading the most secret counsels of the Creator by a light always feeble, often clouded by prejudice, often by passion. The massacre of St. Bartholomew seemed a special act of Providence to the papal party of the day. Are *Te Deums* for bloody victories in reality less profane? Is the scoff of Frederic true, and is Providence always with the best-drilled grenadiers? To a believer in Christianity nothing seems so like a special act of Providence as the preparation made for the coming of Christianity through the preceding events in the history of Greece and Rome, on which a preacher was eloquently enlarging to us the other day. To a believer in Christianity it seems so. But those who do not believe in Christianity say, 'Yes; that is the true account of the matter. Christianity arose from a happy confluence of the Greek and Roman with the Hebrew civilisation. This is the source of that excellence which you call divine.' Thus what appears to one side a singular proof of the special interposition of Providence, is used on the other side, and necessarily with equal force, to show that Christianity itself is no special interposition of Providence at all, but the natural result of the historical events by which it was ushered into the world. The Duke of Weimar spoke more safely when he said of the tyranny of the first Napoleon in Germany, 'It is unjust, and therefore it cannot last.' He would

have spoken more safely still if he had said, 'Last or not last, it is unjust, and being unjust, it carries its own sentence in its heart, and will prove the weakest in the sum of things.' "

Wherein, after all, does the force of this argument lie, except in the *abuse* of a method which Mr. Goldwin Smith himself admits, in his subsequent propositions respecting the principle of nationality and the succession of ages, has its foundations in truth, and may, to a certain extent, be the basis of a philosophy of History. It is in the *application* of the principle, and not in its theory, that we differ. He thinks that we can only trust ourselves to two grand facts. But even granting his hypothesis, what is this "succession of ages," according to his own explanation of it, which we have above quoted, but a concatenation of special providences, each of which, according to his own argument against the scientific school, must be made to tell its story of effort and purpose. And if the principle of nationality is a landmark of divine purpose, is not that of "personality" also equally so? and if the division of one nation from another is a safe groundwork for a philosophy of events, are there not a thousand other features of the divine disposition of men and circumstances which *certainly* have an immense and *special* influence on human progress and the course of history, and which, if we suppose any meaning in the words superintending providence, may be safely dwelt upon as "special providences." It is only in the power of distinguishing between greater and less important effects, and greater and less important ends, and in the greater or less width of cultivated and trained observation of facts, that the difference lies between a true philosophy of special providences and the grotesque forms which it sometimes assumes. We agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith in protesting against hasty deductions, and silly, ignorant "puppet-plays" of the divine administration. But we also cannot regard the smallness of the circumstance as constituting any necessary argument against its importance as a landmark of the course of providence, or the narrowness of the circle as any standard of its central significance. The cases quoted by Mr. Goldwin Smith really have no bearing on the point. The conjuncture of circumstances at which Christianity made its appearance is a great fact—admitted seemingly by the friends and adversaries of Christianity alike. It is, *in itself*, capable of a double interpretation. It is not therefore an effective argument on either side; but it does not follow that it has no significance at all, and that a Christian believer may not interpret its admitted influence in a sense consistent with his own belief. It is one thing to argue from our interpretation of a special

relation of events against an opponent who admits the relation, but denies the interpretation, and another thing to employ the careful inferences of our own powers of reason; *provisionally*, as elements and steps in our philosophy of observation of the ways of Providence. The Duke of Weimar's—as Mr. Goldwin Smith himself admits—was not a very sound philosophical remark; for, as far as human experience could foretell, Napoleon *might* have died despot of Germany, however unjust his rule; while Mr. Goldwin Smith's own commentary in correction, though a truism, is scarcely of immediate political importance.

The study of history, then, we may say, is too much a matter of special observation of facts to enable us to deduce for it a system of rules and processes. Its observations, however, may be conducted in a spirit of appreciation of the relation of causes and effects, of purpose and connexion between human impulses and outward circumstances, and of divine disposal to man's proposals, which may somewhat subdue the chaos of innumerable facts, and mould the course of human progress into some sort of proportion to the substantial sum of our present civilisation.

#### ART. XI.—PEACE OR WAR WITH AMERICA?

*Case of the Seizure of the Southern Envoys.* Reprinted, with Additions, from *The Saturday Review*.

THE laws of periodical publication on this occasion involve us in a difficulty. There are some five days which intervene between the time at which this Article must leave the hands of the writer and the publication of the *National Review*. During that interval, the *National Review* is on its road towards existence, and, during those very days, the reply given by the American Government to the despatch of Earl Russell upon the case of the *Trent* will most likely be received in this country. We can, in consequence, only state probabilities on matters of which our readers will know the certainty; and no minor grievance of authorship is more provoking. A few words it is our duty to say on the possibilities of war; for their interest is too great, and their importance too momentous, to permit us to pass them wholly unnoticed. But, in our peculiar and vexatious situation, we shall be as brief as we can.

It would be very interesting, though it is not possible, to

know the precise particulars of the first confidential interview between Captain Wilkes and his official superiors. The vast majority of Americans know nothing, and can be expected to know nothing, of international law; but, in the legal circles of Washington, that law is as well understood as it is any where in the world. The lawyers of the American capital well know that Captain Wilkes has committed not only an outrage, but a stupid outrage. They must have explained to him that what he has done is not in the least "smart," but excessively silly. They must have proved that, being in a very fair legal position, he has thrown that position away; that the mode in which he has acted was so foolish as to encumber hopelessly the defence for the substantial action. They must have tried to convince him that he is not a hero, but a blunderer.

It is difficult not to admit, or rather it seems impossible not to allow, that if Captain Wilkes had simply taken the *Trent* into the harbour of New York, we should, *as yet*, have no legal or valid reason for complaint. While there, she would await the decision of the Prize Court; and we could not assume, we should have no ground for presupposing, that the decision of that Court would not be fair and honest. If Captain Wilkes had thus acted, but one single question would have to be asked, for his exculpation or condemnation. We could only inquire whether there was sufficient *prima facie* ground of doubt and suspicion, in the case of the *Trent*, to justify him in arresting and staying her. Now, no lawyer can fairly allege that there is not such *prima facie* ground, and no common person can, or will, deny that it is the sort of ground to be highly evident to, and appreciable by, a naval captain. If he had said to himself, "This vessel has on board two envoys, who are going to Europe on a strictly military errand; who are about to ask help from France and England; who are about to solicit the rupture of a blockade and the recognition of a rebel government. I am sure I do not know whether, in international law, the ship is justified in carrying them, but I do know that it must be disputable. Neutrality should mean doing nothing; and the *Trent* is doing something that hurts us. I shall therefore stop the ship, and let the lawyers see to it;"—if he had so argued and so acted, we could not now, or for a long time hence, have at all complained, for the lawyers would be seeing to it.

But Captain Wilkes did not reason, and did not act in this rational and legal manner. He was probably very angry; for he appears to be a passionate man, and Messrs. Mason and Sli-dell had displayed in his vicinity, if not in his presence, the ostentatious heroism which is incident to an American in security. They boasted much at the Havannah of the success of



the Confederates, and much of their own exploits (that were to be) in Europe. Naval nature could not be expected to endure such petulant provocation without much irritation; and Captain Wilkes's rage blinded him to the nature of the act he was committing. Even when cool, he is probably not a good judge of a legal difficulty; and, when angry, he certainly had no judgment at all. He snapped at the odious envoys, to whom he had no manner of claim, and dismissed the ship, which he had very satisfactory reasons for attaching and apprehending. Before now the American lawyers must have well explained to him the infelicity of his blunder.

We are, however, inclined to believe that even if Captain Wilkes had acted as he ought, the ultimate effect, in all likelihood, would have been the same precisely as it will be now. Nevertheless there may be doubts. We do not believe that any consummate or competent judge would have condemned the *Trent*, but at the same time we would not answer for the decision of an over-ingenious and hair-splitting judge. International law is a loose aggregate of miscellaneous authorities. The circumstances of cases fifty years ago; the casual *dicta* of old judges, thinking of what was before them, but speaking unlimitedly, as even judges will; observations in text-books belonging to another age; remarks in new books, which are suitable enough, but of which the authority is entirely doubtful,—these, and such as these, are the sources of international jurisprudence. Out of these an over-subtle arguer—and over-subtlety is a common disease in minor lawyers—may easily weave, in every arguable case, an inextricable web of plausible error. "There are judges," said Lord Campbell, "before whom no case is desperate;" and if the case of the *Trent* were submitted to one of that felicitous class, perhaps it might be decided against us. But if it were fairly handled, if it were ably argued before a judge of masculine and trenchant mind, we should have neither apprehension nor misgiving.

Recent policy and recent jurisprudence have had in international law one distinct and consistent object. They have wished to restrict belligerent rights to the *minimum* requisite for an efficient war; and they have endeavoured to enlarge neutral privileges to the *maximum* which is consistent with military operations. At the Congress of Paris (and even before, in the Russian war) we surrendered the right, which we had claimed ever since we were a great naval power, of confiscating enemies' goods in neutral vessels; at the same Congress France relinquished *her* principle that the cargo of a neutral was liable to confiscation in the ship of an enemy. The Americans for years have been contending for these and other neutral privi-

leges: we, the belligerent *par excellence*, have conceded and admitted them. The spirit in which the ancient authorities should be viewed is one rather favourable to the right of the neutral than to the claim of the belligerent. The admitted reasons for violating the sanctity of a neutral vessel must be conceded and sanctioned; it is not for judges to improve the law into uncertainty, but no new right should be invented for the aggressive belligerent; no old right should be stretched beyond the limits that have hitherto restricted and confined it.

The confiscation of the *Trent* could not be justified without either exaggerating some old belligerent claim or inventing some novel one. The nearest analogies are two. First, it is said, "that as a vessel may be confiscated for carrying a belligerent despatch, so she may be confiscated for conveying an envoy. The despatch is a written message: the envoy is a walking message; but the intention of the two is similar, and their effect identical." But no authorities as yet appear to have laid down that a ship may be confiscated for carrying a despatch to a neutral power; and a principle has been agreed on which amounts to a declaration of the precise contrary. "The presumption," says Kent, the first American, perhaps the first existing, authority on the subject, "is that the neutral preserves its integrity." "The neutral country has a right to preserve its relations with the enemy, and it does not necessarily follow that the communications are of a hostile nature." We are told to have confidence in the good faith of the neutral nation; and if so, neither the carriage of a despatch nor the conveyance of an envoy can be ground for confiscating a ship.

Good sense, too, requires that there should be more care and caution used in seizing men than in intercepting despatches. The evidence of the evil intent, which is the gist of the matter, varies widely in the two cases. The contents of a despatch prove themselves; the intention with which it was written is evident and unmistakable. But the errand of a man is the secret of his brain. Before we could condemn a ship for conveying him, we must have good proof that his errand was belligerent, and that the ship knew of it. Now, in this case, neither of these propositions can be proved. These envoys were probably *not* commissioned to ask aid from England or from France. At any rate, there is no proof that such was their errand, or that the commander of the *Trent* knew it, assuming that it was so.

The second analogy is in some respects stronger and in some respects fainter, but when examined it likewise fails at the critical and essential point. The advocates of the Americans argue that as military officers may be apprehended, and

the ship conveying them confiscated, so civilians engaged on a military mission may equally be arrested, and may entail a similar penalty on the faulty vessel. But, as we have just remarked, there is no proof that the envoys in this case were employed on a strictly military mission. If Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been emissaries carrying a message from one part of the belligerent's forces to another part, without doubt they would be exactly as much contraband, and would precisely as much entail upon the *Trent* a just penalty of confiscation, as if they had been military men. But such is not the case. On the contrary, they are envoys going from one neutral port to another, and their final destination, their exclusive destination, is the port of a neutral. They are not military messengers, but political envoys. Their mission is not to a belligerent, not to an army, but a State at peace, presumably intending to remain at peace, and unlikely to send military succour either to the North or to the South. The sole reason why military men may be arrested as contraband, and why a ship knowingly and willingly conveying them may be condemned, is that soldiers are likely to be of use in war, and that their arrival at their destination will undoubtedly improve the military position of those who sent them. With civilians there is no such preliminary presumption. On the contrary, the presumption is entirely reversed. Their arrival will probably achieve no warlike result, and their non-arrival will probably produce no warlike disaster. The presumption of their military inefficiency is complete when they are travelling on a neutral ship, between two neutral ports, towards a neutral country. They are pacific men in a pacific place, travelling towards another pacific place.

This second analogy, therefore, as well as the first, fails in the cardinal and most essential particular. It would not justify the condemnation of the *Trent* if Captain Wilkes had taken her into the harbour of New York. There is in both cases a special flaw that destroys its applicability. And there is, moreover, a very important ulterior defect common to both analogies. Vessels carrying despatches or military officers of a belligerent are liable to seizure and confiscation, because they thereby become belligerent vessels. They "enter the service," as it has been expressed, of one party to the quarrel, and they risk the inevitable consequence of offending the other party. But can it be said that a mail packet does so by taking despatches, or envoys, or officers, belonging to either belligerent, as portion of her cargo, or as individuals among her passengers. She takes them, not on account of their special character, not as despatches, or envoys, or officers, but in the ordinary way of business, as

persons or merchandise. According to the law of England, she could not refuse to take either of them; by one of the oldest principles of our jurisprudence a common carrier is obliged to convey any person who may offer, and any goods which may be presented to him. He subjects himself to an action if he declines. Is, then, the captain of a mail packet to ask every passenger whether he is an envoy from any one to any one, an officer in the service of any belligerent, far off or near? We all know that in the common course of things all such inquiries are simply impossible, and that there is a wide practical and irremovable distinction between a ship knowingly, specially, and wilfully chartered for the conveyance of contraband articles or contraband men, and a ship with the same objectionable matter on board, which was not exclusively chartered for them *en route*, which had no proof that they were such, which would have subjected itself to legal penalties if it had refused to convey them. The ships which have been condemned all *meant* to carry contraband articles; if the *Trent* did so, it was by casual reception, and not by intentional agreement. There is another mode of stating the same argument which is even more obvious. Suppose, what may easily happen, that a mail packet has on board her contraband, or possibly contraband, articles belonging to *both* belligerents; suppose that Mr. Adams had been a passenger in the *Trent* as well as Messrs. Mason and Slidell,—would she have been equally liable to confiscation by either the Federal or the Confederate Courts? Can a neutral ship, which impartially aids both combatants without asking which is which, or being aware that it is aiding either, be justly subject to confiscation *by* either? The result seems absurd, yet it is inevitably and inextricably assumed by every argument which would justify the condemnation of the mail steamer *Trent* by a Court of Admiralty.

For these reasons, we are confident that the decision of a proper tribunal would be in favour of England, if Captain Wilkes had chosen to bring the matter before such a tribunal. Still there were arguable considerations which might easily have been expanded into plausible orations by forensic ingenuity. There would have been a case to try, though a bad case for our adversaries. But, as the Washington lawyers have doubtless told Captain Wilkes rather sharply, he has wasted all these ingenious arguments and spoiled all these plausible orations. He has annihilated the case of his country.

The act which Captain Wilkes chose to commit is, considering all its attendant circumstances, perhaps the most grave outrage which could be committed upon the flag of England. We have taken a generous pride in making our territory and our ships a

refuge for political exiles; we have taken a selfish pride in making the safety of our commerce a proverb upon the ocean. Both feelings have now been outraged. A *ship* of ours has been searched, and its passengers abstracted; some guests of ours have been violently taken from our protection in spite of appeals, and in defiance of the officers by whom we were represented. Our political honour has been touched in its nicest and tenderest point; our commercial security has been invaded by the attack of a vessel of which the trading importance was especially great, and the inviolability of which should have been especially secure. Our just pride is wounded by the injury to our guests; our selfish interests are alarmed by an interference with the *Mail*.

No notion can be more erroneous or more dangerous than that of fancying that Captain Wilkes has committed an error of pure form. He has committed an outrage against all law and all justice. If he had taken the *Trent* to New York, her *status* and that of Messrs. Slidell and Mason would have been submitted to the decision of a regular, a competent, and (we hope) an impartial tribunal; but now the guilt of these gentlemen is assumed. Captain Wilkes adjudicated on the high seas, and his decision seems to be regarded as final. No question is raised—no proposal made for submitting these persons to the judgment of a Court of law. If we permitted such an act to pass unchallenged, we should be chargeable with allowing certain persons under our care, trusting, as they assure us, to our protection, to be forcibly apprehended without a warrant, and indefinitely imprisoned without a trial; in a word, to be seized and to be punished without the sanction of any Court of law, and without the proof of any offence. After our long boast as to the inviolable sanctity of the impartial asylum which we offer to political emigrants of every nation and every creed, we are asked to surrender so-called “rebels,” on the fiat of a naval captain, to the mercy of an arbitrary and now uncontrolled executive. We are asked to concede to Mr. Lincoln what we should disdain to concede to the Emperor of the French.

Nothing can be more contrary to American law than such a notion. The supreme courts of the United States have laid down the law on this subject with a clearness and fulness which cannot be surpassed. Their words are these: “As a general rule, it is the duty of the captor to bring [his prize] within the jurisdiction of a prize court of the nation to which he belongs, and to institute proceedings to have it condemned. This is required by the Act of Congress in cases of capture by ships of war of the United States; and this Act merely enforces the performance of a duty imposed upon the captor by the law of nations, which, in all civilised countries, secures to the captured a trial in a Court

of competent jurisdiction, before he can finally be deprived of his property. But there are cases where, from existing circumstances, the captor may be excused from the performance of this duty, and may sell or otherwise dispose of the property before condemnation. And where the commander of a national ship cannot, without weakening inconveniently the force under his command, spare a sufficient prize crew to man the captured vessel, or where the orders of his government prohibit him from doing so, he may lawfully sell or otherwise dispose of the captured property in a foreign country, and may afterwards proceed to adjudication in a court of the United States." (Jackson v. Montgomery, 13 Howard's Reports, 515.) No language can explain better the necessity of a legal adjudication, and the essential injustice of placing reliance on the mere discretion of her capturing captain.

To sum up, therefore, we may assume as certain that the act of Captain Wilkes is indefensible. We may believe that the *Trent* would in no case have been condemned. We may allow that if she had been arrested and apprehended, there would have been a *prima facie*, and a fair ground for legal argument and judicial investigation.

But if so, what will the Americans reply to us, and what shall we rejoin to them? As we have observed, our readers will know, as we do not, the reply of Mr. Lincoln. And we are only in a position to offer to them some hypothetical and general remarks.

First, If the insane part of the American nation, and the officials who are attempting to take advantage of their insanity, should gain a victory, the reply of the President will be inadmissible in substance and discourteous in tone. It will allege that what Captain Wilkes has done is correct in form and just in essence. It will argue the question on this basis, and will leave no room for arbitration or for compromise. In this case our course is obvious. We have no alternative but war. We say that they have abstracted and removed certain persons under our protection, and they reply that they have not done so. According to us they have committed a crime; according to themselves they have asserted a right; and when nations differ thus much and thus widely, there is no room for compromise. Hostilities are inevitable.

There are limits to the practice of arbitration in public as well as in private life. Some questions are too vital to be submitted to the decision of a referee. What we agree to refer we agree to discuss, and a question affecting the national honour we cannot discuss. We cannot permit a precedent to be established which could authorise irritated captains on remote sta-



tions to take the law into their own hands, to capture people whom they hate, to detain them without law, and to imprison them without trial. It would be better to engage in twenty wars rather than to risk such an exhibition of weakness and such a degradation of policy. If the mob of New York, the multitude of Americans who fancy, in their elegant phrase, that they can "wop the whole world,"—if such people as Mr. Seward, who stimulate passions which they do not share, and simulate prejudices that they do not feel, are permitted to rule the policy of the United States, war is inevitable. They wish for it, and they must have it: they will not be reasonable members of the family of nations until they have been punished into discretion, and punished therefore they must be."

But if wiser councils should prevail, if the United States should apologise for the aggression of Captain Wilkes, and should engage never again to commit or tolerate such an act, some arbitration might, we think, be possible. The door at least would be open, and only details would have to be arranged. America would have conceded the principle for which we contend, and would have expressly engaged to observe it in future. She would have apologised for what is past, and promised never to countenance such a similar offence in time to come. The arbitrator would have to decide whether the *Trent* was liable to condemnation or not, if Captain Wilkes had brought her before an American prize Court. Supposing her not to be liable to condemnation, he should decide against America, and supposing her to be so liable, he should decide against England.

An objection on our part to this proceeding is indeed obvious. It may be said that, "after all, you give up these individual persons, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, who were under your protection, and whom you were bound to defend. Unquestionably you obtain an acknowledgment of principle. You provide for yourselves *in future*, but you abandon your *protégés* at present." But let us look at the matter from the American point of view. They say "Captain Wilkes was entitled to take the *Trent*, plus Messrs. Mason and Slidell, to New York for judgment. Most foolishly and stupidly, he only took half what he might, and thereby perilled our right to the remainder. Still, as he might have done more than he did, as it was an error caused by his wish to be moderate, and his anxiety to do only what is necessary, we should not be altogether sufferers. Let the question be argued just as it would have been if Captain Wilkes had pursued the course which you admit he was justified in pursuing. Let some Court, some arbitrator accustomed to consider legal arguments and to decide legal controversies, now give the decision which our Court would have

given if the *Trent* had been brought here for judgment. In that case, the decision would have been final both as to the vessel and as to the envoys. Captain Wilkes has forfeited our right to the ship by his error and his neglect, but he should not in fairness forfeit our right to the envoys. We can never now have a claim to that which he did not capture, be the law what it may; but if we have a real, a legal right to what he did in fact capture, surely we may excusably retain it."

The difficulty of the case, when calmly considered, lies in this. Both countries are jointly sufferers by what Captain Wilkes has done. The Government of the United States have lost by the outrageous act of their incompetent officer the admissible exercise of a valuable belligerent right. They have reason to complain of him as well as ourselves, though by no means as much. What is the remedy? Is it necessary to our honour that they should be permanent sufferers by the misconduct of their *employé*? If it is necessary, we must exact it; but if it is not necessary, we should decline to do so. The most satisfactory solution of the diplomatic knot which we can suggest is that which we hope Mr. Lincoln will suggest. Let the question be considered as if Captain Wilkes had done what he was legally competent to do; as if he had taken advantage of the admitted grounds of *prima facie* suspicion; as if he had apprehended the *Trent* herself for investigation and adjudication.

As to the selection of an arbitrator on the precise reply to be addressed to America, and the details with which every actual settlement of such a question is necessarily encumbered, we, who do not know what Mr. Lincoln's reply is, cannot venture to speak. We can only hope that by some such arrangement as we have indicated the peace between the two countries will be for the present preserved.

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INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some

time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The



great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing

them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste, were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native

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production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's*

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## DAILY LESSON—TUESDAY.

14

had	nice	young
its	snow	fleece
was	lamb	white

### THE LAMB.

I had a nice young lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow ;  
And when I went to school  
The lamb would try to go.  
What made the lamb to love me so ?  
Just this,—I lov'd the lamb you know.

---

### EXERCISE.

OBJECTS. *Lamb, fleece, snow*, exp.

QUALITIES, &c. *Young, white, warm*, il.

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### DAILY LESSON—THURSDAY.

61

#### *Relating to Flowers.*

cow-slip	heart's-ease	lil-y	prim-rose
cro-cus	hen-bane	lu-pin	snow-drop
dah-lia	li-lac	pop-py	tu-lip

#### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth

Enough for great and small,

The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,

Without a flower at all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,

All dyed in rain-bow light,

All fashioned with supremest grace,

Up-springing day and night?

Our outward life requires them not ;

Then wherefore had they birth?—

To minister delight to man ;

To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man ; to whisper hope,

When'er his faith is dim ;

For who thus careth for the flowers

Will much more care for him.

---

QUESTION. *Names and uses of flowers.*

LESSON. The goodness of God manifested in the natural world.

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## 62 THINGS KEPT IN THE HOUSE.

*Coal.* There is strong proof that coal is a substance formed from the remains of forests which have been sunk by earthquakes, or other violent changes of the earth.

*Candles* are made of tallow, which is the fat of sheep and oxen. The tallow is melted and boiled several times, and cleared by the addition of alum and water.

Mould candles are made by pouring tallow into leaden moulds, in the middle of which cotton has been fixed, which is called the *wick*.

*Starch* is wheat steeped in water, and exposed for some time to the heat of the sun, which produces a floury, slimy sediment at the bottom of the water.

*Salt* is obtained from sea-water. The sea-water is run into large shallow trenches, until the sun dries up the water, when the salt is found at the bottom.

Salt is sometimes found in mines: this is called *rock salt*.

*Pepper* is the dried berry of a climbing kind of shrub, which grows in many parts of the East Indies. The berries grow in clusters, from twenty to thirty grains together, somewhat like a bunch of currants.

*Mustard* is made from the powdered seeds of a plant which grows wild in most parts of

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To each week's set of lessons, also, hints for recapitulatory and simultaneous teaching have been added.

### 72 DAILY READING LESSON—WEDNESDAY.

TEXT FOR THE DAY.—PROV. XX. 1.—“*Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.*”

#### SONG OF THE WATER-DRINKER.

“Oh! water for me! Bright water for me!  
It 'enslaves not the soul—it enchains not the free.  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,  
It maketh the faint one strong again.  
It comes o'er the sense like a 'breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity.

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim!  
Let the flowing 'crystal kiss the rim!  
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.  
So water, pure water for me, for me;  
'Tis the drink of the 'wise, 'tis the wine of the 'free.”

E. Johnson.

#### HEALTH—TEMPERANCE.

“On my entrance into Watts's office, says Dr. Franklin, I worked at first as a 'pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in 'America, where the printers work alternately as 'compositors and at 'press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer.

I carried occasionally a large 'oform of letters in each

SUBJECT. The excellence of water as a beverage.

ANALYSIS. 1. *Enslaves and enchains*, al. that which we cannot do without we are in a degree the slave of. 2. *breeze*, sen. cool and refreshing. 3. *crystal*, al. clear brightness of spring or filtered water. 4. *wise*, al. the head being kept clear for thought. 5. *free*, sen. not dependent on another—water abundant.

LESSON. Water affording enough to refresh and to nourish—wine is unnecessary as a beverage.

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hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this, and many other examples, that the 'American <sup>11</sup>aquatic,' as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter.

I endeavoured to convince them that the bodily strength furnished by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the <sup>12</sup>barley <sup>13</sup>dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed: that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf, and that, consequently, if they ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, they would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer.

This reasoning, however, did not prevent them from drinking their accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of more than four or five shillings a-week for this beverage, an expense from which I was wholly <sup>14</sup>exempt.

Thus do these poor men continue all their lives in a state of <sup>15</sup>voluntary wretchedness and poverty. After this I lived in the utmost harmony with my fellow-labourers, and soon acquired considerable influence among them.

My example prevailed upon several of them to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese and beer; and they procured, like me, from a neighbouring house, a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, and at the same time preserved the head clearer."

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SUBJECT. *Course pursued by Dr. Franklin (vide p. 78)*—whilst working as a journeyman printer in London.

ANALYSIS. 6. *Pressman*, i. e. the man who takes the impressions from the type. 7. *America*, exp. 8. *compositors*, i. e. those who arrange the letters into words and sentences. 9. *press*, i. e. the machine which presses the sheet of paper on the inked letters. 10. *form*, i. e. a large iron frame containing the metal letters. 11. *aquatic*, rt. al. to his drinking only water. 12. *barley*, exp. 13. *dissolved*. 14. *exempt*. 15. *voluntary*, rt.

LESSON. Water is the best beverage for a healthy man.

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48                      ON READING POETRY.

---

IN reading verse, it is important to bear in mind that every syllable should have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose. In like manner, all *necessary* inflections (by which is meant those inflections which are essential to the expression of the sense) are the same in verse as in prose, although they may be often less strongly marked. If, therefore, you are ever at a loss as to the particular tone or inflection required for any word in poetry, you cannot do better than pronounce it precisely as you would in earnest conversation, and, in so doing, you will probably fall into those very inflections which ought to be adopted in reading verse.

As, however, in every sentence, words are to be found, the inflections of which are matters of taste, and as in poetry these are mostly left to be decided by the judgment of the reader, it is well to remember that the *rising* inflection prevails as much in verse as the *falling* does in prose. Still, care must be taken not to adopt the rising inflection where the falling one is necessary, or your reading of verse will speedily degenerate into that *whine* which injudicious readers fall into, and which is so very disagreeable.

Two or three other rules may be mentioned.

1. *Almost every verse admits of a pause somewhere about the middle of the line.* This is called the *Cæsura*, and attention to it is important, in order to avoid losing the beauty of the rhythm.

The following example will serve to illustrate this rule.

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## ON READING POETRY.

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The seas shall waste || the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust || and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed his word || his saving power remains,  
Thy realm for ever lasts || thy own Messiah reigns.

A slighter pause, as shown by this line | in the following verse, is called the demi-cæsura :—

Warms | in the sun || refreshes | in the breeze,  
Glows | in the stars || and blossoms | in the trees ;  
Lives | thro' all life || extends | thro' all extent,  
Spreads | undivided || operates | unspent.

2. A slight pause should be made at the end of every line, whether the sense requires it or not, as by this means the poetical character of the composition is materially developed. It should, however, sometimes be very slight indeed, merely indicating the termination of the line.

3. Similes, in poetry, and sublime or magnificent descriptions, frequently require a lower tone of voice, and sometimes an almost unvaried tone.

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, *like a worm i'th' bud*,  
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat, *like patience on a monument*,  
Smiling at grief.

4. As a rule, it is well to *begin* the reading of a poem in as simple a style as possible, reserving any expression of emotion till both reader and hearer may be supposed to be somewhat warmed by the subject.

Bearing these rules in mind, you will not find it difficult to read poetry with ease, grace, and expression.



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MUSCLES are merely the *agents* of motion; they must receive both the order and the power to move, through another agent,—the nerve. This leads us to what is called the nervous system, consisting of the brain and spinal marrow, where the central power resides.

The nerves are little white strings, and are the media of communication between the brain and all other parts of the body. The *nerves of motion* are those by which communications are conveyed from the brain down to the muscle requiring movement. No muscle can move unless it receives this influence from head-quarters, consequently every muscle is supplied with nerves from the brain or spinal marrow; and if, by any disease or any accident, the nerve is injured, the muscle cannot move, let the will to do it be ever so strong.

Thus when paralytic persons lose the use of an arm or a leg, it is because the nerves are somewhere injured. If a person be knocked or pinched in some particular part of the arm, the nerve is pressed on, and the hand losing its power, will drop what it holds. Hence in every motion there is a continual guiding and restraining influence kept up by the brain and spinal marrow over the muscles.

But there are nerves of another kind, *nerves of sensation*, bound up in the same bundles with the others, but distinct in action. If we put our finger too near a hot place, the nerves of sensation in that finger convey to the brain instantaneously a knowledge of it, and the influence of the will passes down through the nerves of motion, causing the muscles to remove the finger. If there were no nerve of sensation in the finger, it might be actually in the fire, and be destroyed, without its being known: hence pain is, after all, only an unpleasant

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sensation advising or obliging us to remove the mischievous agent that causes it.

The organs of the body must act in unison, for they all depend upon and work with one another. A principal nerve, called *the sympathetic nerve*, performs this duty. It is so connected with the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the bowels, &c., that it inclines them all to act in perfect agreement.

But there are also nerves called *nerves of special sensation*. The *optic nerve*, that enables the eye to see,—the *auditory*, or nerve of hearing,—the *nerves of smelling* and of *tasting*,—all these pass through holes in the under part of the skull to the brain from their respective organs. Thus when something is placed before the eye, the idea of the shape, size, colour, &c., is conveyed to the brain by the optic nerve. Pleasant or ungrateful sounds are, in like manner, conveyed by the nerve of hearing; odours, through the *olfactory* or smelling nerve; tastes, through the tongue and palate, by the *gustatory* or nerve of taste.

An abundance of information passes to the brain through all these nerves of sensation, and in this way it is that we obtain knowledge of the material world. The brain is, therefore, supposed to be the seat of the mind.

The brain is divided into two parts: the upper part is called the cerebrum, and the lower part the cerebellum. The whole brain weighs generally nearly three pounds.

Every animal intelligence is endued with mind according to its wants, and supplied with a body fitted to act in obedience to that mind. Instinct controls the impulses of the lower animals; but man, endowed with reason and conscience, and enlightened by Divine revelation, is placed in circumstances which demand from him the voluntary subjection of his appetites and passions to the law of God.

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## APPENDIX,—ETYMOLOGY.

### SPECIMEN OF ETYMOLOGICAL QUESTIONING.

#### ON THE ROOTS OF WORDS.

WHAT is the meaning of the word *two*? Give another word from the same root? *twice, twain*, &c. To put two together? *twine*. Very strongly? *twist*. To undo? *untwine*. Cloth of twisted cords? *twill*. Between the lights? *twilight*. Persons or things? *between*.

Combat between two? *duel, dueller*. Root? *duo, two*. Government of two? *duumvirate*. Song for two? *duet*. To fold into two? *double*. An exact copy? *duplicate*.

Every two years? *biennial (bis)*. What is an animal of two feet called? *biped*. Cut into two parts? *bisect*. Why is leap-year called Bissextile? (Two days in that year were each called the sixth before the calends of March). Why billion? *double million, or a million of millions*. To put together? *combine*. Twice baked? *biscuit*. By twos? *binary*. Having two wives? *bigamy*, &c.

Another word for place? *locality (locus)*. Relating to place? *local*. To place together? *collocate*. To put out of place? *dislocate*. If the limb be broken? *fracture, fractured (frango)*. To settle in a place? *locate*. The place settled on? *locality*. Confined to the precise place? *local;—loco-motive*, &c.

Another word relating to place? *topical (topos)*. Description of a place? *topography*. Imaginary place? *Utopia*. Difference between Utopia and Eutopia? the latter means a good place (eu). Give instances? *eulogy, euphony, evangelist, eucharist*.

What root indicates east, rising, and beginning? *orior*. Give an instance of each? *oriental, orient, origin*. The earliest inhabitants of a country? *aborigines*. What is the subject of this figure? *the sun*. Another word for sun? *sol*. Derivatives? *solar, parasol*, &c.

A Saxon word for rising? *stigan*, I rise. A raised platform? *stage*. The risings to a platform? *stairs*. Above a flight of stairs? *story*. A raised barrier? *stile*. A raised step? *stirrup, stilt*. A rising in the eye? *stye*.

What is the meaning of the word temporal? Living at the same time? *contemporary*. Time in grammar? *tense*. To yield to the time? *temporize*. Without time—on the instant? *extempore*. Lasting but for a short time? *temporary*.

The science of time? *chronology*. Root? *chronos*. A measurer of time? *chronometer*. Disease lasting a long time? *chronic*. A time register? *chronicle*, &c.

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AFFIXES AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION.

### APPENDIX,—ETYMOLOGY.

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Give instances in which the word *polis*, a city or town, is used? *metro-polis*; chief city; *deca-polis*, ten cities; *Constantinople*, city of Constantine; *Neero-polis*, city of the dead; *Acro-polis*, the upper city; *police*, *polity*, *polite*, *impolitic*, *volitics*.

#### ON THE PREFIXES AND POSTFIXES.

Another word for writer? *scribe*. Principal writings? *Scriptures*. Careless writing? *scribble*. Account of a place? *description*. To write in a place? *inscribe*. Round or about? *circumscribe*. To write above? *superscribe*. Below? *subscribe*. Before? *prescribe*. Writing afterwards? *postscript*. Written together? *conscript*. Against the writings? *anti-scriptural*. That cannot be written? *indescribable*, *non-descript*, &c.

What is the meaning of the prefix *con*? *with* or *together*. Give instances? *con-cord*, *con-gregate*, *con-verge*, *con-vocate*. In what other forms is it written? *co*, *cog*, *col*, *com*, *cor*. Give instances? *co-equal*, *re-cognize*, *col-lect*, *com-press*, *cor-respond*. Why is it variously written? &c. What other prefixes are varied for the sake of euphony? *ad*, *to*, *in*, *not*, *ab*, *against*, &c.

Mention some of the postfixes used to verbs? *ate*, *en*, *fy*, *ish*, *ize*. What is the meaning of all these terminations? *to make*. Give instances? *animate*, *facilitate*; *quicken*, *lengthen*; *magnify*, *purify*; *publish*, *nourish*; *fertilize*, *familiarize*.

#### ON THE SINGLE WORD.

What is the meaning of the word *monarchical*? Analyse it? What are the roots? The postfix? Give other instances of *arch*, signifying rule or government? *heptarchy*, *hierarchy*, *patriarch*, *anarchy*, *oligarchy*. Give other instances of *mon*, signifying one? *monad*, *monk*, *monastery*, *monody*, *monosyllable*, *monotony*. What is the meaning of the postfix *ical*? *belonging to*. Give other instances? *historical*, *optical*, *poetical*.

If the government is by four persons? *tetrarchy*. If by seven? *heptarchy*. If by an indefinite, but small number? *oligarchy*. If by many? *polygarchy*. If by ecclesiastical persons? *hierarchy*. The absence of government? *anarchy*, &c. &c. &c.

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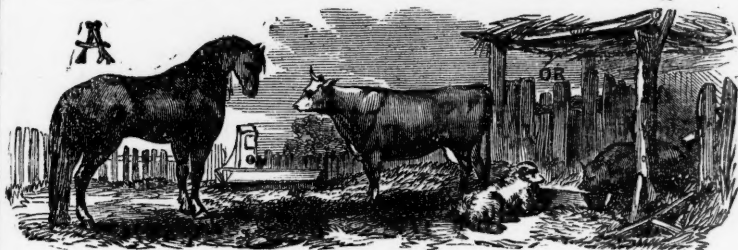
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